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ART. I. *Narrative of a Journey in Egypt and the Country beyond the Cataracts.* By Thomas Legh, Esq. M.P. pp. 143. London. 1816.

IT is rather a phenomenon, in these days of bookish luxury, to encounter a volume, and more particularly a volume of Travels, destitute of the usual garniture of fine prints or aquatinta sketches, without a single head or tail-piece, vignette or even portrait of the author, but sent naked into the world with no other embellishment or illustration than a fair type, excellent paper, and a style as plain and free from tawdriness as the sheets on which it is written. Nor is this total disregard of all ornament the only point in which Mr. Legh has shewn his utter deficiency in the notable art of book-making: it will scarcely be credited, especially by some of our more celebrated tourists, that a three months cruise in the Egean sea, a visit to Mitylene, Scio, Delos, Mycone, and Athens—a voyage down the gulf of Lepanto to Zante, from Zante to Malta, from Malta to Alexandria, and a journey from Alexandria to Ibrim in Nubia, 120 miles beyond the first Cataract of the Nile, should have produced only 143 pages of moderate-sized letter-press. Such, however, is the fact. Perhaps we have found a suitable companion for this unpretending volume in Norden's modest account of his travels, through Egypt and Nubia. This honest Dane, when on his sick bed, anxious for his reputation, and fearful that he should not live to arrange his observations, but still more fearful lest the mistaken zeal of others should add to his notes and observations, thus writes to his friend: 'It is my desire that all wandering proximities be curtailed, in order to avoid the sarcastic imputation of the French against the learned of the North, that they never know when to have done with a subject; "ils ont tant la rage de bavarder."' But Mr. Norden was no *bavard*; nor, in truth, is Mr. Legh. A few good plates, indeed, of the Nubian temples, and some account of the natural history of this upper region of the Nile, so very little known, would have greatly enhanced the value of the work; but—non omnia possumus omnes—and when we find Englishmen of rank, of family and of fortune, foregoing all the pleasures within their reach, for a voluntary exile; exposing themselves, with

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their eyes open, to all the inconveniencies and hardships of painful and perilous journeys, to the effects of bad climates and pestilential diseases, not merely out of idle curiosity, but for the sake of seeing with their own eyes, hearing with their own ears, and of obtaining that information and receiving those impressions which books alone can never give, we ought to be proud of this national trait, peculiarly characteristic, we believe, of British youth; and so far from visiting their literary omissions with critical severity, we should consider their communications as entitled to every indulgence. On the present occasion we have nothing to find fault with but the omissions. We could have wished to know something more of the ancient country of the Ethiopians, in which Mr. Legh has gone beyond any former traveller, (that is to say, along the banks of the Nile,) except two, whom we shall have occasion to mention hereafter, and whose labours are not yet before the public.

The plague, which, in 1812, raged at Constantinople and throughout Asia Minor, compelled our author, and his fellow traveller the Rev. Mr. Smelt, to abandon their original plan of travelling by Smyrna to the capital of the Eastern empire, and to turn their faces towards Egypt. For though the communication between Constantinople and Alexandria had been uninterrupted, the latter remained perfectly free from the contagion; and so inexplicable and capricious is the way in which this most dreadful of all diseases spreads from country to country, that a Greek, who acted as British consul at Scio, observed to our travellers he had no fear of its infection being communicated from Smyrna, where numbers were daily dying, and from whence persons were daily arriving at the island, though within a few hours sail; 'but,' he added, 'should the plague declare itself at Alexandria, distant some hundred miles, we shall certainly have it at Scio.' It did reach Alexandria while they were in Upper Egypt and carried off one half of its inhabitants, who, before this dreadful visitation, had dwindled down to about 12,000 souls. 'New Alexandria,' says Norden, 'may justly be looked on as a poor orphan who has no other inheritance but the respectable name of its father.' Most travellers agree in the melancholy feelings excited by the present forlorn and neglected state of this once magnificent city; which abounded in temples, palaces, baths and theatres; and which reckoned 300,000 freemen among its population at the time when it fell under the dominion of the Romans. The inhabited part is confined to the narrow neck of land which joins the Pharos to the continent; the circuit of nearly five miles, inclosed by the wall of a hundred towers built by the Saracens in the thirteenth century, 'is now, for the most part, a deserted space, covered

covered with heaps of rubbish and strewed over with the fragments of ancient buildings.' Even its venerable ruins are fast disappearing,—the Turks having so little feeling for ancient works of art, that they dig up the most beautiful columns to saw into mill-stones, and build their bases and capitals into the walls of their ill-constructed houses. Pompey's Pillar and the Obelisk of Cleopatra owe their preservation solely to their bulk.

By Colonel Missett, the British resident at Alexandria, our travellers were furnished with letters to Cairo, and among others, with one to an intelligent traveller, to whom they were afterwards indebted for great assistance and much valuable information. This person, who was known in Egypt by the name of Shekh Ibrahim, but whose real name is Burchardt, is still on his travels under the auspices of the African Association;—not *Society*, as Mr. Legh has it, nor yet *Institution*;—he has transmitted home, we understand, some very curious and important information respecting the Nubians and various tribes of Arabs. At that time he had just effected his escape from the Bedouins, in Syria, by whom he had been robbed of all his effects and detained for six months in close captivity.

The population of Egypt is a mixture of Copts, Jews, Arabs and Turks—the first supposed to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians; the second the same here as they are found to be over the whole world; the third, who form the great mass of the population, consist of the Pastoral—the Bedouin, the independent restless, warlike freebooter of the desert—and the Fellah, or cultivator of the soil, the most civilized and patient, but at the same time the most corrupt and degraded of his countrymen—and the Turks and Albanians who lord it over all the others, being distributed through the country to garrison the different towns, and to levy the *miri* or contributions, 'which they do with every circumstance of cruelty and oppression.'

The condition of the peasantry, which is as miserable as can well be imagined, seems to have undergone no change for the better since the days of Sesostrius, Psammeticus or Cheops. Whether under the yoke of the Persians, the Greeks, Romans, Arabians, Turks or French, this unfortunate country, as Niebuhr justly observes, has enjoyed no interval of tranquillity and freedom, but has constantly been oppressed and pillaged by the lieutenants of a distant lord; the sole object of both being that of extorting as large a revenue as possible from the hard hands of the peasants.

'Even now,' says this judicious writer, 'the population is decreasing; and the peasant, although in a fertile country, miserably poor; for the exactions of government and its officers leave him nothing to lay out in the improvement and culture of his lands, while the cities are falling

into

into ruin, because the same unhappy restraints render it impossible for the citizens to engage in any lucrative industry.'

Of this mixed population it is hard to say whether the Arabs, the Copts or the Turks are the most simple, the most ignorant and the most superstitious. Mr. Legh seems to think the Copts, (who are Christians of the sect of Eutyches,) 'a clever and intriguing race:' they are employed, he says, by the government in keeping the 'registers of land and tribute;' he admits, however, that, in acquiring these posts, they have to dispute them with the Jews. Ancient Coptic books are said to be found still in Upper Egypt, but no Copt understands them; and the Rosetta stone, we suspect, is still little less mysterious than it was on the day of its arrival in England. The simplicity of the peasants, whether Copts or Arabs, is not the worst trait in their character. Niebuhr says, that, while he was surveying in the Delta, he let a peasant look through the levelling telescope, which inverted the object; the man, on observing the village turned upside down, stared at the traveller with great astonishment; but on being told that, by the order of the Pashaw,* he was about to destroy it, the poor fellow entreated he would give him time to remove his wife and his cow, and set off on full speed for that purpose—and this poor man, we doubt not, was quite as well skilled as his neighbours in 'all the learning of the Egyptians.'

The mud villages and the pigeon houses interspersed with palms, the gardens of orange and banana trees which abound in the Delta and along each bank of the Nile, added to the richness of the soil, which produces the finest crops of grain almost without the labour of culture, afford a pleasing prospect to the eye, while the miserable appearance of the peasantry strongly evinces how completely the bounty of nature may be counteracted by a bad government.

The citadel of Cairo, which stands under the Mokattam heights or termination of the chain of mountains which accompanies the Nile through Upper Egypt, and which the French fortified, is the residence of the Pashaw, who received our travellers in the most friendly manner, with many flattering expressions of esteem for their country, and what was of more use to them, with a promise of protection and assistance in the prosecution of their travels to the southward. This he was enabled to do, as Egypt was now, by his vigorous administration, in a state of greater tranquillity than it had known for many years, while the Turks and Mamelukes held a sort of divided empire. It cannot be denied that the latter expe-

* We heartily wish that Mr. Legh and other English travellers would not sanction us in the improper mode of spelling this word; *Pacha* in French orthography is right, in English it would be *Paks*, which cannot be right.

rienced a severe and unmerited fate, to which England was an unwilling and unconscious accessory; but it was necessary for the peace of the country that one of the parties should abandon it—that lot, after a perfidious massacre on the part of the Turks, fell to the Mamelukes, who retired into Upper Egypt. Shortly, however, after the English had evacuated the country, the Albanian troops mutinied, and calling the exiles to their assistance, succeeded in deposing Mahomed Pashaw; but the Mamelukes soon threw aside the mask of friendship and became the masters of the Albanians, who, on their part, used every effort to get rid of their treacherous allies, and, after a severe struggle, drove them back, a second time, into Upper Egypt: they then elected Mahomed Ali, the present pashaw, their chief, who has proved himself a man of extraordinary talents and enterprize, though taken from the humble station of captain of a pirate boat in the Archipelago. He has since not only secured the tranquillity of his own dominions from the formidable incursions of the Wahabees, but dispossessed them of Mecca and restored it with Medina to the Ottoman Porte.

Ali had also succeeded in driving the Mamelukes from Ibrîm where they made their last stand; and compelled them to retreat to Dongola. This part of Nubia is particularly famous for its breed of horses, one of which is said to be valued, on the spot, at eight, ten, and even a dozen slaves; and at Cairo, in the time of the Mamelukes, a good Dongolese horse would fetch the value of a thousand pounds sterling. Here the remaining Mamelukes, to the number of about five hundred, have taken their station; and, laying aside their old habits of external magnificence, addicted themselves to agriculture, and to the breeding of cattle; it is also reported, that they have a few trading vessels on the Nile. They have found it necessary, however, to arm about four or five thousand negro-slaves, and to surround their city with a wall, against the incursions of the Arabs from the west, and a nation of blacks from the east. The city or town of Dongola is said to be larger than any in Upper Egypt, and to be built on both sides of the Nile. At their head is Osman Bey Bardissi; and our travellers learned at Dehr, that he had made a vow never to shave his head or his beard, till he should re-enter Cairo in triumph.

The police of Cairo is stated to be highly creditable to the vigour of Mahomed Ali's government, and the disorders usual among Turkish troops are so far repressed, as nearly to verify a promise which he made on his appointment to the pashalic, that in a few years 'you should be able to walk about the streets with both hands full of gold.' Every street in Cairo has a gate at each end, which is shut at eight o'clock, and every person is required to carry a light after it is dark,—a regulation very common in eastern cities,

and one which might be adopted with advantage in some cities of Europe.

The extent, the population, and the magnificence of Cairo, have been described by many travellers in the most pompous and exaggerated terms. It is still called, in the figurative language of the east, 'Misr, without an equal; Misr, the mother of the world.' The *chalige*, or canal, Mr. Legh says, which pierces the city in a direction nearly from north to south, is the general receptacle of filth; but when opened on the overflow of the Nile, it is changed at once into a canal covered with boats, 'offering an imperfect resemblance to the gondolas and gaiety of Venice.' The descriptions of it, he says, have been ridiculously magnified; it is not more than twenty feet broad; and the term *ditch* would not convey an incorrect idea of its appearance: in this Mr. Legh is supported by Niebuhr and Norden. The bazaars were more entitled to attention, being superior in splendour to any that our travellers had met with in Turkey. Of the Slave-market we shall allow Mr. Legh to speak for himself.

'We visited also the Slave-market, where, to say nothing of the moral reflections suggested by this traffic in human beings, the senses were offended in the most disagreeable manner, by the excessive state of filthiness in which these miserable wretches were compelled to exist. They were crowded together in inclosures, like the sheep-pens of Smithfield-market, and the abominable stench and uncleanness, which were the consequence of such confinement, may be more readily imagined than described.'—(p. 21.)

Cairo is the chief mart of the slaves who are brought from Abyssinia, Sennaar, Darfur, and other parts of Soudan. This horrid traffic is carried on by a set of fellows called Jelabs, or slave-merchants, who, in the course of the long journey, seize upon those periods of distress arising from a scarcity of water or provisions, to perform the operation of emasculation on the male slaves; who, immediately after the process, are buried in the sand to a certain depth to stop the hemorrhage;—for the rest we must quote Mr. Legh.

'The calculation was, that one out of three only survive the operation, which was performed at a moment of distress, that the risk of mortality might be incurred at a time when the merchants could best spare their slaves. Their method of travelling was to sling a dozen of the negroes across the back of a camel.

'With respect to the value of these slaves in Egypt, it is various, according to their age, sex, and other qualities.

'An eunuch was estimated at 1500 piastres.

'Girls, whose virginity was secured by means more powerful than moral restraint, were valued at 500 piastres: but such is the state of degra-

degradation to which the human species is reduced in this country, that the precaution serves only to produce abuses of a more revolting nature.'

'Female slaves, who could not boast of this advantage, were in general sold for 300 piastres; but if they have lived in a Frank family, and had learned to sew, wash, and wait at table, their value was estimated in the market at Cairo at 700 piastres.'—(p. 39.)

The mosques and churches, objects that usually catch the traveller's attention, possessed no charms apparently for Mr. Legh: he was unsaintly enough not to visit the Coptic church in which is the grotto where the Holy Family took refuge; nor did his curiosity tempt him into that of the Greeks with the miraculous pillar, to which if fools be bound they speedily recover their senses:—such a pillar, at this time, would be invaluable, if, without injury to the Greek church, it could be pulled down and transported to London or Paris!

On leaving Cairo for Upper Egypt, our travellers engaged an American, of the name of Barthow, who had resided many years in the country, to accompany them in the capacity of interpreter. They sailed on the 13th January, and their first landing was at the ruined village of Benihasen, where they visited the excavations which Norden ascribes to 'holy hermits, who made their abodes there.' The principal chamber is 60 feet in length, and 40 in height; to the south of it are 17 smaller chambers, and probably the like number to the north. Mr. Legh says, they found it difficult to follow Mr. Hamilton's descriptions of the paintings which cover the walls of the chambers. At Ashmounien, the site of the ancient Hermopolis, they partook of the enthusiasm with which Denon speaks of its splendid ruins; but Mr. Legh observes, that his delineation of them denotes the haste with which he travelled, for that the Winged Globe represented by him on the frieze, does not exist in the original. Indeed M. Denon is very little to be depended on where he does not copy from preceding travellers, or from the actual fragments carried away by the French. By his own account, he has drawn and described objects seen only in galloping past them, and at the best labouring under the horror of a hostile visit from the Arabs or the Mamelukes.

At Siout, which has succeeded to Girgeh as the capital of Upper Egypt, they fell in with their friend Burchardt, travelling as Shekh Ibrahim, on his way to the Great Oasis, where a tribe of Bedouins had lately established themselves. Ibrahim Bey, the eldest son of the Pashaw of Egypt, who was residing here as Governor of Upper Egypt, received them with civility and attention.

On the 28th, they reached Gaw-el-Kebir, the ancient Antæopolis, where the portico of the temple is still standing, and consists

sists of three rows, each of six columns; they are eight feet in diameter, and, with their entablature, sixty-two feet high! situated in the midst of a thick grove of date trees. Mr. Legh thinks this venerable and gigantic ruin the most picturesque in Egypt,—the columns, architraves, and every part of the building are covered with hieroglyphics. At the farthest extremity of the temple is an immense block of granite, of a pyramidal form, twelve feet high and nine feet square at the base, in which is cut a niche, seven feet high, four feet wide, and three feet deep.

In visiting these temples and the villages along the banks of the Nile, our travellers were forcibly struck with the luxuriant fertility of the soil, as contrasted with the wretched state of poverty and misery of the inhabitants, who evidently laboured under the same arbitrary and oppressive exactions here as in Lower Egypt.

‘The fields enriched by the Nile teem with plenty; the date trees here are loaded with fruit; cattle of every kind, poultry and milk, abound in every village; but the wretched Arab is compelled to live on a few lentils, and a small portion of bread and water, while he sees his fields plundered and his cattle driven away, to gratify the insatiable wants of a mercenary soldier, and the inordinate claims of a rapacious governor. After having paid the various contributions, and answered the numerous demands made upon him, not a twentieth of the produce of his labour falls to his own share: and without the prospect of enjoying the fruits of his toil, the *fellah*, naturally indolent himself, allows his fields to remain uncultivated, conscious that his industry would be but an additional temptation to the extortion of tyranny.’—(p. 42.)

Between Cafr Saide, supposed to be the site of Chenobossion, and Diospolis Parva, the modern How, our travellers observed, for the first time, some crocodiles basking on the sand banks in the river, the largest apparently about twenty-five feet long. Mr. Legh thinks Girgeh the limit below which they do not descend; and they appear to be most numerous between this place and the Cataracts. The superstitious natives, we are told, attribute the circumstance of crocodiles not being observed in the lower parts of the Nile, to the talismanic influence of the Mikkias, or Nilometer, at Cairo;—so says Niebuhr; but he adds, it may be ascribed rather to the culture and population on the banks of the river.

A fair wind wafted the travellers past the magnificent ruins of Dendera, Koptos, and Kous, and on the 7th February they landed on the plain of Thebes—Thebes, the city of an hundred gates—the theme and admiration of ancient poets and historians—the wonder of every traveller in every age—‘that venerable city, (as Pococke says,) the date of whose destruction is older than the foundation of most other cities’—and the extent of whose ruins, and the immensity of whose colossal fragments, still offer ‘so many astonishing

nishing objects, that one is riveted to the spot, unable to decide
 whither to direct the step or fix the attention.' These ruins extend
 from each bank of the Nile to the sides of the inclosing mountains:
 the objects which most powerfully attract the attention on the eastern
 side, are the magnificent Temple of Karnac, and the remains of the
 Temple of Luxor; the latter of which, Mr. Legh says, mark the
 southern extremity of the walls of the city on that side of the river;
 Pococke, however, 'found no signs of walls round Thebes.' On
 the opposite or western bank, are the Memnonium, the two colossal
 statues, and the remains of Médinet-Abou. The Necropolis, or
 celebrated caverns, known as the sepulchres of the ancient kings of
 Thebes, are excavations in the mountains, covered with sculptures
 and paintings, still in the highest degree of preservation. Of these,
 Mr. Legh gives no description, which indeed without engravings
 would have been of little use; but we are told that 'the hasty
 sketch of the ruins' of Thebes, to be found in the Travels of Denon,
 and the minute description of the paintings with which Mr. Ham-
 iltion's book is enriched, may be consulted for the details of this
 wonderful spot.' Mr. Hamilton has indeed given a most curious
 and interesting description of the paintings and sculptures of the
 ruins of Thebes; but as to Denon's sketches, we can only admire
 the ingenuity of the painter, who could contrive to catch the
 outline of so many objects while galloping through them; even
 though the complaisant enthusiasm of the French soldiers sup-
 plied him with their knees instead of a table, and whole corps
 formed to afford him shade from a burning sun:—'delicate sensi-
 bility,' he exclaims, 'which makes me happy in being their com-
 panion, and proud in being a Frenchman!' His copies, however,
 of the paintings and hieroglyphics in the 'tombs of the kings' were
 taken more at his ease, and consequently are more correct than
 his 'hasty sketches.' But for the most ample, laborious, and
 accurate details of these ancient ruins, we are indebted to the
 learned and indefatigable Pococke; though enough still remains for
 future travellers to add to his descriptions: and we confess that we
 are rather disappointed to find that the united labours of Mr. Legh
 and Mr. Smelt could supply no more than one little page for the
 plain of Thebes; and that one single measurement of the remnant
 of a statue of red granite, lying among the ruins of the Memnonium,
 'whose dimensions across the shoulders were twenty-five feet,' was
 sufficient to satisfy their curiosity, surrounded as they were by whole
 colonnades of gigantic columns, some of them seventy feet high—by
 temples extending a mile in length—and by fragments of colossal
 statues, whose dimensions almost exceed belief. Nay we even fear
 that this single measure is taken from Denon, who mentions a huge
 fragment thrown down near the two Memnonian statues, which
 'measured

'measured twenty-five feet across the shoulders;'—but as the French foot exceeds that of the English by nearly four-fifths of an inch, Mr. Legh, if he copied Denon, ought to have set down the measure at 26½ English feet. He would have done well not to trust to any measurement or description but his own: where no two authors are found to agree, it is of the utmost importance to have the testimony of a third; and the apology is scarcely admissible for 'passing too hastily over places famous in antiquity,' because Mr. Hamilton, M. Denon, or any other traveller, however celebrated, has gone over them before. Were such a rule of conduct to be strictly followed, the reader must sit down contented with the single description of the first traveller, however inaccurate.

Pococke bears testimony to the correctness of Diodorus, in his description of Thebes and the stupendous temples of Karnac and Luxor; Mr. Hamilton, however, thinks him little entitled to the praise of accuracy. Among the ruins of Luxor, Pococke measured a statue of one single stone sixty feet high; but he found no traces of the statue of Osymandyas, whose foot (said to be 10½ feet long) bore this inscription:—'I am the king of kings, Osymandyas—if any one would know how great I am, and where I lie, let him exceed the works that I have done.' Whether the prostrate fragment mentioned by Mr. Legh was a part of this statue, or of that of Memnon, or neither, is left for the speculation of future travellers. Denon, who pronounces all the descriptions hitherto given of those wonderful monuments to have tended to confuse rather than illustrate, seems to think that it belonged to the statue of Memnon, and that 'all the travellers for the last 2,000 years have been deceived in the object of their curiosity; as appears from the inscriptions.' These are cut into the legs of the northernmost of two colossal figures, found in the midst of the plain near Médinet-Abou, in a sitting posture; they are in various languages, and record the names of many illustrious travellers of antiquity, who had come thither to hear the sounds emitted by the statue when struck by the first rays of the sun; at the same time attesting the fact. These inscriptions have been copied with great labour by Dr. Pococke, and some of them are to be found in Mr. Hamilton's '*Egyptiaca*,' where it is observed that the author looked in vain for the name of Strabo, who has given, from personal inspection, a particular account of the Memnonian statue, which, in spite of the attestations, Cambyses is said to have previously thrown down. Denon, however, following Herodotus and Strabo, maintains that the two sitting figures are the mother and son of Osymandyas. Of the difficulty arising from the numerous testimonies on the leg of the supposed Memnon, he easily gets rid:—'In the age of Hadrian, (he says,) enlightened by the beams of philosophy, Sabina, the

the wife of this emperor, who was herself a learned woman, (a Roman *précieuse* we suppose,) was desirous, as well as the *savans* who accompanied her, to hear those sounds which no cause, physical or political, could any longer produce: but the pride of perpetuating their names, by inscribing them on antiquities of this kind, was sufficient to give rise to the first names; and the very natural desire of associating himself to this species of renown, would induce every succeeding traveller to add his own; such is, without doubt, the cause of those innumerable inscriptions of names, of all dates, and in all languages.'

Norden also seemed to think, that the huge fragment of a colossal statue must have been a part of the vocal statue of Memnon: and because, says this honest Dane in the simplicity of his heart, 'that most authors have related the wonder of Memnon's statue rendering a sound at the rising of the sun,—to satisfy my curiosity, I struck the remains of this colossal figure with a key; but, being all solid, I found it as dumb as any block of granite buried in the earth.'

Our present travellers passed upwards with a fair wind from Thebes, reserving the examination of the ancient towns of Esné, Eleithias, Etfou (Apollinopolis Magna) and Koum Ombos, for their return; and on the 11th February reached Essouan, having performed a journey of 600 miles from Cairo, on the thirtieth day from their departure—a rate of travelling not exactly calculated for examining fully and accurately so interesting a country; but as no part of their object appears to have been that of making drawings, or collecting subjects of natural history, the mind probably had become to a certain degree sated with the constant succession of temples resembling each other in the plan and execution, and differing chiefly in magnitude. This seems to have been the case with Denon's feelings, who exclaims rather petulantly among the ruins of Thebes, 'Still temples, nothing but temples! no walls, quays, bridges, baths, or theatres!' He searched, he says, in vain, for a single edifice of public utility or convenience—he found nothing but temples, whose walls were covered with obscure emblems, and with hieroglyphics, which attested the ascendancy of the priesthood.

At Essouan there was no Turkish garrison; and an Arab Shekh was governor of the town. From him they learned that the difficulties encountered by former travellers beyond the Cataracts, from the disturbed state of Nubia, no longer existed; that the Mamelukes were at a great distance, and the Barâbras at peace with the Pashaw of Egypt. Pococke, Niebuhr, Browne, Hamilton, were all stopped at the Cataracts. Norden is the only European who ventured above them, and the aga of Essouan endeavoured to dissuade

suade him from the attempt, assuring him that he and his party would all be destroyed; and 'the boundary of the French expedition in Egypt was marked on a granite rock a little above the Cataracts.' The pillage and desolation and massaere which accompanied the progress of the French arms in Upper Egypt were manfully resisted by the inhabitants of the interesting little isle of Philæ, who, when they could no longer prevent the approach of the enemy, quitted the island in despair, threw themselves into the Nile, and swam to the opposite shore. Such indeed was the horror at the cruelties committed by the French, that Denon acknowledges 'mothers were seen drowning the children which they could not carry away, and mutilating their daughters to save them from the violence of the victors.' We cannot be surprized, therefore, after what we have just seen, that the natives of Philæ should appear to our travellers less civilized than their neighbours.

The few days passed by Mr. Legh at Essouan were employed in visiting the islands of Elephantina, Philæ, and the Cataracts. 'Elephantina (he says) is celebrated for its beauty, and certainly contains within itself every thing to make it one of the most enchanting spots in the world: woods, gardens, canals, mills, rivers and rocks, combine to make it picturesque.'

Eight temples or sanctuaries are crowded together on the island of Philæ, though its whole length does not exceed a thousand feet, nor its breadth four hundred. Mr. Legh thinks, from the present state of these temples, that the system of building among the ancient Egyptians was first to construct great masses, and afterwards to labour for ages in finishing the details of the decorations, beginning with the sculpture of the hieroglyphics, and then passing to the stucco and painting. He tells us also that the granite quarries at the foot of the mountains still bear the marks of the chissel and the wedge; 'and that the unfinished obelisks, columns, and sarcophagi, which are to be seen in great profusion, shew the unwearied labour and mighty schemes of the ancient inhabitants.'

The Cataracts of the Nile have been represented by the ancients in the most exaggerated colours; unless indeed, which is not impossible, the granite barrier which occasions them, has been worn down in the lapse of two thousand years. Denon says the effect on the surface of the water was so little visible, that it could not be expressed in the drawing. Norden estimates the fall at four feet, and Pococke at three; the latter, indeed, says, 'I asked them (his guides) when we should come to the Cataract? and to my great surprize they told me, *that* was the Cataract.'—'But,' observes Mr. Legh, 'there are modern travellers who seem to have listened rather to the stories of the ancients, than to the evidence of their

own senses; and Cicero is still quoted to prove, that the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the Cataract are deafened by its noise. In confirmation of the fact, it has been lately asserted, that the natives of that part are remarkably dull of hearing.' The allusion we suppose is to Mr. Hamilton, who, after noticing Cicero's observation, says, 'several persons with whom we conversed, assured us of this fact;'—and, he adds, 'we certainly observed that they were particularly dull of hearing.'

The view, however, of the barrier placed by nature between Nubia and Egypt, is described as in the highest degree magnificent.

'Passing upwards from Egypt, you leave the delicious gardens of the island of Elephantina, which divides the Nile into nearly two equal streams; and on the left, the romantic and ruined town of Essouan strongly reminded us of the old Gothic castles in England. Beyond, the two chains of primitive mountains lying on each side the Nile, cross the bed of the river, and form innumerable rocky points or islands to impede its course. The wild disorder of the granite rocks, which present every variety of grotesque shape, the absence of all cultivation, the murmur of the water, and the savage and desolate character of the whole scene, form a picture which exceeds all power of description.'—p. 54.

In fact, from the moment that the Cataracts are passed, both the country and its inhabitants have a character totally distinct from that of Egypt, its low sandy banks, its Copts, Arabs, Turks and Jews. The natives of this upper region are Barâbras or Berebbers, or Berberins, the same who inhabit Mount Atlas and the interior parts of Barbary, to which they have given their name; a frugal, harmless, and honest people, subsisting chiefly on dates, millet, and a few leguminous plants: they are rigid Mahomedans. For the first eighteen miles, the mountains are described as hemming in the Nile, leaving but few small patches that could possibly be cultivated, and these were generally planted with dates. At Sinala it was deemed expedient to wait on the Douab Cacheff, who was encamped about a mile and a half from the river, forming a sort of advanced guard of the Nubians: they found the men in wigwams; the women and children apart in tents; the whole body about 400; the horses and camels feeding around them. The Cacheff received them kindly; made no sort of objection to their proceeding up the river, and told them he would send an express to Dehr, to inform Hassan Cacheff of their intended visit to his capital. He offered them milk, flour and butter, invited them to eat out of the same bowl with him, the strongest mark of hospitality and friendship, and presented them with a sheep, in return for some coffee and tobacco.

Three miles beyond this, at Deghimeer, the mountains recede
from

from the river; at El Umbarakat, about twelve miles from Siala, are some ruins: the country is thinly inhabited, and the natives mostly live in the caves of the mountains, which here again approach the river, and form a narrow and difficult pass. Two miles higher is the island of Kalaptshi, and three miles above the island the village of the same name, with extensive ruins; eight miles beyond which is the village of Aboughor. 'We calculated,' says Mr. Legh, 'that we were now just under the tropic, and bathed by moonlight in the waters of the Nile.' If this calculation be accurate, what becomes of the famous well at Syene, which reflected the image of the sun's disc when in the solstice?—But from what materials did our travellers draw this result? Mr. Smelt must be aware that this is a point of no trifling importance, since *soi-disant* philosophers, calculators and system-mongers have attempted to invalidate the chronology of the Holy Scriptures, from the supposed discrepancy of the situation of the well at Syene, with regard to the solstitial point, in modern and ancient times: as if, in the first place, the ancients had instruments for astronomical observations so perfect as to enable them to observe within a sixtieth part of a degree, when we find our modern travellers, with all the improvements of two thousand years, and with instruments capable of observing the measure of an arc to the 3600th part of a degree, differing in their calculations of the latitude of this well at Syene, no less than 40 minutes, or nearly three-fourths of a degree, which, in cosmogony, would make the difference of a few thousand years! Thus, as Mr. Hamilton observes, Bruce makes Essouan or Syene in $23^{\circ} 28'$, while Nouet places it, from more precise observations, in $24^{\circ} 8' 6''$, 'thus making a difference of nearly (*exceeding*) forty minutes.' But Nouet, like most of his countrymen, was a theorist; and boldly assuming his own observation to be strictly true, of which we have very great doubts, as well as of the position of the well of Syene being at any time immediately under the tropic, he fixes the precise era when astronomy was in the most flourishing state among the Egyptians, i. e. just 5400 years before the time when he made his observation for the latitude of Essouan! Few of the cavillers against Scripture chronology have any better data on which to ground their scepticism. They are ready to admit every rude observation of the ancients, who were incapable of observing with any degree of accuracy, provided such admission favours some preconceived theory; but captiously dispute every second of the more scientific and accurate moderns that happens to make against it. Perhaps our travellers thought, as we also think, that M. Nouet's conclusion is unworthy of serious notice; yet it might have occurred to a clergyman of the Church of England how desirable it would be

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to possess one simple fact that could be employed to silence those idle speculations drawn from imperfect data—and the remarkable discordance between Bruce and Nouet, in this particular instance, should have shewn Mr. Legh how necessary it was to have the observations of more than *one* traveller to get at the truth.

At Dondour was a small temple containing nothing remarkable; the character $A + \Omega$ among the fragments shewed it to have been the abode of some early Christians. The weather began now to be exceedingly sultry and oppressive; the thermometer in the cabin was at 86° ; in the outer air 96° , and in the sand 126° ; but it was a great relief to find the inhabitants every where peaceably disposed; they brought the travellers dates, milk, and whatever their scanty means enabled them to afford.

The temple of Sibhoi was minutely examined, and no doubt remained of its having been a celebrated sanctuary of pure Egyptian architecture. Mr. Legh thinks 'it probably of an earlier date than those in Egypt; the walls being built in a ruder style, and the hieroglyphics, though bold, of inferior execution; but the statues,' he adds, 'and the sphinxes would bear a closer examination.' He was greatly struck with the high state of preservation of the stone and outward walls of these venerable ruins, as compared with the state of those below the Cataracts. 'No reasonable allowance of difference of date,' he says, 'will explain this; and we must seek for the cause in the mild, unalterable climate between the tropics. The corroding hand of time has no effect upon them, but they are abandoned to the desert, and many of them will in a few years entirely disappear.'

They proceeded about fourteen miles on asses to Dehr, the capital of Nubia, to wait on Hassan Cacheff, the chief of the Barâbras. At this moment the people were celebrating the festival of the Cacheff's marriage, which our travellers were rather surprized to hear them call (in lingua Franca) a *fantasia*. They rode through scattered plantations of date trees among which were interspersed a number of mud huts, till they reached the house of the chief, distinguished only by being built of brick, and consisting of two stories. The natives, many of whom were drunk, were greatly astonished at the sudden appearance of the strangers; but offered them no incivility. They brought them paste, with boiled goat's flesh swimming in butter. After waiting about four hours, the Cacheff made his appearance, attended by five or six officers, and a number of Negro guards; he was a young man, about six feet high, of a handsome person, half drunk with *araki*, a spirit distilled from dates. He asked them boisterously what they wanted, and why they came to Dehr? This was but a discouraging reception from a man who had 300 armed Negroes at his elbow, and at least 3000 in the district,

strict, ready to execute any of his commands. On retiring, he ordered his secretary, who spoke Arabic, to conduct them to a lodging for the night; this was a mud hut of two apartments, but without a roof; it was, however, next to that of the Cacheff, the best in all Dehr. Early in the morning the secretary called upon them, and hinted that his master expected a present, and that one of their swords would be acceptable. On waiting on the Cacheff, they offered him a watch, of which he declined the acceptance, as they were unable to make him comprehend its use. Perceiving that any facilities for the further progress of their journey depended on the sacrifice of one of their swords, Mr. Legh presented him with a fine Damascus blade worth at least 500 piastres: the effect was instantaneous; his eyes sparkled with pleasure, and his lips uttered nothing but friendship. He inquired after our author's harem—if he had left it at the Cataract, 'meaning,' says Mr. Legh, 'as I understood, to give me a female slave to wait upon my wife.' He afterwards made him a present of a Negro boy, and granted permission for them to proceed to Ibrim, offering horses and dromedaries or any thing else that could be of service. The Damascus blade accomplished more than all poor Norden's wealth was able to do with the Cacheff Baram, who sent him back from Dehr, telling him, when he claimed the protection of the Grand Signior, 'I laugh at the horns of the Grand Signior; I am here Grand Signior myself.'—Baram in Ethiopia felt his own importance, like the porter in London, who, being jostled in the street against Peter the Great, was accosted with—'Sirrah! do you know that I am the Czar?'—'Yes, yes,' replied the fellow, 'we are all Czars here!'

It required half a day's journey from Dehr to reach Ibrim, and as there was nothing to interest them there, they returned to Dehr the same evening. The following is all that we are told of Ibrim.

'Not a vestige of life was seen about us; the destruction of Ibrim by the Mamelukes, when they passed two years ago into Dongola, had been so complete, that no solitary native was to be found wandering amongst its ruins; there was not even a date tree to be observed. The walls of the houses, which are in some places still standing, alone attest that it has once been inhabited. The population was partly carried off by the Mamelukes, and has partly removed to Dehr.'—p. 76.

At Dehr the only monument of antiquity is a temple or grotto, excavated in the solid rock; but at Amada, about an hour's journey from thence, on their return, they saw a fine temple which had been converted by the early Christians into a church; the painted figures that had been stuccoed over were in wonderful preservation. Below Sibhoi they fell in with their old acquaintance Shekh Ibrahim, whom they had left at Siout in good health and condition,
and

and well dressed like a Turkish gentleman ; he had now the appearance of a common Arab, looking very thin and very miserable. He had been living, he said, for some time with the shekhs of the villages on lentils, bread, salt and water, and was most happy to share a mutton chop with our travellers, though cut from a lean and half starved sheep, for which however they had paid the extravagant price of a dollar. Ibrahim then departed on his route to the southward, carrying with him the good wishes of his countrymen—not exactly ‘countrymen,’ for he is a German. ‘Certainly,’ says Mr. Legh, ‘no one was ever better fitted for such an undertaking; his enterprize, his various attainments in almost every living language, and his talent for observation, are above all praise.’ His Journals, we understand, which have been received, and with which in due time the public will be gratified, fully justify the character given by Mr. Legh of this extraordinary traveller.

At Dakki there is a fine temple quite perfect, with the hieroglyphics in high relief, and in an excellent state of preservation. The height of the Propylon is about fifty feet; its front ninety feet, and its depth at the base eighteen feet. The space between that and the temple forty-eight feet; the temple itself eighty-four feet in length, thirty in breadth, and twenty-four in height. Many Greek inscriptions are cut on the Propylon, recording the devotion of those who visited these sacred buildings. Of these our travellers copied two. The first, is—‘I, Apollonius, the son of Apollonius, Commander-in-Chief of the province of Ombi, and of the district about Elephantina and Philæ, came and worshipped.’—The second—‘I, Callimachus, the son of Hermon, came with him and worshipped the same God, in the thirty-second year of the Emperor— $\Phi\lambda\omicron\phi\iota$ —the meaning of which they pretend not to determine.

At Guerfeh Hassan, nine miles below Dakki, they found an excavated temple ‘that far surpassed any thing they had witnessed above or below Essouan, and was indeed a stupendous monument of the labour bestowed by the ancients on their places of devotion.’ It consists of an area or outer court sixty-four feet in length and thirty-six in breadth, having six columns on each side, to which are attached statues of priests. The passage into the temple, through a door six feet wide, is formed by three immense columns on each side, to which are attached colossal statues of priests, (on pedestals three feet three inches high,) each eighteen feet six inches in height; and whose splendid dresses had once been covered with paint and gold. There are three chambers of considerable size, and four smaller apartments. ‘We found (the travellers say) no inscription on this temple, which is a most astonishing monument of labour and ancient magnificence. The various apartments we explored,

together with the statues that ornament them, are all hewn out of the living rock.'

This excavated temple of Guerfeh Hassan reminds our travellers of the cave of Elephanta, on the little island of that name in the harbour of Bombay. Its resemblance, indeed, is singularly striking, as are in fact all the grand leading principles of Egyptian architecture to that of the Hindoos. They differ only in those details of the decorative parts, which trifling points of difference in their religious creeds seem to have suggested to each; but many even of the rites and emblems are precisely the same, especially those of the temples dedicated to Iswara, the Indian Bacchus. Indeed, in most respects, they are so much alike—they each partake so much of the same gigantic character, and delight so much in stupendous masses, conveying rather the idea of strength and solidity, than of elegance and proportion—that the same identical workman might almost be supposed to have superintended the execution of them in both countries. In India and in Egypt the hardest granite mountains have been hewn down into the most striking if not the most beautiful fronts of temples, adorned with sculpture; in both countries solid masses of rock have been excavated into hollow chambers, whose sides are decorated with columns and statues of men and animals hewn out of the same rock, and in each country are found solid blocks of many hundred tons weight, cut from the living stone and lifted into the air.—By whom and by what means these wonderful efforts have been accomplished is a mystery sunk too deep in the abyss of time ever to be resolved. To Greece none of them are indebted for any part of their architecture, but she has evidently taken many hints from them. Excepting at Alexandria and Antioë nothing of Grecian architecture appears in Egypt. But we need only compare the monolithic temples of Nubia with those of Mahabali-poor, the excavations of Guerfeh Hassan with those of Elephanta, and the grottos of Hadjur Silcily, as described and delineated by Pococke, with the excavations of Ellora, to be convinced that these sacred monuments of ancient days derived their origin from the same source—and that many of them were probably executed under the influence of the same directing mind. We may observe, by the way, that the ruins of Hadjur Silcily have not been sufficiently examined. The excavated chambers seen there by Mr. Hamilton were each 300 feet long by 100 broad; and he measured a single cubical block of stone whose side was eighteen feet. This enormous mass, exceeding 400 tons in weight, was supported by a small column of soft white stone three feet in diameter.

The temple of Kalaptshi, though in a state of great dilapidation, exhibits the remains of a magnificent building; and the plain of El Umbarakat

Umbarakat is strewn with ruins. At Sardab and Debodè are also many interesting ruins which are briefly described. On the second arrival of our travellers at Philæ they observe that 'it is impossible to behold the profusion of magnificent ruins with which this island abounds, without feelings of admiration and astonishment:' at the same time it is avowed that 'the excavated temple of Guerfeh Hassan and the ruins of Dakki and Kalaptshi appeared to rival some of the finest specimens of Egyptian architecture.' These specimens of Ethiopian grandeur shew the fallacy of Denon's theory,—that 'Philæ being the entrepot of commerce between Ethiopia and Egypt, the Egyptians, desirous of giving to the Ethiopians a grand idea of their means and their magnificence, had raised a number of splendid edifices on the confines of their empire, at the natural frontier, marked out by Syene and the Cataracts.'

A French *philosophe* is never at a loss for a reason.—The fact is, that the resistance of the brave inhabitants of Philæ put an end to the hopes and the progress of the French general in Nubia, and all the grapes that grew beyond it turned instantly sour. Our travellers, however, have convicted at least, though probably not convinced, M. Denon of his error:—But even what they have seen and described shrinks into nothing, when compared with the discoveries of Mr. — Banks, a *précis* of which has been received by his father. This gentleman pushed on as far as the second Cataract, beyond which no modern European, with the exception of Shekh Ibrahim, had proceeded, nor any before him reached. Bruce saw nothing of the Nile from Syene till he crossed the Tacazze, near its junction with the main stream of the Nile, in the 18th parallel of latitude. Poncet has given his route from Moscho to Kortie, through Dongola; but these places are farther to the southward: besides, Poncet disdained to look at any thing but gold and silver and precious stones, and Christian churches and apostolic miracles. All beyond Ibrîm, therefore, to the cataract of Genâdal, may be considered as new ground. Mr. Banks appears to have examined minutely those numerous ruins of which Messrs. Legh and Smelt took but a rapid glance; he discovered a great number of extraordinary excavations in the mountains, and of colossal statues, compared with which even the gigantic fragments of the Memnonium and Luxor appeared but as pigmies. To give some idea of the immensity of those wonderful productions of early art, he states that, having mounted upon the tip of the ear of a statue which was buried up to the shoulders in sand, he could just reach to the middle of its forehead; that the length of its head, from the chin upwards, was twelve feet, the parts in good proportion and well cut: allowing, therefore, seven heads for the length of the whole figure, its height, if in a standing posture, must have been equal to eighty-four feet; a height far exceeding that of the supposed

statue of the 'King of Kings,' which Denon says was twenty-five feet across the shoulders, and which he calculates to have been seventy-five feet in height. Several colossal statues besides this were seen by Mr. Banks of forty feet in height, placed generally as if to guard the monumental excavations in the mountains. In one place the side of the mountain had been cut away so as to form an extensive perpendicular surface, which was afterwards chiseled out into columns with capitals, entablature, and an over hanging cornice, forming the front of a magnificent temple; the whole face covered with deep-cut hieroglyphics in the highest state of preservation. The proposal of Alexander's architect to cut Mount Athos into a statue of that conqueror, however extravagant it may appear to us, would be less so to him who designed and superintended the execution of the temples, tombs and statues of the Nubian mountains. Mr. Banks, we understand, has brought away copies of a multitude of inscriptions and paintings, which not only represent the mysteries of a lost religion, but of the wild animals still existing on the continent of Africa, and among them the camelopardalis, who is seen over-topping all the rest. Mr. Banks thought that one of the animals resembled the Unicorn, except, indeed, which is rather unlucky, that it had *two* horns. He has also procured from the ruins of Thebes and other places several rolls of the papyrus, and mummies without number. Such, we believe, is pretty correctly the substance of Mr. Banks's communication, which is certainly of a most important and interesting description. There would appear to be little or no obstruction on the part of the natives, to the progress of travellers as was formerly the case. Mr. Legh bears testimony to their peaceable, obliging and inoffensive conduct.

* During the whole of this interesting journey, we had found the natives universally civil, conducting us to the remains of antiquity without the least suspicion, and supplying us with whatever their scanty means would afford. It is true they viewed us with curiosity, and seemed astonished at our venturing among them; and at Kalaptshi they asked our guide "How dare these people come here? Do they not know that we have 300 muskets in our village, and that Douab Cucheef has not the courage to come and levy contributions?"—p. 97.

He describes the men as having lively features, a sleek and fine skin, and teeth beautifully white; their colour, though dark, 'full of life and blood;' their persons remarkably thin, which he thinks may be owing to the heat of the climate and to their scanty means of subsistence. Their hair is sometimes frizzled out at the sides and stiffened with grease, so as perfectly to resemble the extraordinary projection on the head of the sphinx. The Bichâré, a tribe of Arabs, Mr. Hamilton tells us, wear their hair in this manner; and,

and, he observes, that this dress is the original of that 'extraordinary projection.' The women are horribly ugly, and seem to pass at once from childhood to old age. The children go naked, the boys wearing round the waist a small cord only, and the girls a sort of fringe, made of thin strips of leather, matted together with grease—precisely the Hottentot apron. Their principal food seemed to consist of lentils, sour milk, and water, which they were always ready to share with the travellers. The condition of those, by whose labour the mighty masses of the pyramids were reared, mountains cut down or excavated, and colossal statues formed, was probably not better than that of the modern Nubians—such works could only have been accomplished by men who fed on food as cheap as the lentils and sour milk of the Arabs—the slaves of some despot, himself the slave of a crafty and tyrannical priesthood. We have no reason to doubt Herodotus when he says that 100,000 men were employed by Cheops in quarrying stones in the Nubian mountains and conveying them down the Nile, for building a bridge which occupied ten years, and erecting a pyramid, the labour of twenty years, on which an inscription in Egyptian characters set forth that the sum of 1,600 talents of silver had been expended in onions and garlick for the workmen.

In the voyage of our travellers down the Nile they revisited many of the spots which they saw but transiently on their passage up the river, and, among others, Koum Ombos, where they looked in vain for the inscription mentioned by Mr. Hamilton on the cornice of one of the temples; an inscription from which that author infers that some of the temples are not of so high a date as is generally given to them, but rather to be attributed to the Ptolemies. 'We searched,' says Mr. Legh, 'more than an hour, with his book in our hands.' We are rather surprized at this, as the inscription is none of the shortest; the place is distinctly pointed out; and the letters, Mr. Hamilton says, are nearly 'three inches in length.'

They also landed a second time at Thebes, and visited the 'gates of the kings,' and the excavated mountains. They likewise descended into one of the mummy pits that abound in the neighbourhood; but it would be difficult, Mr. Legh says, 'to convey an adequate idea of the disgusting scene of horror we had to encounter.' A narrow hole, nearly filled up with rubbish, led to a small room about fifteen feet by six, beyond which was a larger chamber with two rows of columns; the walls covered with paintings; and at the farther end, two full length statues, dressed in very gay apparel, with the figures of two boys on one side and of two girls on the other.

'The whole of this chamber was strewed with pieces of cloth, legs, arms, and hands of mummies, left in this condition by the Arabs, who

visit these places for the purpose of rising the bodies, and carrying off the bituminous substances with which they have been embalmed. From the chamber above described, two passages lead into the interior and lower part of the mountain, and we penetrated about the distance of a hundred yards into that which appeared the largest. Slipping and crawling amongst the various fragments of these mutilated bodies, we were only able to save ourselves from falling by catching hold of the leg, arm, or skull of a mummy, some of which were lying on the ground, but many still standing in the niches where they had been originally placed.'—(p. 108.)

On their arrival at Siout, they received the unwelcome intelligence that the plague had made its appearance at Alexandria; to ascertain the truth of which, they dispatched a courier to Cairo; and in the mean time landed at Manfalout, to examine some mummy pits in the desert, near the village of Amabdi, of which they had heard an extraordinary account from a Greek whom they met with at Thebes, of the name of Demetrius. He told them, that in pursuing some fugitives, they were suddenly observed to disappear. On coming to the place, they found a pit which he and some others descended; at the bottom were fragments of mummies of crocodiles scattered about, but no fugitives to be seen. This story raised the curiosity of our travellers, and they determined to visit those subterraneous chambers, in which the sacred crocodiles had been interred, and which Herodotus was not permitted to see. The party consisted of Mr. Legh, Mr. Smelt, the American interpreter, an Abyssinian merchant of the name of Fadlallah, and three of their boat's crew, Barâbras, whom they had brought from the Cataracts. Having wandered about four hours in search of Amabdi, they at length observed four Arabs cutting wood. These people shewed an unwillingness to give them any information—talked of danger—and were heard to mutter that—'if one must die all must die':—this, however, did not deter the party from proceeding. The story of this adventure is so well told, and is so painfully interesting, that, though rather long, no apology will be required for giving it in Mr. Legh's own words.

'We were bent on going, and the Arabs at last undertook to be our guides for a reward of twenty-five piastres. After an hour's march in the desert, we arrived at the spot, which we found to be a pit or circular hole of ten feet in diameter, and about eighteen feet deep. We descended without difficulty, and the Arabs began to strip, and proposed to us to do the same: we partly followed their example, but kept on our trowsers and shirts. I had by me a brace of pocket pistols, which I concealed in my trowsers, to be prepared against any treacherous attempt of our guides. It was now decided that three of the four Arabs should go with us, while the other remained on the outside of the cavern. The Abyssinian merchant declined going any farther. The
sailors

sailors remained also on the outside to take care of our clothes. We formed therefore a party of six; each was to be preceded by a guide—our torches were lighted—one of the Arabs led the way,—and I followed him.

‘We crept for seven or eight yards through an opening at the bottom of the pit, which was partly choked up with the drifted sand of the desert, and found ourselves in a large chamber about fifteen feet high.

‘This was probably the place into which the Greek, Demetrius, had penetrated, and here we observed what he had described, the fragments of the mummies of crocodiles. We saw also great numbers of bats flying about, and hanging from the roof of the chamber. Whilst holding up my torch to examine the vault, I accidentally scorched one of them. I mention this trivial circumstance, because afterwards it gave occasion to a most ridiculous, though to us a very important, discussion. So far the story of the Greek was true, and it remained only to explore the galleries where the Arabs had formerly taken refuge, and where, without doubt, were deposited the mummies we were searching for. We had all of us torches, and our guides insisted upon our placing ourselves in such a way, that an Arab was before each of us. Though there appeared something mysterious in this order of march, we did not dispute with them, but proceeded. We now entered a low gallery, in which we continued for more than an hour, stooping or creeping as was necessary, and following its windings, till at last it opened into a large chamber, which, after some time, we recognized as the one we had first entered, and from which we had set out. Our conductors, however, denied that it was the same, but on our persisting in the assertion, agreed at last that it was, and confessed they had missed their way the first time, but if we would make another attempt they would undertake to conduct us to the mummies. Our curiosity was still unsatisfied; we had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterranean passages, and felt considerably fatigued by the irksomeness of the posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in those narrow and low galleries. But the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which we now approached guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch, and we all followed him. The passage we entered was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat on the ground, and almost always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth, and it terminated at length in a chamber much smaller than that which we had left, but, like it, contained nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless, but the mummies might not be far distant, another effort, and we might still be successful.

‘The Arab whom I followed, and who led the way, now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far before the heat became excessive;—for my own part, I found my breathing ex-

tremely difficult, my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing sensation of fullness about the heart.

'We felt we had gone too far, and yet were almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment the torch of the first Arab went out: I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side—he uttered a groan—his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling noise in his throat—he was dead. The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and conceiving he had stumbled, past me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment—he also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant; our torches burnt faintly; our breathing became more difficult; our knees tottered under us, and we felt our strength nearly gone.

'There was no time to be lost—the American, Barthow, cried to us to "take courage," and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us Caffres, imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, expecting every moment to share it with him. The windings of the passages through which we had come increased the difficulty of our escape; we might take a wrong turn, and never reach the great chamber we had first entered. Even supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probable our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us separately and unknown to one another observed attentively the different shapes of the stones which projected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth we had now to retrace. We compared notes, and only on one occasion had a dispute, the American differing from my friend and myself; in this dilemma we were determined by the majority, and fortunately were right. Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber. Mustering all my strength, I leaped, and was followed by the American. Smelt stood on the brink, ready to drop with fatigue. He called to us "for God's sake to help him over the fosse, or at least to stop, if only for five minutes, to allow him time to recover his strength." It was impossible—to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on and reach the open air. We encouraged him to summon all his force, and he cleared the trench. When we reached the open air it was one o'clock, and the heat of the sun about 160°. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a *bardak** full of water, which they sprinkled upon us, but though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit; they unfolded their turbans, and slinging them round our bodies, drew us to the top."—pp. 111—116.

The Arab who remained at the entrance anxiously inquired for his *hahabebas*, or friends; he was told they were employed in bringing out the mummies; the travellers then mounted their asses,

* The name of the jars, made at Kenné, of porous earth, and used to cool water.

and rode with all speed to their boat, in order to get away as quickly as possible; but from the laziness or stupidity of the Reis, it was five o'clock the following morning before they weighed anchor. They had not gone far when they perceived four Turks on horsesback galloping towards them, followed by two Arabs on foot, the latter bawling out and swearing that they would have blood for blood. The Turks said they were sent by the Cacheff to bring them back to Manfalout, to answer for the murder of the Arab guides. It was in vain to resist; they therefore returned to Manfalout, where about forty Arabs from Amabdi 'received them with a shout of revengeful delight.'

The Cacheff treated them in a stern and haughty manner, and poured out a torrent of abuse: they claimed the protection of their firman; but looking sternly at them, he observed sarcastically, 'I do not see that this firman allows you either to maltreat or kill the Arabs.' He then left them, as they thought, to the mercy of the Arabs, who now began to surround them with menacing gestures. They were soon, however, sent for to attend the Cacheff, who thus addressed them:

'My good friends, I know I am, by virtue of your firman, bound to protect you, and my head must answer for your safety. I believe your story; but I have a guard only of fifty soldiers, and the village of Amabdi is 700 muskets strong. Should all the inhabitants take a part in this affair and come over, the consequence will be fatal both to you and myself; you must make your escape secretly, and in the mean time I will amuse and detain the Arabs.'

They took his advice; and escaping by the back door reached the Nile; but the wind being northerly, they were unable to make much way, and were presently stopped by a vast body of Arabs, who threatened to fire upon them if they did not come immediately to the side on which they were. They turned back a second time to the town, and were assailed by three women and five or six children, all naked and smeared with mud—these were the wives and children of the men who had perished, and this they were told was the usual custom of mourning.

'As we were armed, we reached without much obstruction the house of the Cacheff, whom we now found surrounded by more than four hundred Arabs, and amongst them the Shekh of the village of Amabdi. Making our way through the crowd, we luckily recognized the person of the Arab whom we had left and supposed to have died with his companions in the cavern. His appearance was most wretched, he was unable to stand, and was supported by two of his friends. We afterwards found he had escaped by the light of Mr. Smelt's torch, when he was obliged to remain for a short time to recover his strength at the edge of the trench. Our dragoman related our story again, and called upon the survivor to confirm the truth of it, but in vain; on the contrary he maintained

maintained we had taken him and his companions by force, and compelled them to conduct us to the place. In this falsehood he was supported by the Arab who had remained on the outside of the cavern, and whom we now saw for the first time among the crowd. In our defence we replied it was not possible we could have used any means of compulsion, as we were unarmed. This we boldly asserted, as the brace of pistols I had with me was never produced. Besides, we recalled to his memory that on our way thither one of the guides who had died, had replenished our *bardak* with water from a well near Amabdi.—This proved that we had gone amicably together.

The Cacheff, who continued to treat us haughtily in public, commanded the Arab to explain the means by which the infidels (who he confessed were without arms) had killed his companions. He replied, *by magic*, for he had seen me burning something on our first entrance into the great chamber. This was the bat I had accidentally scorched. Our cause now began to wear a better complexion: part of the crowd, who treated the idea of magic with contempt, believed us innocent, and the rest probably dreaded the imaginary powers with which we had been invested. Emboldened by this change of sentiment in our favour, our dragoman assumed a lofty tone, and peremptorily insisted on our being sent, together with our two accusers and the Shekh of Amabdi, to Siout to Ibrahim Bey, the son of the Pacha (*Pashaw*) of Cairo, and the governor of Upper Egypt. The reputation of this man for cruelty was so great, that his very name excited terror in the assembly. It was now our turn to threaten, and we talked of the alliance of our King with the Pacha (*Pashaw*) of Cairo, and the consequence of ill-treating any one protected by his firman. This had its effect, and the Cacheff having consulted for some time with the Shekh, suggested an accommodation by money. This proposal we at first affected to reject with disdain, as it would in some manner be an acknowledgment of our guilt, though we were secretly anxious to terminate the affair at any rate. Our dragoman was sent to negotiate with the Cacheff, and it was finally agreed we should pay twelve piastres or two Spanish dollars to each of the women, and the same sum we offered as a present to the Shekh of the village. All animosity seemed now to have ceased, and we were permitted quietly to return to our vessel, and continue our voyage.—pp.121,2,3.

On their arrival at Miniet, they were met by their courier, with a confirmation of the alarming intelligence of the plague, which shut them up at this place, at Bulac, and at Rosetta, three months—one more than had been employed in the whole journey from Cairo to Ibrim and back again to Miniet: but this misfortune could not have been foreseen, and all regrets were then unavailing, that the time had not been employed rather in Nubia than in passing the mornings at Miniet in learning to ride like the Mamelukes, and the evenings in attending the exhibition of those 'ministers of pleasure' called Almès, or dancing girls.

At Miniet they met with a soldier belonging to one of the seven Beys attached to the Cacheff, whom, to their utter astonishment,

ment, they discovered to be a Scotchman, of the name of Donald Donald, a native of Inverness. He had been taken prisoner at the battle of Rosetta, had nearly forgotten his own language, and seemed perfectly reconciled to his situation. He was now a good Mussulman in every respect. They offered to ransom him for 2,000 piastres, but he seemed indifferent about obtaining his liberty, and his master grew jealous of his interviews with them. Before they left Miniet, the Bey gave him in marriage one of the women of his harem, after which they heard no more of him.

There is nothing new or important in the measures of precaution adopted by our travellers to preserve themselves from the contagious effects of the plague; Mr. Legh observes that in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean the quarantine regulations are efficient; but that in England they are not only ineffectual but absurd. One officer of the Board of Health hands up a Bible for the captain of the ship to kiss, on making oath, which, on being returned, would be sure to communicate infection, if any existed in the ship; another produces a number of queries, to which the captain must give written answers: on the present occasion our travellers remonstrated, telling the officer that nothing was so infectious as paper; but he contented himself with replying 'that the orders of the Privy Council were peremptory, and must be obeyed.' It would seem, therefore, that if we have hitherto been fortunate enough to escape this dreadful calamity it is in spite of the perilous precautions of the Privy Council.

The progress of our travellers through Lower Egypt, their voyage to Malta and residence on that island, afford nothing of interest or novelty that would justify the protraction of this article which has already proceeded to a greater length than originally we had intended; and we cordially take leave of Mr. Legh, with a hope that if he or Mr. Smelt should have in their possession any sketches, drawings or measurements of the ruins of Nubia, they will not withhold them in a second edition.

ART. II. I. *The Emerald Isle, a Poem.* By Charles Phillips, Esq. Barrister at Law. Dedicated by Permission to the Prince Regent. London. 1813. Embellished with a full length Portrait of Brian Borhoime, King of Ireland. 4to. pp. 159.

II. *The Speech of Mr. Phillips, delivered in the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin, in the Case of Guthrie versus Sterne; with a short Preface.* 8vo. London. pp. 42.

III. *Speeches of Mr. Phillips on the Catholic Question; with a Preface.* 8vo. London. pp. 40.

IV. *An Authentic Report of the Speech of the CELEBRATED and*
ELOQUENT

ELOQUENT *Irish Barrister, Mr. Phillips, delivered at Roscommon Assizes.* 8vo. London. pp. 20.

V. *The Speech of Counsellor Phillips on the State of England and Ireland, and on a Reform in Parliament; delivered at Liverpool, Oct. 31, 1816.* 8vo. London. pp. 16.

WE have really been at a loss in what light to consider the series of works before us; they are all planned and constructed on a scale of such ridiculous exaggeration, there is so little law in the pleadings, so little poetry in the poems, and so little common sense in the prose, that we almost suspected that they were intended to ridicule that inflated and jargonish style which has of late prevailed among a certain class of authors and orators in the sister kingdom. But, in opposition to this internal evidence, there are so many circumstances of external testimony, that we have been reluctantly driven to conclude that Mr. Charles Phillips is not a censor, but a professor of the new school; and that having lost his own wits, he really imagines that the rest of the world may be brought to admire such fustian in verse and such fustian in prose as cannot, perhaps, be equalled except in Chrononhotonthologos, or Bombastes Furioso.

Our readers must be aware, that we are generally inclined (though we do not shrink from giving our own honest opinion) to permit authors to *speak for themselves*; and to quote from their own works such passages as may appear to us to justify our criticism. We will not be more unjust to Mr. Phillips, and shall, therefore, select from his poems and pamphlets a few of those parts which are marked by his peculiar manner, and which we are well assured he considers as the most admirable specimens of his genius.

We shall begin with the following panegyric upon a certain King of Ireland called Brian Borhoime, whose age was as barbarous as his name; and whose story is as obscure as Mr. Phillips's eulogy.

Look on Brian's verdant grave—

Brian—the glory and grace of his age;

Brian—the shield of the emerald isle;

The lion incensed was a lamb to his rage,

The dove was an eagle compar'd to his smile!

Tribute on enemies, hater of war,

Wide-flaming sword of the warrior throng,

Liberty's beacon, religion's bright star,

Soul of the Senencha, "Light of the Song."

I.—10, 11.*

The darkness which envelops the history of old Brian may be pleaded in excuse of the above passage, but what shall be said for

* To save space, the references are made to the number of the publication in the list prefixed to this Article.

the following apostrophe to the late Bishop Berkely?—the Emerald Isle is, we ought to acquaint our readers, a series of apostrophes to Irish worthies, from Fin Macoul and Brian Borhoime, down to Mr. Curran and the wretched Dermody.

'And Berkely, thou, in vision fair,
With all the spirits of the air,
Should'st come, to see, *beyond dispute*,
Thy deathless page thyself refute;
And, in it, own that thou could'st view
Matter—and it immortal too.'—I.—33.

The following invocation to Farquhar, on the comedy of the Recruiting Serjeant, which was finished in his last illness, is a fine specimen of the grandiloquence in which Mr. Phillips delights to envelop the *commonest* ideas.

'Swan of the stage! whose dying moan
Such dulcet numbers poured along,
That Death grew captive at the tone,
And stayed his dart to hear THE SONG!'—I.—36.

The song! what song? Serjeant Kite's is the only one we recollect in the piece; which, for a 'dying moan,' is comical enough.

Every one remembers Cooke the actor. He was remarkable for playing one or two parts with considerable force and skill, but his general character, even as a player, was certainly not very pre-eminent. He had, however, it seems, the good fortune to be an Irishman, and accordingly hear in what numbers Mr. Phillips lauds him.

'Lord of the soul! magician of the heart!
Pure child of nature! *fosterchild* of art!
How all the passions in succession rise,
Heave in thy soul and lighten in thine eyes!
Beguiled by thee, old Time, with *aspect blythe*,' &c. &c.

I.—39.

and so forth for six lines more, with which we will not afflict our readers. We shall conclude our poetical extracts with the description of a traitor, which will remind our readers of some of the most splendid passages of Lord Nugent's *Portugal*.

'——— the traitor's impious soul
Blasphemes at grace and banishes controul;
It loaths all nurture but the fruit of crime;
It counts, by guilty deeds, the course of time,
Sees hell itself, but as the ideot's rod,
Deifies guilt and *mortgages its God*!'—I.—67.

We shall now give a few instances of the nonsense on stilts, which Mr. Phillips believes in his conscience to be English prose; and however he may differ from us in his opinion of their merits,

we venture to assert that he will not accuse us of having selected the worst passages.

Magna est veritas et prevalebit—is a trite proverb, and no very complicated idea; yet this simple sentence is in Mr. Phillips's version bloated out to the following size.

'Truth is omnipotent, and must prevail; it forces its way with the fire and the precision of the morning sun-beam. Vapours may surround, prejudices may impede the infancy of its progress; but the very resistance, that would check, only condenses and concentrates it, until at length it goes forth in the fulness of its meridian, all life, and light, and lustre—the whole amphitheatre of Nature glowing in its smile, and her minutest objects gilt and glittering in the grandeur of its eternity.'—III.—20.

Goldsmith had compared his Parish Priest

'To some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swell from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'

This is one of the most simple and sublime passages in English poetry: Mr. Phillips—who, by the way, is as great a plagiarist as Sir Fretful, and somewhat in his manner—thus adopts it as his own.

'The hand that holds the chalice should be pure, and the priests of the temple of Religion should be spotless as the vestments of her ministry. Rank only degrades, wealth only impoverishes, and ornaments only disfigure her; her sacred porch becomes the more sublime from its simplicity, and should be seated on an eminence, inaccessible to human passions—even like the summit of some *Alpine wonder*, for ever crowned with the *sunshine* of the *firmament*, which the vain and feverish tempest of human infirmities breaks through harmless and unheeded.'—III.—34.

In this same style of travestie, Mr. Phillips renders either unintelligible or ridiculous every thing he touches. He censures Mr. Grattan 'because,' as he elegantly expresses it, 'an Irish native has lost its raciness in an English atmosphere.'—II.—15. When he alludes to Monseignor Quarantotti's letter, he will not condescend to mention it but as 'the rescript of Italian audacity.' When the Duke of Wellington invades France, we are told that an Irish hero strikes the harp to victory upon the summit of the Pyrenees.'—p. 35. And when he would say that Mr. Grattan is an ornament to his country, it is expressed 'that he poured over the ruins of his country the elixir of his immortality'!—III.—35.

When some judicious persons at Liverpool toast the health of this wild ranter, he modestly and intelligibly describes the effect which this great event will have in Ireland—

Oh! yes, I do foresee when she (Ireland) shall hear with what courtesy her most pretensionless advocate (Mr. Phillips) has been treated,

treated, how the same wind that wafts her the intelligence, will revive that flame within her, which the blood of ages has not been able to extinguish. It may be a delusive hope, but I am glad to *grasp* at any *phantom* that *flits* across the *solitude* of that country's *desolation*!!—V.—2.

There is, it seems, a certain Irishman of the name of Casey resident in Liverpool, and, we presume, he was one of the promoters of the before-mentioned toast; for Mr. Phillips, after a magnificent description of this worthy gentleman, exclaims, in an agony of patriotism, 'Alas, Ireland has little now to console her except the consciousness of having produced such men'—as Mr. Casey of Liverpool!

We reserve for the last example of Mr. Phillips's style, two passages which, we are informed by Mr. Phillips himself or his editor, (if indeed Mr. Phillips be not his own editor,) were received *with enthusiastic applauses*. The first is meant to be a satire on bigotry and the other a panegyric on Mr. Grattan—

'But, oh! there will *never* be a time with *Bigotry*—she has no head, and cannot think—she has no heart, and cannot feel—when she moves, it is in wrath—when she pauses, it is amid ruin—her prayers are curses—her God is a *daemon*—her communion is *death*—her vengeance is eternity—her *decatalogue* is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture-fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation!'—III.—22.

'When the screech-owl of intolerance was *yelling* and the night of bigotry was brooding on the land, he came forth with the heart of a hero! and the tongue of an angel! till, at his bidding, the spectre vanished; *the colour of our fields revived*, and Ireland, poor Ireland,' &c. &c.—III.—14.

Such—to speak *figuratively* of this great *figure-maker*—such are the tunid and empty bladders upon which the reputation of Mr. Phillips is trying to become buoyant. We believe our readers will, by this time, think that we have fully justified our opinion of the *style* of this Dublin Demosthenes.

But we have something more than mere errors of style to object to Mr. Phillips; we shall say little of the want of professional ability which his two pleadings exhibit, because he so little intends them to be considered as legal arguments, that there is but one passage in the statement of two legal cases in which there is the slightest allusion to the law, and that allusion only serves to shew the advocate's ignorance of, and contempt for, the more serious parts of the profession he was exercising.

'Do not suppose I am endeavouring to influence you by the power of DECLAMATION. I am laying down to you the British law, as liberally expounded and solemnly adjudged. I speak the language of the English Lord

Lord Eldon, a Judge of great experience and greater learning—(*Mr. Phillips here cited several cases as decided by Lord Eldon*)—Such, Gentlemen, is the language of Lord Eldon. I speak also on the authority of our own Lord Avonmore—a Judge who illuminated the Bench by his genius, endeared it by his *suavity*, and dignified it by his *bold uncompromising probity*!!!—one of those rare men, who hid the thrones of law beneath the brightest flowers of literature, and as it were with the hand of an *enchanter*, changed a wilderness into a garden!—V.—17.

No, *declamation* is not the weapon of Mr. Phillips!—One thing, indeed, we learn from all this, that Mr. Phillips's countrymen appreciate his legal talents at their true worth—We may be sure that he has published every frantic speech he ever made; and they are but two, and both on subjects in which the want of legal education and professional acquirement would be least observed; and accordingly we may say—to borrow a happy expression of Louis the XVIth's, relative to one of his chaplains who had preached a flowery sermon on all things but religion—that if Mr. Phillips in his pleadings had only said a word or two about law, he would have spoken of every thing.

But we have done with the *advocate*, blessing our stars that lawyers in this country are not of the same breed, and hoping (as indeed we are inclined to believe) that even in Ireland none but the lawyers of the Catholic Board, and one or two adventurers who assume that title as a '*nom de guerre*,' are capable of such a union of ignorance and confidence, of inanity and pretension. We have indeed to observe, for the honour of Ireland, that all these rhodomontades are printed in England, and we believe that few, if any of them, have been heard of in the place of their supposed nativity.

We now come to Mr. Phillips in the character upon which, of all others, it is evident he piques himself most, namely, that of a PATRIOT.

Mr. Phillips's first political pretension is *honesty*; he is, if you will take his own word for it, a model of *integrity* and *decision*, a pattern for all the young men of the empire who will be warmed into emulation by Mr. Casey's Liverpool dinner. Lest our readers should doubt the modesty of this blushing Hibernian, we shall give *his own words*—a course which is always the safest, and, with so profuse a talker as Mr. Phillips, the most decisive and convincing.

'I hope, however, the benefit of this day will not be confined to the humble individual (Phillips, *scilicet*) you have so honoured; I hope it will cheer on the young aspirants after virtuous fame in both our countries, by proving to them, that however, for the moment, envy, or ignorance, or corruption, may depreciate them, there is a reward in store for THE MAN (Phillips) WHO THINKS WITH INTEGRITY AND ACTS WITH DECISION.'—V.—16.

Again,

Again, he assures his partial friends 'who were crowding around him, that no act of his shall ever raise a blush at the recollection of their early encouragement.'—page 16.

But it is not the easy virtues of profession alone to which Mr. Phillips lays claim—he boasts, in a quotation, solemnly prepared for the occasion, that he is ready even to *suffer* for his country:—

For thee, fair freedom, welcome all the past,
For thee, my country, welcome E'EN THE LAST!

Notwithstanding the present thriving appearance of Mr. Phillips's patriotism, he seems to have now and then had some slight misgivings as to the constancy of his virtue, and to anticipate the possibility of backslidings from this high way of honour, and with the most ingenuous naïveté he communicates his doubts to the Catholic Board.

'May I not be one of the myriads who, in the name of *patriotism*, and for the purposes of plunder, have swindled away your heart, that they might gamble with it afterwards at the political hazard table! May I not pretend a youth of virtue, that I may purchase with its fame an age of rich *apostacy*!—Cast your view round the political horizon—Can you discover no one whose eye once gazed on glory, and whose voice once rung for liberty—no one, who, LIKE ME, once glowed with the energies of an assumed sincerity, and saw, or seemed to see, no God but COUNTRY, now toiling in the drudgeries of oppression, and shrouded in the pall of an *official miscerancy*? Trust no man's professions—ardent as I am—*honest* through every fibre as I feel myself—I repel your confidence, though perhaps unnecessarily, for I am humble, and *below corruption*—I am valueless, and *not worth temptation*—I am *poor*, and cannot afford to part with *all I have*—MY CHARACTER.—Such are my sensations *now*—what they may be *hereafter*, I pretend not; but should I ever hazard descending into the *sycophant* or slave, I beseech thee, Heaven, that the first hour of crime may be the last of life, and that the worm may batten on the bloom of my youth, before my friends, if I have one, shall have cause to curse the mention of my memory.'—III.—11, 12.

Mr. Phillips's first publication, in the still earlier bloom of his youth, was, as our readers have seen, a poem called the Emerald Isle. It was dedicated, *by permission*, to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, '*Ireland's Hope and England's Ornament*.' The poem did not belie the promise of the dedication; it is a perfect stream of praise, a shower of roses on every person who is named in it, from alpha to omega. This alone was enough to excite some little suspicion of the author's sincerity; but it became conviction on finding that, whenever in any of his succeeding pamphlets written in altered times and different circumstances, he has occasion to

mention any of the idols of his early flattery, he falls into the natural course of censuring and sometimes libelling them.

If his Royal Highness the Prince Regent was, on the 23d April, 1812, the date of Mr. Phillips's dedication—*Ireland's hope and England's ornament*—what has since happened to justify Mr. Phillips's imputations? What are the enormities which this high-minded and independent patriot 'cannot speak of, without danger, because, *thank God*, he cannot think of them without indignation'?

If, in 1812, the Duke of Wellington was 'a nation-saving hero' (I.—16.)—if, in 1814, 'the illustrious potentates were met together in the British capital to commemorate the great festival of universal peace and *universal emancipation*' (III.—22)—if 'all the hopes of *England* were gratified and *Europe free*' (p. 21.)—how does it happen that, in 1816, Mr. Phillips can thus describe the war in which those objects were achieved?

'The heart of any reflecting man must burn within him when he thinks that the war, thus sanguinary in its operations, thus confessedly ruinous in its expenditure, was even still more *odious* in its *principle*. It was a war avowedly undertaken for the purpose of forcing France out of her undoubted right of choosing her own monarch; a war which uprooted the very foundations of the *English* constitution; which libelled the most glorious era in our national annals; and declared *tyranny eternal*.'—V.—10.

If, in 1812, Buonaparte was a despot—bloody—impious—polluted (I.—73)—if he was an infidel 'who trod the symbol of Christianity under foot'—who plundered temples and murdered priests—if his legions were locusts, and he himself a vulture, (p. 74,) a tyrant, (p. 77,) and a fiend, (p. 75.)—If, in August, 1813, he was again a 'tyrant,' a 'monster,' an *embroidered butcher*—if he was, in Mr. Phillips's opinion, all this, how comes it, that in 1816, he speaks of him in the following terms:—

'In dethroning Napoleon you have dethroned a monarch, who, with all his *imputed* crimes and vices, shed a splendour around royalty too powerful for the feeble vision of legitimacy even to bear. How *grand* was his march! How *magnificent* his destiny! *Say what we will*, Sir, he will be the *land-mark* of our times in the eye of posterity. The goal of other men's speed was his starting-post—crowns were his playthings—thrones his footstool—he strode from victory to victory—his path was "a plane of continued elevations."—V.—11.

If, in 1812, Mr. Phillips could thus speak of Napoleon and Spain—

'His aid is murder in disguise;
His triumph, freedom's obsequies;
His faith, is fraud—his wisdom, guile;
Creation withers in his smile—

See Spain, in his embraces, die,
His ancient friend, his firm ally!—I.—73.

If, in 1814, 'the Catholic allies of England have refuted the foul aspersions on the Catholic faith,' (III.—21,) with what face could he, in 1816, ask the Liverpool meeting

'What have you done for Europe? what have you achieved for man? Have morals been ameliorated? has liberty been strengthened? You have restored to Spain a wretch of even worse than proverbial princely ingratitude; who filled his dungeons, and fed his rack with the heroic remnant that had braved war, and famine, and massacre beneath his banners; who rewarded patriotism with the prison—fidelity with the torture—heroism with the scaffold—and piety with the inquisition; whose royalty was published by the signature of his death-warrants, and whose religion evaporated in the *embroidering of petticoats for the Blessed Virgin*?'—V.—11, 12.

If, in 1812, Buonaparte and Portugal could be thus described—

'See hapless Portugal, who thought
A common creed her safety brought—
A common creed! alas, his life
Has been one bloody, impious strife!
Beneath his torch the altars burn
And blush on the polluted urn.'—I.—73.

what can Mr. Phillips say for the following description, in 1816, of the very prince who fled from the once 'bloody and impious,' but now 'magnificent' and 'splendid' Napoleon!

'You have restored to Portugal a prince of whom we know nothing, except that when his dominions were invaded, his people distracted, his crown in danger, and all that could interest the highest energies of man at issue, he left his cause to be combated by foreign bayonets, and fled with a dastard precipitation to the shameful security of a distant hemisphere.'—V.—12.

In 1814 'the rocks of Norway are elate with liberty.' (III.—23.) In 1816 Norway is instanced as 'a feeble state partitioned to feed the rapacity of the powerful.' (V.—13.)

In 1812 Mr. Grattan had the misfortune of being the idol of Mr. Phillips's humble adoration—in 1814 Mr. Grattan is still an idol, but an idol, like those of the Tartars, which they chastise; and four pages of one of Mr. Phillips's speeches to the Catholic Board are employed in *chastising* Mr. Grattan for having given some reasons ('if reasons,' as Mr. Phillips cautiously observes, 'they can be called,') against presenting a catholic petition at that particular time: he shews too that repeated discussions have had the effect of reducing the majority against the catholics. All this is very well: but what shall we say when we find Mr. Phillips in 1816, at Liverpool, expressing his 'hope that the Irish catholics will petition no more a parliament so equivocating?'

In 1812—Mr. Ponsonby is highly celebrated and told that 'his country's heart must be cold ere the 'honour,' the 'worth,' the 'wisdom,' the 'zeal,' 'the hand to act and heart to feel of *her Ponsonby*' be forgotten. But in the Liverpool speech we find all the merits of the leader of the Whigs forgotten, and his character treated with high indignity—

'Shall a borough-mongering faction convert what is misnamed the national representation, into a mere instrument for raising the supplies which are to gorge its own venality? Shall the *mock dignitaries* of *Whiggism* and Toryism, lead their hungry retainers to contest the profits of an alternate ascendancy over the prostrate interests of a too generous people? These are questions which I blush to ask.'—V.—13.

In 1812—England and Englishmen were the great objects of Mr. Phillips's horror; he found amongst us 'a *prejudice* against his native land *predominant* above every other feeling, *inveterate* as *ignorance* could generate, as *monstrous* as *credulity* could feed.'—I.—6.—And (for he assails us in prose and verse) he invokes Ireland

'To remember the glory and pride of her name,
Ere the cold *blooded Sassanach* tainted her fame.'

Again—in their mutual communications Mr. Phillips assigns to the Irish 'the ardour of patriots and pride of freemen,' but to the unlucky English, '*atrocious* provocation and *perfidious* arrogance.'

In the Liverpool speech, however, he has quite changed his note; the cold-blooded Sassanach is now 'the *high-minded* people of England,' (V.—4,) and even a provincial English town is 'the emporium of liberality and public spirit—the birth-place of talent—the residence of integrity'—the asylum of 'freedom,' 'patriotism,' and 'genius.'—V.—1.—In 1812, King William was a Draco—'a gloomy murderer,' and Mr. Phillips very magnanimously 'tramples on the *impious* ashes of that *Vandal tyrant*,'—I.—109—but in 1816, a new light breaks upon him, he applauds the Revolution, vindicates 'the reformers of 1688,' and calls that period 'the most glorious of our national annals.'—V.—10.

These changes, monstrous as they are, have taken place in the last two or three years; but we have Mr. Phillips's own assurance that he began his backsliding earlier than the date of any of his pamphlets, and that young as, he tells us, he is in years, he is old in apostacy. In his first speech, August, 1813, he makes the following candid avowal.

'I am not ashamed to confess to you, that there was a day when I was as bigoted as the blackest;—but I thank that Being, who gifted me with a mind not quite impervious to conviction, and I thank you, who afforded such dawning testimonies of my error. No wonder, then, that I seized

I seized my prejudices, and with a blush burned them on the altar of my country!—III.—33.

Our readers will not fail to observe, that all this wavering is not the mere versatility of a young and ardent mind. Mr. Phillips is indeed inconstant, but it is 'certa ratione modoque'; his changes may be *calculated*, like those of the moon, and his bright face will always be found towards the rising sun.

He dedicated to the Prince Regent in expectation, and abused him in disappointment; he flattered Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby when they were popular, and sneers at them when he sees a more promising patron. He lent his labours and his lungs to the cause of Catholic emancipation, and preached up the doctrine of *eternal petitions*, while they afforded any prospect of *celebrity* or profit; finding that scent grow cold, he is now against petitioning; and reform in Parliament being the cry of the disaffected in England, he imports his 'parcel of' talent and celebrity into Liverpool, consigned to Mr. Casey—exhibits his wares at the dinner before-mentioned—sings a palinode to Napoleon Buonaparte—and hardily enlists himself under the banners of radical reform. We have no doubt that, by the same arts which have forced him into what he and his colleagues modestly call *celebrity*, he will make a very acceptable addition to the society of Major Cartwright and Mr. Gale Jones, until some new turn in the wheel of state, or in the popular feeling, shall again convert him; when we may have him once more bespattering Messrs. Grattan and Ponsonby with his praises, and *dedicating* to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, but, as we anticipate, without the *permission* of which he was formerly so vain.

We have not noticed the particulars of the political tenets which Mr. Phillips has professed, or now professes; bad as they may be, they can do no harm till his style shall become more intelligible and his character less ambiguous.

ART. III. *A Treatise on the Records of the Creation, and on the Moral Attributes of the Creator, with particular Reference to the Jewish History, and to the Consistency of the Principle of Population with the Wisdom and Goodness of the Deity.* By John Bird Sumner, M. A. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1816.

JOHN Burnett, Esq. of Dens, in Aberdeenshire, was one of those among our northern brethren to whom their southern neighbours are apt to impute the habit of sleeping with one eye open.

open. We should be glad that they, whose waking eyes glance *evil* at such a character, would have the goodness to recollect that the important difference between the natives of the several parts of the United Kingdom lies not in the peculiarities of their national characters, but in the degree in which each has taken advantage of the substantial freedom, and pure religion within his reach: in the use, in short, which his conscience and knowledge have led him to make of the talents entrusted to his care.

In these respects Mr. Burnett was eminently worthy of imitation. If the gratuitous payment of a father's debts;—if extensive charities to the poor;—punctuality in all his dealings;—gratuities to those of his correspondents with whom he had driven bargains, when those bargains brought him in more profit than he thought he could conscientiously retain;—if an ardent thirst for the religious and moral improvement of mankind, and a singular modesty and aversion from all *display* in the good he was desirous to promote:—if this combination of excellence may be admitted to counterbalance a few striking singularities of conduct and opinion, Mr. Burnett was certainly an honour to his country: nor should it be forgotten that it was his assiduous application and cautious conduct in business that enabled him thus effectually to direct his efforts to the best and noblest objects. The contemplation of such a character is exceedingly interesting in a double point of view; first, in the proof it exhibits that the heart may be kept upright towards its Maker, and expand itself in unbounded benevolence to men, even amidst close and minute attention to pecuniary interests,—and secondly, in the contrast which the unaffected endeavour to conceal the hand that bestowed the gift, affords to the shewy, advertising, electioneering qualities of some of our modern charities. Among the many charitable bequests of this respectable individual was a sum set apart till it should accumulate to 1600*l.*, which was then to be given, in the following proportions, to the authors of the two best Essays on the subject stated below; * viz. 1200*l.* to the first in merit, and 400*l.* to the second. The Essay before us is that to which the judges appointed by the executors to determine the merits of the contending Essays (and who were, it seems, three Professors of the University of Aberdeen) were pleased unanimously to assign the second prize. The first was awarded with equal unanimity to 'Dr. W. L. Brown, Principal of Marischal College and University of Aberdeen,' &c.

* 'The evidence that there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists, and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and the goodness of the Deity: and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written Revelation; and in the second place, from the Revelation of the Lord Jesus; and from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for, and useful to, mankind.'

Upon

Upon the whole, Mr. Burnett appears to have been endowed with a just, and, in many respects, an amiable character, but strongly marked with eccentricity. But we have no inclination to inquire into, and, if possible, still less *right* to indulge in sarcasms against, singularities which have, perhaps, been instrumental in producing the effects now before us. We may nevertheless be permitted to regret that it never occurred to Mr. Burnett's mind, that by directing the accumulation of his bequest to extend to 2000*l.*, instead of 1600*l.*, he might have founded a professorship of 100*l.* per annum in one of the universities of his country, where lectures upon the subjects which he had so much at heart might have been permanently given. The lectures now read in some of the Scottish Universities, for the edification of youth in the most important branches of instruction, must be contemplated with other minds than ours before a reasonable conviction can be entertained that a provision, *properly secured*, to the purpose of frequently setting forth '*The wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in the Revelation of the Lord Jesus, with the inferences most necessary for, and useful to mankind,*' would be by any means a superfluous institution. We are far, however, from intending, by the wish just expressed, to undervalue the results of Mr. Burnett's liberality, as he has been pleased (in the plenitude of his power over his own property) to display it for the benefit of mankind.

Of the general talents and industry exhibited in the Essay immediately under review, we certainly entertain a favourable opinion: and we are the more disposed to extend our observations upon it to some length, because where we have the misfortune to differ from the ingenious author, it is upon points wherein discussion can scarcely fail to produce effects highly serviceable to the best interests of mankind. In truth we cannot help anticipating important benefits from the salutary association of religious, moral, and political science, pervading many of the publications which have lately issued from the press.

Mr. Sumner has given in his preface a summary of the process by which he proposes, first, to prove the existence of an all-powerful, wise, and good Being by whom every thing exists; and, secondly, to remove the objections to his wisdom and goodness by arguments derived from reason and revelation. He states that the acquaintance which we derive *from reason*, with the Creator and his attributes, and the conformity of the appearance of the universe, with the conclusions at which reason arrives, have been so fully illustrated by the successive labours of Stillingfleet, Clarke, Butler, Warburton, and Paley, that it is hopeless to look out for a vacant spot in a district so fully occupied. He has, therefore, chosen to

rest his principal evidence of the *existence of the Creator* upon the *credibility of the Mosaic Records of the Creation*. He justly adds, that to descend from the height to which, upon the fundamental point of the existence of God, we have been gradually raised by Revelation, and to argue still upon the level of unassisted reason, would be equally impossible and unprofitable:—impossible, because the rays of revealed knowledge *will* imperceptibly penetrate:—unprofitable, because, although philosophy may silence atheism, it will never command practical obedience, nor inspire practical devotion.

It appears to us that Mr. Burnett, by the terms of his proposal, left the competitors for his prize at perfect liberty as to the ground upon which they might choose to establish the *being of a God*; and that it is only with respect to his *wisdom* and *goodness* that they were bound to establish the proof, both from reason and Revelation. Mr. Sumner was, therefore, at liberty to exercise full discretion on the first point; and whether by selecting the question concerning the *credibility of the Mosaic Records* he has fixed upon the most interesting track, even though Dr. Graves and the present Dean of Westminster had not published their able and learned works when the plan of the Essay before us was arranged, we will not presume to determine. But after all which Warburton, the Abbé Fleury, Lardner, the two Lowths, Chandler, and others have written, either professedly or incidentally, upon the Mosaic History, we think it indisputable that a moiety of the Essay is rather too large a portion to devote to this single point. We are the more disposed to lament the disproportionate space thus occupied, as it has necessarily contracted that which the author has been enabled to allot to other parts of the subject, in the discussion of which many modern writers have succeeded in exciting a lively interest among men of reflection and benevolence, and have thrown over their subjects a sufficient portion of new light to excite eager curiosity, but by no means enough to settle the opinions of candid inquirers. These subjects are the existence of moral and physical evil, or, in the more modern phrase, of 'vice and misery,' and their alleged necessary increase as society proceeds towards those advanced stages to which it is now tending in all the most civilized and enlightened nations of the earth. These are points of discussion of momentous import, including questions to the illustration of which the lights of reason and Revelation equally converge, and affording practical inferences for the regulation of man in the sublimest, as well as in the lowest, departments of human conduct. We sincerely regret, therefore, that scarcely more than one half of the Essay is devoted to these discussions, even in their abstract principles,

ciples, since they are necessarily developed in a manner more scanty and unsatisfactory than their extreme importance demands; and we are still more disappointed to find that scarcely any space is left for the practical inferences justly deducible 'from the whole,' where we expected to find, in the application of the argument to the hearts and lives of men, the most eloquent and useful portion of the work. We confess, therefore, that our own taste would have been more fully gratified had Mr. Sumner contented himself with giving, in a few pages, the abstract, which he is so well capable of producing, of the arguments to be found in ancient and modern authors concerning the *existence of a God*, which after all is a **FACT** scarcely any where denied in the present day; and had devoted, at least, four-fifths of the Essay to the more interesting and original matters to which we have just adverted, and which, in truth, appear to have been mainly in the view of Mr. Burnett when he proposed the subject for his prizes. The political uses of such an argument would have embraced all the most interesting topics among those which may be called fundamental in the constitution of civil society, objects which lie at the root of all public prosperity, because upon them mainly depend the contentment of the people, the security of governments, and consequently the offensive and defensive power of nations. The moral uses would have been yet more interesting; for, as we have lately seen it expressed, there requires but little reflection upon the history of the past, and little experience of the actual condition of society, to perceive the utter insufficiency of mere political, or philosophical, or economical systems, for affording any permanence to the amelioration which they all profess to bestow upon the condition of mankind. System after system has been adopted with eager hope, and rejected in its turn, with utter despair, in favour of another which has ultimately followed the destiny of its predecessor; and mankind, instead of reaping the expected harvest, have too often found their condition deteriorated, and their minds disappointed and irritated. If ever there were a time in which these truths were more palpable than at another it appears to be the present. From all the magnificent systems, which, independently of pure morals, promised so much benefit to society, it has come out demoralized, degraded, impoverished, unsettled, insecure; and politicians have at length been compelled to acknowledge, (without, however, practically enforcing the consequence,) that all hope for the future is to be sought in a general *moral* amelioration. The opportunity, therefore, is surely favourable for endeavouring to demonstrate with effect the necessary connexion of moral conduct, public and private, with political wealth and prosperity,—that the former is, in fact, the centre round which the latter must revolve.

J. Sumner

With

With the modifications contained in the preceding paragraphs, we venture to pronounce our opinion, that the Essay before us is a sketch by the hand of a master, although, as we have before intimated, a wide difference exists between some of the author's statements and conclusions, and those which we should be disposed to make from the same premises.

The first two chapters of the first book contain a brief exposition and refutation of the opinions of the metaphysicians, the materialists, and the disciples of the atomical philosophy, concerning the eternal existence and fortuitous formation of the world. Upon these we have only to remark that they present a specimen of the style of argument abridged from the writings of the most approved authors, to which we wish that Mr. Sumner had confined the first book of his Essay on the '*Existence of the Creator*.' Not that we are disposed to dispute his position, 'that the subject is by no means exhausted;' but we certainly do think that the point is superabundantly established for all the practical purposes of the theologian, the moralist, and the politician; and that any sane man, who, after due inquiry, should still entertain doubts upon it, must possess, to use the words of the poet, 'a most uncommon skull.'

But to proceed:—since the world neither had an independent, eternal existence, nor was produced by the fortuitous concurrence of atoms, it follows that it must have been created, and from the innumerable instances of design and benevolence which every where press upon our observation, that it was formed by an all wise, good, and powerful Creator. But as the world, and almost every thing in it, are capable of being abused by man, whose corrupt propensities are continually leading him to poison the sources of his own happiness, it seems to follow that *such a world*, created for the use of *such a being*, implies the necessity that some communication should have been made to him by the Creator of the terms upon which the tenure was bestowed, of the laws under which it is to be enjoyed, and of the mode in which *the possession*, 'which is the general property of all mankind,' was originally created. This has always appeared to us to be the fundamental point (although too frequently overlooked) from which every just argument on the origin and progress of civil society must diverge, and which should be studiously kept in mind during the whole course. Man in a state of nature represents to our minds the idea of a being known by his Maker to be weak and liable to yield to temptation, surrounded nevertheless by objects continually soliciting him to sin, but amply gifted with the means and the power of resistance, if he do not wilfully set himself in opposition to those means. Man in a state of nature, then, is man in a state of probation:—a rational and intelligent

intelligent creature placed by his Creator under circumstances of trial, with the means of rising triumphantly above them. It is needless to contrast this statement with the degrading view which almost every writer on the origin of civil society has given of what they have been pleased to term 'the state of nature' as it refers to man. But we have the greatest pleasure in laying before our readers the following extract from Mr. Sumner's third chapter 'on the Historical Evidence of the Creation of the World.'

'Suppose it granted, for the present, that a Creator exists; only two suppositions can be entertained: either man was turned naked and ignorant into the world, with less power to provide for his comfort and subsistence than the lowest savage whom modern discoveries have brought to our acquaintance; or he was instructed, through the agency of his Creator, in the means of supplying his immediate wants, and of performing the various purposes of his being.

'If we embrace the first of these suppositions, we must believe that this world, and all it contains, was created without any definite or assignable object: that its intelligent inhabitants were summoned into life, and then immediately abandoned by their Maker, retaining no connexion with him, either during the short period of their earthly existence, or after it. If we reject this idea, as inconsistent with all reasoning as to the probable operations of Divine intelligence; then it is natural to conclude that the Creator would leave some memorial of himself in a world, which, as forming a part in the comprehensive scheme of his providence, he beholds with regard and interest. It is evident, however, that as mankind alone, of all the inhabitants of the earth, are gifted with intelligence, mankind alone can hold any connexion with an intelligent Creator. To them therefore we must look as the chief objects of creation, and as the depositaries with whom the records of it, supposing such an event to have taken place, would be left, to be handed down by them from age to age.'—pp. 29, 30.

In conformity with this expectation we find that a history *does* exist, giving an authentic account of the dealings of God with man from the creation of the world, transmitting the records of that creation from generation to generation; and perpetuating '*the important truth, that its Author, seen only by his works, is to be worshipped without material or visible representation as the Creator and Governor of the World.*' It further appears, that this sublime object was effected through the instrumentality of a peculiar and singular race of people, set apart by God for this especial purpose, and persevering in a course of conduct calculated to attain the end proposed, although surrounded by a host of opposing elements. Superstitious polytheism persecuted, licentious rites tempted, idolatrous splendour dazzled, and many individuals were overpowered, and fell. But the ways of God endured to the end. He made the courage which he inspired to triumph over persecution,

persecution,—the purity which he imparted from his own essence to resist the allurements of desire,—and the simplicity which emanated from him rested on the men of *ancient times*, and gave them power to count the idolatrous splendour of the Gentile world *a very little thing*. Thus was his purpose effected, and the knowledge of the true God preserved by a perpetual succession of miracles and judgments. Nor was this all. The holy men of old did not only preserve the purest tradition of the true religion, and of the nature of the divine government; but they employed themselves in meditating upon the MORAL LAW of God, praying to him both for themselves and others, and enuring themselves to the practice of every virtue. They instructed their disciples, explained to them the spirit and meaning of *the Law*, and opened to them the sublime mysteries relating to the state of the Church on earth and in heaven, which were hidden under allegories. They instructed the people concerning the Sabbath;—they reproved them for their vices, and exhorted them to repent, upon pain of God's judgments, which they foretold as visitations for impenitence. In short, what they knew and what they taught distinctly was this:—That there is but one God;* that He governs all things by his Providence;† that there is no trust in any but him, nor good to be expected from any one else;‡ that He sees every thing, even the secrets of the heart;§ that He influences the will by his inward operation, and turns it as He pleases;|| that all men are born in sin, and naturally inclined to evil;¶ that nevertheless they may do good, but only by divine assistance;** that *they are free*, and have the choice of good or evil;†† that God is strictly just, and punishes or rewards men according to their works;‡‡ that He is full of mercy and compassion for those who sincerely repent of their sins;§§ that He judges the actions of all men after their death;||| therefore that the soul is immortal, and that there is another life.¶¶

They knew besides, and taught, that God, out of his mere loving kindness, had chosen them from among all mankind, to be his faithful people;*** that from them, of the tribe of Judah and family of David, should be born a Saviour,††† who should deliver them from all their hardships, and bring all nations to the know-

* Deut. iv. 39. vi. 4.

† Psalm civ. cxxv.

‡ Ps. liii. Is. xxxvi. vii. Jer. xvii. 5—8.

§ Ps. cxxxix. || Prov. xxi. 1.

¶ Ps. li. 5. Gen. vi. 5. ** Deut. xxx. 6. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 27. †† Deut. xxx. 19, 20.

‡‡ Ps. lvi. 1. 6.—xc. 1. et passim.

§§ Deut. xxxii. 1. 2. Exod. xxxiv. 7.

Numb. xiv. 18.

||| Eccles. viii. 11. xi. 9. xii. 14.

¶¶ See Abbé Fleury upon the Manners of the Israelites.

*** Deut. vii. 6. ix. 8, 6.

††† Gen. xlix. 10. Isa. xi. 1. 10.

ledge of the true God. All this they knew very clearly, and it was the most usual subject of their prayers and meditations. This was that exalted wisdom which distinguished them from all the people of the earth. For whereas in other nations, none but the *wise men* knew some of these great truths, and that but imperfectly, and were entirely ignorant of others, every Israelite was instructed in them all, and they scarcely varied the least in their notions about any of them.*

Although this summary is due to the industry of another writer, rather than that of Mr. Sumner, we do not think it necessary to enter more at large into the object and peculiarity of design of the Hebrew polity;—into the peculiar sanctions of their law, into their religious opinions, national worship, the principles of their morality, or the causes to which the superiority of the Mosaic theology may be referred.

They constitute the titles of several sections in the volume now before us; but for reasons which will be obvious to those who have accompanied us through the preceding pages of this article, we decline entering into them upon the present occasion. We desire, however, to be understood, as wishing to convey a strong recommendation of these 'sections' to the attention of students in divinity and of general readers, and to admit the learning, ingenuity and industry, which Mr. Sumner has displayed in the composition of them, as well as of the two which follow upon the questions, 'Whether Moses *could have* invented the doctrines which he taught concerning the Creation,' and 'Whether he *could have* derived the knowledge of it from the learning of the Egyptians, or from the popular belief of the Israelites.' Mr. Sumner has brought to bear upon these discussions a considerable portion of ancient and modern learning, and has displayed a very creditable degree of acuteness and originality in the illustrations and comparisons which he has drawn from his own sources. Upon a fair consideration of the argument, we cannot hesitate to admit, that this portion of the Essay constitutes a valuable addition to that department of theological science of which it professes to treat.

We now proceed to what appears to us to be by far the most attractive portions of Mr. Sumner's Essay, viz. the second and third parts, in which the attributes of God, and especially his wisdom and goodness, are followed in detail into their influence over the moral and political condition of mankind.

Mr. Sumner begins the second part of his Essay, which treats of

* See Abbé Fleury, *ut supra*. The heresy of the Sadducees, concerning a future state, is the strongest exception to this last assertion.

the *Wisdom of God*, as it is to be discovered by the observation of a reasonable mind upon the structure of the world and of human society, with these remarks :

‘The Creator, as being the author of all things, must possess a complete and actual acquaintance not only with the things which exist, or have existed at any definite point of time, but with whatever can possibly arise as consequences from things so existing, or be contingent upon them. Neither can He, upon whose original will it depended that certain powers should produce certain effects, be possibly ignorant of the means which best conduce to any design, or of the end which may result from any particular means. And this perfect knowledge of all that is past, and all that is present, and all that is dependent upon the past and present, is *omniscience*, or *infinite wisdom*.’

But irrefragable as this argument appears to be, man, who is ever prone to justify his own departure from the ways of God as the *necessary* effect of surrounding circumstances, rather than of his own wilful perverseness, requires to be continually reminded by a recurrence to visible and sensible objects, or to the results of reasonings derived from them, that God knows our several cases and circumstances much better than we are able to describe them ; and that he mercifully gives whatever is needful to promote our real welfare, though we, through our ignorance, may depreciate or despise the gift.

From the thousand ways in which this truth may be illustrated, it was evidently necessary to make a selection, and we think it is made in the essay before us with great judgment. Mr. Sumner undertakes to shew ‘by a few particular instances, that both in the constitution of the universe, and in the laws which peculiarly respect the human race, the Deity has shewn the most comprehensive and prospective wisdom.’ And these instances he has selected in such a manner as to avail himself of the latest discoveries in physics and politics.

On the constitution of the universe he justly observes, that the highest aim of philosophical theory is to account for the phenomena it treats of by the fewest possible principles ; and the great ambition of human art is to attain the end proposed by the least complicated means. Examine by this test the effects of the principle of gravitation which ‘at once determines the planets in their orbits and the descent of the most trifling body to the ground.’ Contemplate the single body which forms the centre of the system :—it not only gives support and stability to the whole, but furnishes it, to the remotest point, with the essential requisites of light and heat.

‘In descending from the contemplation of the whole system to the examination of the globe to which we ourselves belong, we are attended by the same comprehensive wisdom. The air of our atmosphere, which is necessary to the existence of the animal and vegetable world, is composed

posed of two elastic fluids, united in a definite and exact proportion ; a proportion so precisely suited to those for whose respiration it was intended, that any difference in the quantity of either ingredient would prove, according to its degree, injurious or destructive. The same air which supplies life and health to the human race is equally and alone salubrious to every other animal. It might be expected that the portion of this air which animals return in the alternate motion of the lungs, having performed its service, would prove of no further utility : but it has been otherwise contrived. This part of the atmosphere, though insalubrious to man, affords the most grateful nourishment to the plants by which he is surrounded ; according to which provision nothing is lost, and the constant purity of the air we breathe is preserved.

'The same air which in its compound state supports the life of the animal creation, administers also to the comfort and necessities of man in the shape of fire. Combustion is the decomposition of the atmosphere, a process which, under certain circumstances of temperature, most of the products of the earth have in a greater or less degree the power of effecting ; and which is regularly accompanied by the disengagement of the light and heat for which we have such frequent occasion, when the assistance of the solar rays is either wanting, or inapplicable. The same elastic fluids which perform these important purposes, in another state of composition become the chief constituents of water also. And the result is, that the principal wants of the animal and vegetable world are supplied by three elastic fluids, the peculiar union of which furnishes us with water, fire, and vital air. Neither do these fluids require the interposition of the Creator to supply their constant expensiture. The original mandate of Eternal Wisdom provided, as far as we can learn from physical researches, for a world of which we cannot foresee the termination. The simple gasses, disengaged by various natural processes, from the combustibles, vegetables, and different substances which absorb them, are so contrived as to form a natural reunion, and preserve a constant equilibrium.'—vol. ii. p. 8—11.

But the case by no means terminates here. From the rapid progress which modern chemists have made in the discoveries arising from what may be termed the *electro-chemical science*, many bodies hitherto considered as elementary have been decomposed ;—the number of elements or simple substances is diminished by almost every elaborate experiment.

The philosopher to whom we owe many of these discoveries, and who is equally distinguished by the brilliancy and importance of the facts which he has disclosed, by the humane and useful purposes to which he has adapted them, and by the singular candour and modesty of his deportment as a man of science and a gentleman, has declared his opinion* that 'we are probably not yet acquainted with any of the true elements of matter.' And yet so far

* See Davy's Agricultural Chemistry, 4to.—p. 38.

have the successful efforts of science in reducing compounded substances already extended, that the same philosopher has in another place thought himself, upon good grounds, entitled to state, 'that a few undecomposed bodies, which may perhaps ultimately be resolved into still fewer elements, or which may be different forms of the same material, constitute the whole of our tangible universe of things.'*

It must, we think, be acknowledged, that a more beautiful display of exalted wisdom, of grandeur and simplicity in contrivance, of minuteness and delicacy in operation, of what is 'wonderful in counsel and excellent in working,' cannot even be faintly conceived by the imagination of man. But we turn with pleasure even from these engaging speculations to others yet more interesting to the moralist, who after all is the true philosopher, at least if the importance of the science is to be estimated by the value of the subjects about which it is conversant. We turn to the contemplation, with that 'lively sympathy with the fortunes of the human race, and that warm zeal for the interests of truth and justice, without the guidance of which,' it has been well observed, 'the highest mental endowments, when applied to moral or to political researches, are in perpetual danger of mistaking their way.' To this higher department of the inquiry,—to MAN as a member of civil society and as a moral and accountable being, the remainder of the Essay exclusively relates.

As we have already hinted, there is no reasoning justly upon the Creator's provisions respecting man, without some understanding of the design of God in bringing him into existence, which involves the question, what man is in *his state of nature*, or as he is placed by Providence in connection with the scheme of earthly things. Now all reflection upon the moral and intellectual powers of man, compared with the circumstances calling for their exercise with which he is surrounded, tend uniformly to the conviction that he was placed here 'in order to exercise, according to his opportunities in his progress through the world, the various powers of reason and virtue with which he is endowed.' The state of nature then, when applied to man, is a state of *progressive improvement*; and we are convinced that it is equally true of communities as of individuals, that if they do not *wilfully* or *through ignorance* place themselves in a state contrary to nature, that is, inconsistent with the rules which God has given them for their government, they might proceed, through the whole period of their existence, in a growing course of moral and political welfare. But we must not anticipate.

* Davy's Elements of Chem. Phil.—p. 503; as quoted by Mr. Sumner.

Mr. Sumner very satisfactorily refutes the arguments of those philosophers, who, by exhibiting what they are pleased to call the *chain of existence*, virtually deny the gradual improvement of man to be the design of the Creator; and this he does by shewing the *elastic and extendible* nature of those *links in the moral chain* which are made up of human beings. M. Bonnet and a Mr. White are great advocates for this *catenarian* system of philosophy; and because they have observed that there is less difference between the highest brute and the lowest savage than between the savage and the most improved man, have thought themselves justified in concluding that man forms part of a regular gradation of beings, and is himself instinctively the subject of similar gradations; that the Ouranoutang, for example, is the first link which connects man with quadrupeds, and that the Negro is the connecting tie between the white man and the ape. Upon these principles we see no sound objection to ranging Messrs. Bonnet and White as severally the intermediate links between the philosopher and the madman; for if it is to be understood that individual or national character is always to continue precisely at that point where it may have been observed at any particular period to have stood;—or that there is a mental and moral circle drawn round each variety of human character, of the nature of an impassable barrier; (which is evidently the case with animals regulated by instinct;)—then we must allow that the Bonnet and White links in the series must be permanently kept up, or the ways of Providence interrupted. But if the human mind in those individuals is of an expansive and improveable nature, although their moral faculties have been deadened or their intellectual powers perverted by abuse, then it will become us to use our best exertions in devising the means whereby more sober and enlightened philosophers than Messrs. Bonnet and White may be provided for the use of future generations. In short, man is placed in the world with moral powers and faculties, dormant indeed till called into exertion by the circumstances which surround him, but capable of being improved and exalted in the highest degree by a *right application* of them to those circumstances. He is commanded so to apply them, and instructed in the method of obeying that command. He is placed in a state of moral and mental trial, whereas brutes are placed in a condition of mere instinctive obedience to their animal propensities.

Man then being placed in a state of moral discipline through the media of surrounding circumstances operating upon his moral faculties, and of the reaction of those faculties modifying the principles upon which the affairs of the world are regulated, it behoves us, in estimating the wisdom and goodness of those principles as originally ordained by the Creator, always to keep in mind their

main object, which appears to be to preserve the moral faculties in a state of perpetual exercise and improvement, in order to fit them for a superior state of existence.

This is nearly the view which Mr. Sumner has taken of the design of the Creator with respect to this world, and to the Being into whose hands He has delivered it over as a possession; and the conclusions which he draws from the premises are expressed in the following words:

‘It is evident, that if the present state is not final, if its object is discipline, what might appear to us the happiest, or easiest, or best condition for the human race in an immediate view, would not be the most suitable to the ultimate intention of the Creator. The object which would be present to the divine mind, in determining the circumstances in which it were expedient to place mankind, would be, to assign them that state of being which was best suited to render this world the stage of discipline it was designed to prove: one that should most effectually and inevitably work out the powers, exercise the virtues, and display the character of man. And it might be expected from what we see in other instances of the Creator’s wisdom, that he would place mankind in circumstances through which the order of things best calculated to further this design should naturally establish itself, without any such immediate interference as might disturb the spontaneity of human actions.

‘I think it may be rendered evident that He has done so; and the proof of wisdom I shall endeavour to illustrate, is this; that the order of things, in which the human race arrives at the highest degree of improvement, and has the widest scope for moral and intellectual perfection, is inevitably, and with some trifling exceptions, universally established, by the operation of a SINGLE PRINCIPLE, and the instinctive force of a single natural desire.’—vol. ii. p. 26, 27.

The SINGLE PRINCIPLE here alluded to, is the PRINCIPLE OF POPULATION—concerning which so much has been said and written since the publication of Mr. Malthus’s original and elaborate Essay upon that subject.

Differing, as we do, most widely from the statements and conclusions of that ingenious writer, we are nevertheless disposed to agree as to the effects ascribed by Mr. Sumner to the principle itself when rightly stated; and we derive no common degree of satisfaction from the proof afforded by the Essay before us, that although Mr. Sumner has brought himself to admit the truth of Mr. Malthus’s principles, he can yet have derived from them the same conclusions respecting the wisdom and goodness of God which we have ourselves derived from what we conceive to be a refutation of those principles. We are disposed to welcome this remarkable coincidence of conclusions from opposite premises, in the case of the party which has taken the wrong premises, as a signal instance

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of the power of a well regulated mind over an acute understanding. When we come to the discussion of this subject, we shall shew, that had Mr. Sumner embraced all the parts of Mr. Malthus's Essay he would have found, (as that author himself has too frequently found,) that the principles extended much too far to warrant the conclusions which he attempts to deduce from them, as merely sufficient to urge men to exertion and self-denial, and to reward them in proportion to their obedience. He must, we think, have discovered that, notwithstanding any practicable degree of general virtue and self-denial, the progress of society from the lower to the higher stages (which we have already shewn to be the design of Providence) must, upon Mr. Malthus's statement, inevitably bring with it large accessions of vice and misery to man, instead of concentrating the greatest possible proportion of happiness in a given space of territory.* He would surely therefore have concluded that the principles themselves could not be true, and would have bent the powers of his mind to the discovery and statement of those points where paralogisms might be detected, before he ventured to argue upon the principles themselves as the great fundamental proof of the wisdom of God in the construction of human society. We should then have had the third and fourth chapters which are now occupied with a discussion concerning the effects of the equality or the inequality of ranks and fortunes, devoted to a new and corrected statement of the principle of population. We may add too, that many conclusions in the fourth chapter, in which we cordially agree, would have followed with greater force and effect as the natural consequences of a right statement of the principle of population. Mr. Sumner, however, having chosen to take another course, we feel bound to follow him through this preliminary matter.

The advocates for political equality are, consistently enough, the advocates for the superior comforts and happiness of the savage state of society:—for political equality can only be practically enjoyed, and that very imperfectly, in such a condition of mankind. On the sillinesses of Rousseau, Condorcet, Godwin, the Père du Tertre, and a crowd of imitators on this subject, it is at this time of day, thank God! useless to expatiate. But we think the general conclusion is stated by Mr. Sumner in the following passage, with candour and impartiality.

* A partial survey of civilized life represents, it is true, each individual neglectful of the general good, and struggling merely for the advancement of his own; flourishing by the discomfiture of competitors, and elevated by the depression of his brethren. But the other side of the picture shews individual advantage terminating in public benefits, and the desire of aggrandizement which is stimulated by ambition or do-

* See Paley's Mor. Phil.

mestic partialities, contributing towards the welfare of the community at large. Man, in all situations, has both opportunity and inclination for vice, though all vices do not flourish equally in all situations. But ferocity, intemperance, and revenge, if they are not worse, certainly are not better than avarice, rapacity, or luxury; whilst the savage vices have no compensation of delicate taste, refined manners, improved understanding, or exalted virtues. A contest for riches or power does not more disturb the harmony of life, than the disputed possession of a palm-tree or a cabin: but the latter produces no other fruit than private rancour or revengeful malice: the former enriches the state by the addition of two active and useful citizens."—vol. ii. p. 32.

It is obvious, and has been frequently shewn in detail, that the division and accumulation of property, the division of labour, and the consequent inequality of ranks and conditions, which follow the first steps in the progress of society, introduce the necessity of active exertion of some kind or other throughout all classes of the community.—It is no less obvious that this general necessity for exertion and activity is the condition most suitable to the development and improvement of the faculties of a being, in whom the principle of indolence is more strongly rooted than the principle of philanthropy,—or the abstract love of his fellow creatures. We find indeed that this last mentioned plant is the growth of civilization, and of a religion whose general influence implies a considerable advance beyond the savage state of equality. It is the glory indeed of that religion, that it introduces the *only practicable system of equality*—that of a *moral kind*, whereby mankind are placed upon a perfect level in the eye of God and man, as to all which respects their eternal interests, and which by its operation on individual minds often reverses the view invidiously taken of society by the advocates of political equality, by lifting the lowest in the scale of temporal condition, to the highest point of temporal happiness. But the *aristocracy of contentment and humility* is no less an eye-sore to the levelling atheist, than the aristocracy of rank and fortune, or even than that of talent and industry:—and it is incontestible that the mere intellectual improvement which upon their system is to counteract the principle of indolence inherent in the equal condition of mankind, cannot be brought to bear except in a state of society which presupposes an equality of condition to be altogether impracticable. We may then fairly admit the truth of Mr. Sumner's conclusion of the third chapter of this volume: 'It is not presumptuous to conclude that the situation best calculated to improve by exercise the faculties of man is civil society, consisting as it does of unequal fortunes, ranks and conditions.'

In the fourth chapter we approach nearer to the discussion of the principle of population. The subject on which it professes to

treat

treat is, 'whether equality or inequality of ranks and fortunes is the condition best suited to the exercise of virtue.' Now it seems undeniable that if the object of the Creator with respect to man be to discipline an imperfect creature, rather than to place a perfect character in a state of enjoyment suited to its faculties, the varieties of human condition, and the practical duties arising out of them, enlarge the sphere of action, and afford opportunities for the display of those virtues and charities which distinguish the renovated from the abandoned character. The theories which profess to remove all temptation to coveting, violence, and injustice, by giving every man an equal share of temporal advantages, and affording thereby to no one a *just cause* of complaint, seem to overlook the obvious truth that man is very apt to complain, to covet, and to defraud, *without just cause*, and even without any *real want* of the objects which tempt him to those crimes. The evil is in the *heart*, not in the *outward circumstances*; and unless those circumstances are so framed as to discipline the heart, no arbitrary arrangement will prevent its inward corruption from breaking out into overt acts. The history of all those tribes of mankind, where an apparent equality of condition is thought to exist, is conclusive upon this point; and the theory is obnoxious to the same reproach of absurdity with that to which we lately alluded, since it supposes a state of virtue, only to be acquired through the discipline and trial of a condition of inequality, to be compatible with one of perfect equality. A moment's reflection will convince any reasonable mind that this world is not the theatre upon which such a scene can be displayed.

The various duties and relations of the higher, the middle, and the labouring classes of society towards each other, with their effects in producing the respective evidences of virtue and obedience which the Creator requires from them, are described by Mr. Sumner with eloquence and feeling in several passages of this chapter, which we regret that we cannot afford space to extract. The reader of them should bear constantly in mind that the author by the terms of his contract was confined in this part of his work to the light of reason and of nature, and that the arguments to be derived from 'the Revelation of the Lord Jesus' were specially reserved to a subsequent portion of the Essay. With this remark we lay before our readers the conclusions drawn by Mr. Sumner from the arguments of this chapter.

'On the whole, we may be allowed to conclude, that if it had been possible, according to the established system of the universe, for mankind to have continued equal in their fortunes and conditions, the same equality would have extended to their minds. The consequence would have been a general inferiority of the rational faculties. The existence

of high practical rules raises the general standard of morality; because, even if few attain the summit, all are tending, more or less, towards it. But those lights of the world, which have occasionally appeared, and have established, from collected observations, the most useful rules of conduct, and the sublimest morality, would have been extinct. Extinguish then these lights, annihilate these general rules, diminish at the same time the temptations to vice and the opportunities of virtue, the advantage is doubtful, the evil certain. Experience does not acquaint us, that even the vices would be less gross or numerous; but it is undeniable that the approved virtues would be both of a lower standard, and of rarer occurrence. Variety of condition enlarges the sphere of active duty; and every circumstance that enlarges the sphere of duty, contributes towards the perfection of a being, whose distinguishing faculty is obedience to reason, and whose most valuable quality is a power of moral and intellectual improvement commensurate with his individual situation.'—vol. ii. pp. 98, &c.

Having thus shewn that a state of society consisting of various ranks and conditions is best suited to excite the industry, and to discipline and promote the virtues of mankind, Mr. Sumner proceeds to the consideration of the SINGLE PRINCIPLE which he had previously announced as inevitably tending to bring the human race, generally speaking, '*into such a situation.*' We have already stated that we agree with Mr. Sumner in believing that the principle of population, *when rightly stated*, will be found to be one of those means which Providence has ordained for the purpose of keeping the human faculties in a continual state of exertion, with a view to escape the difficulties which press upon individual comfort and happiness, in consequence of those changes which never fail to affect them in some way or other during the progress of society from the lower to the higher stages. But in order to shew that this argument is practically sound, we hold it essential to prove that the exertions when made will be sufficient to relieve those who make them from the pressure under which they previously laboured. And here we think that Mr. Sumner has altogether failed, and by admitting in their full extent the truth of Mr. Malthus's propositions, has involved himself in many difficulties and inconsistencies. If it be true, as Mr. Sumner states from Mr. Malthus, that, even in countries greatly civilized, population is known to double itself in twenty-five years, provided a sufficient portion of unoccupied land remain to raise subsistence for it, we apprehend that the prospect held out to reward even the most active exertions, which men are capable of making in such countries to procure food, would be so disheartening, that far from leading to *exertion*, it would lead only to despair of any possibility of relief. It is well known to all who have inquired into the subject, that the power of bringing fresh land into cultivation in civilized countries,

countries, or in those advanced beyond the purely agricultural state of society, is attended with numerous difficulties increasing with every step in the progress of advancement. If then the power of multiplication in the human species continued the same, the evident impossibility of meeting the demand for food would be so apparent, that a rational man, instead of exercising prospective industry for the production of that which he would have very little chance of enjoying when produced, would feel exceedingly disposed to join in a scramble for the food already in existence. The operations necessary to carry on the government in a free country would be altogether impossible; and no resource would be left to keep mankind under sufficient controul, or to secure to the actual possessors the enjoyment of their property, but a tyranny sufficiently grinding either to repress the natural tendency to increase by generally prohibiting marriage among the lower orders; or to reduce them to the necessity of starving in quiet, without endangering the government; or, lastly, to encourage them, as in China, to have recourse to infanticide.

But the principal question, after all, resolves itself into this: Does the population in civilized countries still possessing large portions of uncultivated land, when unchecked by want or misery, *actually* increase, or rather is it *physically possible* that it should increase as fast as in the purely agricultural countries, i. e. can it double itself, when *unchecked*, in twenty-five years? We really apprehend that no rational man would ever have answered this question in the affirmative, if he had duly considered the terms of the proposition, and reflected for a moment on the effects which great towns, extensive manufactures, liberal professions, and the thousand avocations incident to increasing civilization, produce upon the numbers of mankind, independently of any necessary recurrence to an increase of vice, misery, or such a modification of moral restraint as includes an *involuntary* abstinence from marriage. Let us look to England, in which there is certainly enough of uncultivated or ill-cultivated land to support, under improvement, double its present population; yet such has been the result of the spontaneous arrangements and distribution of the people, that notwithstanding the forcing principle of the poor laws, the population has not doubled itself in two centuries; and yet there is less of vice and misery, and, perhaps, of involuntary abstinence from marriage on the part of the lower orders, than in any country in the world; and there is no commercial or manufacturing country where the facilities of bringing fresh land into cultivation or of improving that already cultivated are so great. If then population has a physical inability to increase with equal rapidity in civilized and manufacturing, as in rude and agricultural countries, the principal

cial limb of Mr. Malthus's fundamental proposition is evidently paralyzed, and we may with some degree of comfort consider ourselves relieved from the necessity of considering God as either directly or indirectly the author of moral evil; or of believing the *necessary* existence of *moral evil* in order to counteract the *natural* evil of a population inevitably increasing *beyond* any possibility of providing for it the means of subsistence.

Still, however, another question remains to be resolved in order to apply the argument to the case now under consideration. If the natural or spontaneous tendency of population to increase is not such as it is stated by Mr. Malthus, to what extent does it *actually reach* in the several states of society in which mankind are found to exist?

To enter into a full discussion of this most interesting subject would evidently exceed the limits to which we are necessarily confined on the present occasion. We are aware, however, of the importance of a full discussion of the principles of population and production in the present conflicting state of the public opinion on that great practical question; and we shall hope to undertake something of the kind at no distant period. Without entering minutely at present into the arguments, we think ourselves authorized to assert with some confidence, that every step which a country takes in the progress of society, and consequently towards the end of its resources in cultivation, is accompanied by a corresponding abatement in the progress of population arising out of natural circumstances of constant and universal operation, and unalterable by any laws within the power of man to controul. Different degrees of morals and of civil liberty will, of course, advance or retard a community in its progress towards the higher stages of society; but whatever tends to its advancement in that progress will equally tend to abate the rapidity with which population might be supposed to proceed in the earlier stages of society. Whatever tends to retard a community in its advancement to the higher stages will equally tend, not indeed to the actual increase of population, but to that miserable condition in which a scanty number of people are found half-starved, as in Spain and other countries, in the midst of a fertile territory soliciting the efforts of their industry, and prepared to make an ample return of subsistence. Be it observed also, that there is an extreme point in the progress of civilization towards its highest stage, in which the population of a country *cannot naturally increase its numbers any further*; and that this will occur from the same causes which produce the civilization itself, before the land of the country is cultivated up to its fullest capacity of production. Thus are we brought to the glorious conclusion that a free, a civilized, and a tolerably moral community will, under any circumstances,

stances, always flourish and support itself in comfort; whereas an oppressed, a degraded, and an eminently immoral community must decay and be overwhelmed with misery. Under the guidance of these general principles, we are certainly disposed to admit that population (up to a certain point in the highest stage of civilization) has a tendency (gradually decreasing, however, with every step in the progress of society) to overtake the supply of food *actually existing* in any given country. And in this tendency we hail and venerate the ordinance by which Providence has secured the perpetual exercise of the human faculties by rendering the industry and activity of man necessary to his *comfortable subsistence*. But in the increased retardation which affects the progress of population at every successive step in this career, so as to prevent the numbers of the people from ever exceeding the supply of food which, with due industry, *may yet be procured from the soil*, we are led to the grateful contemplation of another ordinance, which secures to human industry and activity its due and *certain reward*. So that a rational man is provided with every possible motive for exertion, which the pressure of necessity on the one hand and the certainty of its effectual removal by the appointed means on the other, can possibly hold out. And he may set himself in good earnest to the improvement of the productive powers of his country *in all its departments*, and according to the talents with which he is gifted, without any check from the servile fear that he is thereby accumulating the burthen of vice and misery upon the innocent heads of his remote posterity.

It is no slight corroboration of the truth of this statement—first, that the countries most verging towards a full state of population and production, *even though their soil and climate be ungrateful*, are uniformly observed to be those which suffer least from an excess of numbers; because the very causes which lead to such a condition of society do also introduce among the people spontaneous habits and arrangements naturally inconsistent with that tendency to a rapid increase of population which is found in the earlier stages of society. And, secondly, that no record exists of any extensive country fully peopled and cultivated up to its utmost capacity, or even approaching to such a state. It is incontestible then that some principles necessarily inhere in the higher stages of society, distinct from a want of means to produce further food, which naturally prevent the population from extending itself beyond the powers of the soil to afford a comfortable subsistence. Should any one be disposed to adduce China as an instance of a country fully peopled and cultivated up to its utmost capacity, we think that a perusal of the latest authentic accounts of that empire will correct the erroneous impression.

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We consider this account of the ways of Providence with respect to the principle of population to be as agreeable to experience and right reason, as it is consistent with the wisdom and goodness of God. And we proceed briefly to shew its congruity, when thus stated, with those arguments which Mr. Sumner has attempted to derive from what appear to us to be the overstrained and paralogical conclusions of Mr. Malthus.

The first effect of the principle is stated by Mr. Sumner to be the *Division of Property*. In this deduction we must confess that there appears to us to be something forced and fanciful; and a little confusion and incorrectness seem to pervade the terms in which the argument is proposed.

We cannot, for example, bring ourselves to believe that the first division of property arose from any reflection on the part of the bachelors of a tribe living on a common stock, that they were contributing more than their due share of labour towards the maintenance of the married with families; or that any requisition was ever made by these bachelors to have allotted to them: the *small portion* sufficient for their wants, while the married, or those with families, should take to themselves a *much larger portion*. Neither do we believe that the general pressure of population against subsistence is the primary cause of the *division of property*, because that division is usually made long before such a pressure arises. But, if we mistake not, Mr. Sumner has himself, in another part of his work, ascribed the division of property to its true cause, viz. the different powers and faculties of different individuals—that the best warrior, the most active and intelligent shepherd, the most skilful and laborious hunter, will necessarily accumulate to himself the larger portion, and will leave the inferior individuals to shift as they can.

Mr. Sumner appears evidently, in this part of the Essay, to have confounded the division of property with the passage of a community from the lower to the agricultural stages of society. He seems to consider the division of property as synonymous with the cultivation of the land, or, at least, that it does not take place previous to the agricultural state. This we conceive to be a mistake. Still, however, we are convinced that the passage from the pastoral to the agricultural states of society is made by a community from a conviction of the inconveniences which they suffer in the former from a scanty supply of food; that it arises out of the principle of population, and is the specific effect which it was intended to produce upon pastoral nations. But we are compelled again to differ from Mr. Sumner in his statement that this passage once effected does not set the community at ease with respect to its subsistence for many generations. We cannot believe that in all ages and countries

countries 'it is an acknowledged truth that the supply of food can only be increased at a much slower rate than an unchecked population will multiply;' because we have only to cast our eyes upon countries in the purely agricultural state of society, and we behold a population completely unchecked by any want of food, and therefore advancing as fast as it is physically capable of increasing, yet continuing in possession of an immense surplus produce so long as the purely agricultural state of society subsists amongst them. Mr. Sumner's conclusion appears, from a note on this passage, to be one of those mistakes into which he has been led, first by adopting Mr. Malthus's principle of *calculation*, viz. 'setting the *possible* population of any given country against the *possible* domestic supply'—and, secondly, by adopting, against all experience, Mr. Malthus's *result*, that the former must necessarily exceed the latter. We are prepared, on the contrary, for the reasons just stated, to abide by the conclusion, that a community is pushed from the lower to the higher stage of improvement by the pressure of necessity; but that it is rewarded for the exertion by a long course of comfort and happiness: and we think this conclusion most consistent with Mr. Sumner's own reflection immediately preceding the passage upon which we have been commenting—that 'human nature, if we judge from experience, requires that the individual should be satisfied that the effects of his personal exertion should contribute to his personal comfort.'—(vol. ii. p. 114.)

Observations of nearly a similar nature occur with regard to the second effect ascribed by Mr. Sumner to the principle of population, viz. the division of ranks; except, indeed, that this seems even still more palpably than the last to arise from the moral differences of individual character, and to be scarcely in any remote degree concerned with the principle of population. We have read with some attention Mr. Sumner's reasoning in support of his proposition, and have not been able to discover wherein the principle of population enters into the argument. He seems to us to trace the division of ranks entirely from moral and political causes, which would equally operate whether a thousand acres were peopled by a hundred or a thousand individuals. It is certainly true that the multiplication of mankind is a necessary *ingredient* in the inequality of ranks; because if there were but one couple, there could be but two ranks: and the gradations will increase in some proportion to the numbers. But it seems clear that in both cases the inequality arises from the moral difference between the parties, and not from any physical necessity arising out of their numbers.

These are the observations which have occurred to us on the first of Mr. Sumner's chapters upon the principle of population; and although we do not very distinctly perceive the process by which

which he has arrived at his conclusion upon his own data, we have the most cordial pleasure in giving our full assent to it as the natural consequence of those we have ventured to propose.

‘If, then, the wisdom is to be estimated by the fitness of the design to its purpose, and the habitual exercise of the energies of mankind is allowed to be that purpose, enough has been said to confirm the original proposition. The Deity has provided, that, by the operation of an instinctive principle in our nature, the human race should be uniformly brought into a state in which they are forced to exert and improve their powers: the lowest rank, to obtain support; the one next in order, to escape from the difficulties immediately beneath it; and all the classes upward, either to keep their level, while they are pressed on each side by rival industry, or to raise themselves above the standard of their birth by useful exertions of their activity, or by successful cultivation of their natural powers. If, indeed, it were possible that the stimulus arising from this principle should be suddenly removed, it is not easy to determine what life would be except a dreary blank, or the world except an uncultivated waste. Every exertion to which civilization can be traced, proceeds directly or indirectly from its effects; either from the actual desire of having a family, or the pressing obligation of providing for one, or from the necessity of rivalling the efforts produced by the operation of these motives in others.

‘I cannot suppose it will be disputed, that the law, ordaining the multiplication, of which the effects are thus extensive, is a law of design. Among brute animals, we find the quality of fecundity subjected to intelligible regulations, and proportioned to the utility or peculiar circumstances of the species: since it is denied to strength and rapacity, and bestowed as a compensation for a short term of existence. Of the latter case, the hare and rabbit, and the insect tribes, afford familiar examples: whereas the kite lays but two eggs, the eagle but one, and the elephant produces only a single calf. In another department of nature, it is observed that a cod-fish lays many million eggs, whilst a whale brings usually one cub, and never more than two. It would have been incomprehensible if the multiplication of animals had *not* fallen under the regulation of Providence, and been subject to assigned laws: and these, with a thousand other instances that might be as readily adduced, manifestly prove that it *has* been directed by design. And as it would be contrary to all just analogy to believe, that brute animals received an attention denied to the human race, it is impossible to suppose, that the ratio of increase among men, and its consequences, were not present to the contemplation of the Creator. In point of fact, we know that even the casualties to which one sex is more exposed than the other, are provided for by the excess of male over female births, a foresight which can only be attributed to the original mandate of Providence.’

As all facts in political arithmetic are of value, we wish to observe on a passage in the foregoing extract, that although male births exceed the female in a small ratio, yet there is good reason
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to think that the premature deaths among male infants exceed those among females in a similar proportion; so that the sexes are reduced to an equality of number at a very early age.

The second Chapter, 'On the Collateral Effects of the Principle of Population,' is employed chiefly in following up the results of the first by a more minute detail of the manner in which the pressure of necessity establishes universal industry, and secures the quick and wide diffusion of the beneficial effects of that industry. After what has been already advanced, we do not perceive that it is necessary for us to enter at large into those details. The same references are frequently made to the *incontrovertible* fact of the geometrical and arithmetical progress of population and subsistence respectively;—and the same weakness and difficulties appear to us to be thereby introduced into the argument. We should have been glad also to perceive moral amelioration made a little more prominent, as a necessary ingredient in the successful career of temporal prosperity, especially as we cannot ourselves contrive to separate it from our idea of any sound theory respecting the principle of population. Reading the Chapter with a view of fundamental principles so different from that in which the author wrote it, it is not to be expected that we should often admit the justness of the reasoning by which the *argument* is maintained. But we are anxious to declare our opinion that there are to be found in it many just views of human nature, and numerous passages of considerable eloquence, descriptive of the blessings derived to mankind from the progress of civilization, the facilities of social and commercial intercourse, and the effects of colonization upon the spread of morals and religion over the face of the earth.

Having ventured to express so wide a difference from Mr. Sumner upon this interesting and difficult question, we think ourselves the more strictly bound in conclusion to give, in his own words, the result at which his active and intelligent mind has arrived from the contemplation of it. Our readers will find no difficulty in at once perceiving the modifications under which we should be disposed to admit the truth of the concluding observations.

'Such is the view of the Omniscience and comprehensive Wisdom of the Creator, deducible from the facts respecting population, and its tendency to a quicker increase than the supply of food can keep pace with, which have been first explained to the present generation, and added to the stock of physical truths unfolded by modern inquiry. The particular effects of the multiplication of the species, which the object Mr. Malthus had in view obliged him to illustrate and enlarge upon, are so unprepossessing, that many persons have forcibly shut their eyes against the completeness of the induction, and the extent of the evidence by which the force of the principle is indisputably proved. Others, unable to withstand conviction, have been inclined to class this among

among the "boisterous doubts and sturdy objections, wherewith in philosophy, as well as in divinity, the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquaints us."* They have considered it as an anomaly in the system of divine administration; a provision for entailing upon mankind much laborious poverty, and some painful indigence. The antidote, however, is commonly found to grow within reach of the poison. The instinctive principle by which every country in the world is replenished with inhabitants as fast as its fertility allows, when more generally understood, and more fully reflected upon, will be appealed to as a proof that, as our knowledge and researches extend, they discover to us, in the moral as well as in the natural world, new proofs of most comprehensive wisdom in the Creator. It is, in fact, the mighty engine which, operating constantly and uniformly, keeps our world in that state which is most agreeable to the design of the creation, and renders mankind the spontaneous instruments of their Maker, in filling and civilizing the habitable globe. We may not, perhaps, be able to discover all the bearings, or follow all the consequences, of a principle which is undoubtedly the primary, though secret agent, in producing all the boundless varieties of the human condition. It ought, however, to satisfy us, if, as our inquiries penetrate farther into the general laws of the animate and inanimate creation, we clearly discover a wonderful subserviency of appointed means to the accomplishment of some uniform design; affording, even where the design is but partially understood, such testimony of wisdom in the means, as obliges us to rely in humble acquiescence upon the Supreme Disposer of both.—(vol. ii. pp. 173—175.)

The title of the THIRD PART of the Essay is 'On the Goodness of the Creator;'—a subject essentially involved in most of the discussions contained in the preceding parts. It is obvious that the permission of moral evil in a world from which it *might have been excluded*, can only be reconciled with the goodness of God upon the supposition that it was intended as a place of moral trial for its inhabitants, where, by struggling against evil, and exercising their faculties in discovering the means whereby they may rise superior to it, they may be fitted for a state of happiness in another and a better world. This approaches so nearly to some of the arguments in the preceding chapters, that we cannot be surprized at meeting with a few instances of repetition. In this part of the work, however, the author, in conformity with the terms of his contract, proceeds to fortify his moral reasoning with the authority of Scripture, and we have an observation, or two to make upon the nature and terms of the argument used respecting the trials to which the holy men of the Old Testament were ex-

* Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*. 'More of these,' continues the excellent author, 'no man has known than myself; which I confess I conquered, not in a martial posture, but on my knees.'

posed. The faith of Abraham, for example, was tried in various ways. 'His first call,' says Mr. Sumner, 'was attended with a command "to leave his country, and his kindred, and his father's house." This call he immediately obeyed; and it is remarked, as a proof of his *merit*, that when he was summoned into a country which he should afterwards receive as his inheritance, he went out not knowing whither.' Now we are aware that we are here treading on delicate ground; but we apprehend that it would be to desert every principle of right faith, to suppose that Abraham, or any other man, could by any act proceeding from his faith or belief, which is *the gift of God*, establish any *merit* in the sight of God. He was pleased to ordain, for purposes not very difficult to be understood, that Abraham and every sound believer should give evidence of the reality of his faith by action: but that this should have any *meritorious value* in His sight, is certainly inconsistent with Scripture, and, as we believe, with the settled opinions of Mr. Sumner himself. Nor can we bring ourselves to think that Mr. Sumner intends to convey to his readers that God favoured Abraham *because* he displayed the *outward act* of preparing to sacrifice his son, but rather because his heart was in such a state as to prevent him from hesitating an instant to give a simple and implicit obedience to the commands of God against his natural reason and inclinations.

We have ventured upon these observations in the hope that Mr. Sumner may be induced, in a subsequent edition, to omit entirely, or very much to qualify, these and a few other expressions of similar import, which might give rise to misconceptions such as we have reason to think him the last man who would wish to encourage. For the rest, we think it has been sufficiently proved in the former parts of the Essay that this world is constituted as a place of moral discipline for the hearts and conduct of men:—and that all the natural evils, and those of civil life which man is heir to, the loss of friends, the sufferings of pain, &c. are, when converted to their proper uses, so many benevolent provisions for withdrawing the heart and affections from the world, and for fixing them upon the Creator,—which is the *first effectual step* in the way to heaven.

Of the assistance afforded to us by 'the revelation of the Lord Jesus' in the pursuit of this exalted object, and of the 'Goodness of God displayed in the Christian Dispensation,' we are almost glad to perceive that we have not space to treat upon the present occasion. Mr. Sumner's observations upon them are confined to about twenty pages; and the statement appears to us to be neither so full, so distinct, nor so satisfactory as we are persuaded he would be disposed to make it in a subsequent edition. We abstain, therefore,

therefore, the more readily from any remarks upon this chapter of the work, as we feel it absolutely necessary still to trespass upon our readers' patience by a brief investigation of the two which follow, upon the Evils and Advantages of Civilized and Uncivilized Life.

There is no one point which the advocate for the Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator is bound more clearly to make out, than that the progress of society brings no *necessary* addition of vice and misery to any rank of the community;—and truly there is no circumstance under which we contemplate the advocates for Mr. Malthus's principles with more pity, than when they undertake to make out this proposition with respect to the lower orders of society. It is not very difficult to shew *under almost any system*, that a principle of fair compensation pervades all the changes that are wrought in the habits, manners, and arrangements of the higher and middle classes;—that the freedom from restraint, the rude plenty, the early marriages incident to the earlier stages, for example, are fully compensated to those classes by the regular industry, the growing comfort and accommodation, and the increased facilities of improving their condition, which commerce, manufactures, and civilization bring in their train. But we have always observed a sad perplexity about those who are bound to deprecate the early marriages of the labouring classes, and the exercise of all those charities towards them which have a tendency directly or indirectly to prolong or enlarge 'the stream of human life,' already, it is said, in danger of overflowing;—we have always, we say, observed these reasoners sadly perplexed when they have thought themselves bound to make out, consistently with this theory and its consequences, that Providence brings no necessary increase of moral and political evil upon the lower classes as society advances. We firmly believe, indeed, that such is the fact; but as we cannot altogether agree that a few free schools constitute a sufficient compensation, moral or political, to the mass of the people for the privation of the social endearments and moral security arising out of the marriage contract and for the relief flowing from active and extensive charity,—we should certainly be disposed to conclude *à priori*, if we were not already satisfied by inquiry into the principle itself, that Providence has so adapted the progress of population to that of society, as still to leave to the lower orders nearly the same option of early marriage, which they possessed in the less advanced stages of society; and that any little difference which may be found in this respect may fairly be said to be compensated by the liberal exercise of those increased means of charity which civilization and commerce place in the hands of the higher ranks. In arguing these points, Mr. Sumner does not appear to have been able to preserve
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his consistency any more than the other advocates of Mr. Malthus's system.—Indeed his practical and benevolent turn of mind, and the compendious manner in which he seems to have adopted the system without mature inquiry, have made him vastly more inconsistent than most of his predecessors. His good sense and the intelligent observation of what he saw around him have most unceremoniously brought him to the right conclusions on both the fundamental points abovementioned, with a most disloyal contempt of the authority of those principles to the sovereignty of which, in an evil hour, his judgment had somewhat too hastily sworn allegiance.

With respect to the exercise of charity, he fairly gives up the point as far as practice is concerned, and does not pretend to defend the abstract argument by any such subterfuge as we have somewhere seen, '*that general principles should not be pushed too far*; and that cases *may occur* where the good resulting *may* more than overbalance the evil to be apprehended.' It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the question in debate is not as to cases of particular exception, but as to the general principles upon which the conduct of states and individuals should be regulated. There are in this part of the Essay many judicious remarks upon the effects of charity upon the lower orders, in which we cordially agree, and which we believe to be quite consistent with the view which we have taken of the principle of population.

With respect to the marriage of the lower orders, the following passage occurs, which we should feel disposed to call a *pattern plan* for the moral welfare and temporal happiness of the labouring poor in that respect. We are only surprized how an advocate of Mr. Malthus's system could ever have thought of suggesting it as sufficient to ensure their permanent comfort.

'The wages of husbandry, including the additions of harvest-time, may be averaged at 12s. per week, from the age of eighteen. Half that sum is amply sufficient for the support of a single man. This would leave an overplus of 6s. per week for seven years: but, to avoid any appearance of overstating the fact, and to allow for lost time, we will only take 4s. or 10l. per annum, which, if regularly laid up, would, with interest, make 80l. by the age of twenty-five. Allow the mechanic to work for himself at twenty-one, his higher rate of wages will enable him to save 10s. weekly, or 21l. per annum. The careful application of this surplus will also make him worth the same sum at twenty-five.*

'Allow this to be the period of marriage, which is much earlier than

* The exertions which the lower classes make, when they see the benefit clearly before them, would surprize the mere calculator of the money which passes through their hands. See Mr. Whitbread's speech on the Poor Laws, and the case of Joseph Austin, (Reports on the Poor, vol. iii.), with many others which occur in that collection.

the average period of those who are brought up to the learned professions. It is probable, that by similar habits the wife may contribute such a share of capital as will supply the cottage with its humble furniture. At all events, they live without difficulty, even if without further saving, for four or five years; the interest of former savings paying the rent, and thus removing the necessity of those extraordinary exertions, which in the way of task-work sometimes undermine the constitutions of the industrious poor. If the family increases after this time, difficulties will increase. This is the period of a labourer's life which it is hardest to encounter, from his thirtieth to his fortieth year: it is the inclement season, which ought to be expected and looked forward to. Before that period, he has only occasion to be frugal; after it, his children will begin to support themselves: but at present, an infant family will prevent the wife from contributing much towards the weekly outgoings; and the children themselves can gain nothing towards them. Former savings, therefore, the harvest of the productive season, must now be drawn upon: but they were laid up for this very purpose, and we can afford it. Let 5s. a week be taken from the four dead months of the year; those who are conversant with the labourer's cottage, will know that 5s. in addition to his usual wages will place him in comparative opulence; and suppose this draft to be continued during ten years, the capital has only lost 40l. From that time the children contribute their share; the family ceases to be a growing burden; and there remains a stock towards setting forward the children in life, or to supply some of the numerous wants of increasing years.—(pp. 314—317.)

Now if we do not mistake, there is no period of life at which a healthy couple could come together with greater prospect of rearing a numerous family, than at the age of twenty-five. Suppose then that Mr. Sumner's suggestions were generally carried into effect, we should, according to Mr. Malthus's principles, have in one generation only such overflowing numbers, that it is evident they must either starve, or the period of marriage in the next generation must be deferred to the age of thirty, forty, or fifty years, to that period of life, in short, which may be assumed upon the same theory to be not more than sufficient to replace the number of the parents. According to our principles, however, the suggestion would be as salutary and permanent in operation as it is wise and benevolent in conception; for the healthy progeny which it would be calculated to produce, would be drawn off spontaneously to supply the deficiencies of those places where the effects of commerce, civilization, and manufactures had either occasioned in other parts of the community a defalcation of numbers, or required an additional supply of hands to take advantage of resources newly opened to the industry of the people.—And let it be observed, the price paid in the remuneration of labour, which is always an index of the extent of these demands, would necessarily regulate in a great degree

degree the means which the parents would possess of rearing the supply. Upon these principles, then, we adopt without reserve the suggestion of Mr. Sumner, and again congratulate ourselves upon arriving at the same point, although by routes so very different.

Upon the supreme dominion which should always be preserved by sound morals and religion over these departments of political inquiry, the sentiments of Mr. Sumner are extremely creditable to him as a divine and as a philosopher. A Christian philanthropist is seldom more exposed to the temptation of losing his patience, than at beholding profligate men attacking political institutions, because they are experimentally found incapable of conferring happiness upon an idle and immoral people. The wickedness of such conduct is as abandoned as its folly is contemptible. God himself, we perceive, has not framed even his own ordinances to save mankind the trouble of exertion in their moral and political progress, but to force them to make exertion. If they wilfully refuse, he ordains that the result to them shall be misery, temporal and eternal. Can there be greater folly then, than to expect that human institutions shall be capable of reversing this decree?—that men are to abandon their duty to themselves and to society, and yet presume to look up to their government for the rewards and comforts which it is impossible to bestow except upon moral and political rectitude? And if this expectation is contrary to common sense, can there be more abandoned profligacy, than to attack the political institutions of their country for a consequence of which the complainants themselves are the only cause? Let them then remount to the cause, let them apply the remedy *there*, and the consequence will quickly disappear. Let each take one individual in hand, viz. *himself*; and he will be quite astonished at the effect which the very institutions complained of will immediately produce upon his own virtue and happiness. In short, if the history of the world, and especially of modern times, has established any truths more firmly than others, we think they are these:—that institutions projected with a view to make prosperity consist with immorality, have an immediate tendency to overturn the foundations of national and individual happiness—and that institutions projected with the opposite view can only endure so long as the spirit of the people is congenial with that of the institutions; that is, so long as the moral agents will agree to act upon those principles, upon which their convictions have led them to consent to be governed.

These have long been the settled convictions of our judgment; and it is needless to express the pleasure we derived from perusing the following delineation of the practical inferences which naturally flow from them.

‘It is very soothing to our indolence and self-satisfaction, to charge upon the constitution of the world, that is, upon the ordinances of the

Deity, the various evils of poverty and ignorance which confront us on every side. But it would be more reasonable, as well as more decorous, to inquire in the first place, how far such evils arise necessarily from the law of nature, and how far, on the other hand, they admit of easy mitigation, and only need that care and attention which the Christian religion enjoins every man to bestow upon his neighbour. When a South American Indian is seized with an infectious disorder, he is shut up in a solitary hovel, and abandoned to his fate. In our improved state of society, the sufferer under a similar calamity experiences the benefit of skill and care, and is probably recovered. But we must not be Europeans in our treatment of bodily maladies, and Americans as to the minds and morals of our fellow-creatures. The Author of our existence, when he did not exempt us from the civil or physical disorders of an imperfect state, ordained also that each should have their alleviations; without which mankind would live miserably or perish prematurely. Those alleviations, indeed, are not definitely pointed out or prescribed. Neither was it possible they should be; inasmuch as they depend on circumstances varying at every point of civilization, varying in every climate and country, and even in the same country according to its progress towards opulence. The human race, whose faculties are infinitely improved by a state of advanced civilization, is bound to employ them in discovering and applying the remedies of those evils which peculiarly belong to each condition of society.

'It is a part of the system by which the Deity acts universally, to render man a free and spontaneous, but not a necessary instrument of his own welfare.

—Pater ipse colendi

Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem

Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda;

Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.

This is as true of the natural as of the moral world. Neither soil can dispense with cultivation. But both are so constituted as to be capable of excellent produce. Let that only be undertaken, which in our advanced stage of civilization is within the reach of practicable accomplishment, and the general state of society, like the country it cultivates, would on every side be full of "beauty to the eye and music to the ear."—(pp. 290—292.)

Having already, we fear, more than exhausted the patience of our readers, we shall only observe of the *evils* and *advantages* of uncivilized life, that its evils seem evidently intended by Providence to excite the sufferers to those exertions which are to advance them in the progress of society;—and that we cannot agree with Mr. Sumner in classing what he calls its *advantages* under the head of *compensations* for those enjoyments which might be acquired by fulfilling the purposes of Providence. Such a statement confounds all our ideas of the scheme of moral government displayed in the previous chapters of the Essay, and appears to us to involve the absurdity of supposing that the Creator has infused into his

his own plan ingredients of a nature to counteract the salutary influences which he expects from its application. This chapter, however, like all the rest, contains many ingenious remarks, and illustrations; and though it requires to be read with caution, will afford subjects of useful and agreeable reflection to a contemplative mind.

The practical inferences 'most necessary for and useful to mankind,' which by the terms of the contract were to be deduced 'from the whole,' are confined by Mr. Sumner within a space of twenty pages; and even the greater part of these is devoted to the removal of sceptical objections against the Divine goodness and justice, founded upon the absence of the frequent and visible interference of the Almighty in the affairs of men;—a discussion evidently forming part of the main argument. At this scanty notice of so important a branch of the inquiry proposed, we cannot help expressing some surprize and regret. We should have thought that a more attractive subject could scarcely have been offered to a Christian divine and philosopher, than the inferences justly deducible from the dealings of God with man in the ways of providence and grace. Where He has done so much for us, that we should be ready to sacrifice all for him, is a position, which even insulated from every other, involves all the modifications of self-denial and of humility, introduced by the various relations of ranks, and of individuals to themselves and others, but which every individual of every rank is so averse from investigating, and from practising even to the extent of his knowledge. We admit that a full detail of these duties would have been inconsistent with the limits of the Essay, and perhaps unnecessary from the facility with which access may be had to the knowledge of them in the works of other writers. But a concise and eloquent summary, enlarging occasionally upon those points which are least obvious, most difficult of attainment, and most imperative in the times and nation in which we live, would have been both within the powers of Mr. Sumner, and consistent with the limits to which he was confined. We shall be glad to follow him through such a summary upon some future occasion, and if he will *now* undertake it, we shall be very far from regretting that its execution was delayed.

ART. IV. *A Voyage round the World, from 1806 to 1812; in which Japan, Kamschatka, the Aleutian Islands, and the Sandwich Islands were visited, &c.* By Archibald Campbell. Edinburgh. 1816.

IN one of the steam-boats that ply on the river Clyde, the appearance of a poor young sailor, who was playing on the violin for the amusement of the passengers, attracted the notice of Mr. Smith,

the editor of the present volume. He had lost both feet; and, from the unskilful manner in which the amputation of them had been performed, the wounds were still unhealed. The answers which this poor man gave to some questions put to him, excited so much curiosity, that Mr. Smith took him home, with the intention of making a few memoranda of his story, for his own information. The modest and intelligent manner in which he told it, and the curious information which it contained, created a strong interest on behalf of the narrator; and the hope that an account of his voyage might be of service to an unfortunate and deserving man, and not unacceptable to those who take pleasure in contemplating the progress of mankind in the arts of civilization, gave rise to the present publication.

Archibald Campbell was born at Wyndford near Glasgow, in the year 1787. On the death of his father, who was a soldier, his mother removed to Paisley, when he was about four years of age; here he received the common rudiments of education, and at the age of ten was bound apprentice to a weaver; but, before he had completed his time, a strong desire to see foreign countries induced him to go to sea: and in the year 1800 he entered as an apprentice on board the *Isabella* of Port Glasgow, in which he made three voyages to the West Indies; after this he sailed in a coaster, and then again for the West Indies. At Madeira he was pressed into the *Diana* frigate; ran from her at Portsmouth in 1806, and entered on board the *Thames* Indiaman, Captain Riches, bound for China. At Canton, the Captain of the American ship *Arthur*, bound to Rhode Island, endeavoured to seduce him from the *Thames*, by an offer of high wages and a bounty of twenty dollars; but he resisted his proposal. Being afterwards in company with a comrade of the name of Allen, they were met by another American captain, who also tried to seduce them by offering still higher wages: they, however, held out; till learning that the ship was bound to the South Seas, and the north-west coast of America, the temptation became irresistible; and they were concealed in the American factory till the ship should be ready to proceed on her voyage. This was the *Eclipse*, of Boston, commanded by Captain Joseph O'Kean, and chartered by the Russian American Company for their settlement at Kamschatka, and the north-west coast of America, with a cargo of nankeens, tea, silks, sugar, &c.; the crew amounting to twenty-eight, four or five of which were seduced from the Indiaman. Here we cannot help observing, that the base and dishonourable practice of inveigling seamen to break their engagements, and desert the flag under which they may be serving, is exclusively American: and that there is not a nation in Europe, from the White Sea to the Dardanelles, that would not disdain to resort to it;—nor a government that would permit its *factors* to abuse the privileges
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of their situation, and secrete the kidnapped seaman till he can be safely smuggled on board;—but this, though disgraceful enough, is not all—the temptation to a breach of faith being almost universally succeeded by defrauding the deluded seaman of his wages. The civil treatment which he experiences at first is exchanged towards the end of the voyage for the most brutal usage; should he venture to remonstrate, he is either turned adrift on the first land made, or threatened to be sent on board a king's ship; and if this should fail to make him quit the vessel, he is actually so sent, under the character of a deserter; and thus got rid of at any rate. In the present instance, as usual, Campbell, by O'Kean's desire, changed his name, and was entered on the ship's books by that of Macbride.

On the 6th June they entered the bay of Nangasaki, under Russian colours, and were towed to the anchorage by an immense number of boats. A Dutchman came on board and advised them to haul down the colours, as the Japanese were much displeased with Russia; and it was thought prudent to keep the Russian supercargo out of sight. The American produced his trading articles, but the Japanese told him they wanted nothing from him; and desired to know what had brought him there? He replied, want of water and fresh provisions; and to prove that this was the case, he ordered several butts to be started, and brought empty on deck! The next day a plentiful supply arrived of fish, hogs, and vegetables, and boats filled with water in large tubs, which the captain emptied on deck, 'stopping the scuppers, and allowing it to run off at night.' For these supplies, thus fraudulently obtained, and wantonly wasted, he knew the Japanese would ask no payment. On the third day, when O'Kean found that nothing was to be gained in the way of trade, he got under way; the ship was towed out of the bay by nearly a hundred boats; and, on parting, the Japanese cheered them, waving their hats and hands—but, as they stood along the coast, the inhabitants made signs as if to invite them to land:—the editor thinks, and we agree with him, that Campbell is here mistaken, and that these indications were meant to repel them, as Captain Laris was, with 'Core core cocori ware,'—'Get along, you false-hearted fellows!'

From hence they sail for Kamschatka, and in the beginning of August proceed on their voyage to the north-west coast of America. In the night of the 10th September, the vessel struck on a rock; the sea ran high, the rudder was unshipped, and the sternpost forced through the poop. In this condition she was lifted over the first reef, and soon drifted upon another, on which she beat with greater violence than before; and it was expected that, every moment, she would go in pieces. In a few minutes a tremendous sea laid her

on her beam-ends, and precipitated the whole crew into the water ; about fifteen of them clung to the mast, in the most hopeless situation, it being quite dark and stormy, with a heavy sea running, and no land within several leagues. They were forced, while on the mast, across several reefs, and the passage of each put an end to the misery of some of them. Campbell was once so nearly washed away, that he only felt the spar with the tips of his fingers ; and, in this situation, he heard the mate, who was next to him, say, ' Damn you, are you going to leave us, too ? '—but another sea threw him back, and he regained his hold. When day broke, six only of the crew were left ; but as the morning advanced, they perceived the bowsprit with eight others upon it. Before they reached the shore, three of their companions on the mast, overcome with cold and fatigue, were forced to quit their hold ; but this, he says, gave the survivors little concern, as they expected every moment to share the same fate ; however, the captain, the mate, and himself reached the shore ; and shortly after the bowsprit took the ground, with four men upon it, two of whom were so exhausted as to be unable to walk.

The land on which they were thrown had a most dreary appearance ; there was not a tree or a bush to be seen, and the ground was covered only with heath and moss ; no trace of human habitation appeared. They gathered some large muscles, and carried a few to the two seamen who were not able to walk ; but one of them was just expiring, and the other died about half an hour after his companion. Having eaten some raw muscles and passed an uncomfortable night, they collected the next morning a number of chests and other articles that had been driven on shore from the wreck ; and procured twelve or thirteen pieces of beef and pork which some large birds, like ravens, had picked up, and dropped, from the casks which were staved among the rocks. In a small bay they discovered the long boat, and a barrel of fine biscuit, which, though soaked with sea water, was a most acceptable addition to their store. Several bodies were found, and buried in the sand ; some of the seamen's chests also, and among them his own, drifted on shore.

' It contained,' says Campbell, ' only one shirt and my bible, which I had put into one of those squares common in sailors' chests for holding case-bottles, and in which it was firmly fixed, in consequence of having swelled with the water. I was at great pains in drying it in the sun, and succeeded so well that I could read any part of it. It was afterwards saved from a second wreck ; and in my future hardships and sufferings, the perusal of it formed my greatest consolation. It is still in my possession, being the only article I brought with me when I returned to my native country.'

Well do we remember that affecting passage where poor Knox first
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meets with an English Bible in the midst of his affliction and deep distress, when a prisoner in the deserts of Kandy! He, too, was a British seaman: and were these two the only instances on record in which this first and best of books has afforded consolation to the seaman in distress, we should say that the regulation, which is now acted upon, of distributing a Bible to every mess on board His Majesty's ships, cannot be in vain.

The survivors employed themselves eighteen days in recovering all they could from the wreck; when, for the first time, they were visited by a party of natives, who had traced them from the fragments of wreck along the shore; these people came in three skin-canoes, each carrying one person; one of them, who was decorated with a gold medal, spoke the Russian language, and, having learned their situation, dispatched one of his companions for assistance to a village on the north of the island, and the other to the commandant of Oonalaska. He shared among them a bladder of train-oil and a basket of berries preserved in seal-oil; and caught them some fish with his hooks and lines; he then kindled a fire and broiled the fish, which afforded them the first comfortable meal they had enjoyed since their shipwreck: the fire was kindled by laying a piece of soft wood upon the ground and taking another between the teeth; then putting a third piece of harder quality between these two, and twirling it rapidly round with a thong of a hide, as a drill, the dry grass placed round it burst into a flame.

The next day a number of Indians came to them, bringing berries, oil-blubber, and dried salmon, which they shared among the unfortunate sufferers with the utmost liberality. In the course of a week Mr. Bander, the Russian commandant of Oonalaska, arrived with twenty or thirty Indians, and took possession of the ship's cargo. Campbell, with some others, was dispatched in the long boat to Kodiack, the chief Russian settlement, distant from Sunnack or Halibut island, on which they had been wrecked, about 500 miles. On their arrival at Alexandria, in the Fox islands, the governor ordered a brig, then lying in the harbour, to be fitted for Sunnack, and sent back the long boat to give Mr. Bander notice of his approach. Immediately after their departure bad weather came on, and they were obliged to make for the land, which they reached in safety, but by some mismanagement let the boat drive on the rocks, where she went to pieces. The nearest settlement, Karlinski, was at a considerable distance to the west; to cross the mountains to it was deemed impracticable on account of the snow, and they determined to creep along shore at low water. In wading over a reef, Campbell's boots filled with water; the cold was intense, and the motion of walking did not prevent it from freezing; a point of a hill running into the sea was necessary to be crossed;
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in attempting this, he fell down, and had nearly been smothered in the snow. He says,

‘My feet by this time were frozen never to recover; and I was so ill able to ascend, that I was frequently blown over by the wind, and sometimes driven a considerable way down the hill. Exhausted by these fruitless trials to keep up with the rest, I became totally unable to proceed, and was left to my fate. I laid myself down on the snow in a state of despair. Having recovered a little, I resolved to make another attempt to follow the track of my companions, but had not proceeded far when I met them coming down the hill which had proved to be impassable.’

The rising tide prevented their return; and there was no resource but to pass the night where they were; it blew hard and the night was piercingly cold. In re-crossing the reef, where he had got wet, Campbell proved so feeble, and his feet so powerless, that a wave washed him into deep water, and another threw him back on the shore. After this it was necessary to scramble over a rock covered with ice; his feet being useless he was obliged to drag himself up by his hands, in doing which they were also frozen. On gaining the top, as he thought, he tried to lay hold of a projecting part of the rock, but his fingers refused to perform their office, and he fell to the ground; but, by piling a few stones, he succeeded at length in getting over it. In this enfeebled state it was dusk before he could reach the hut from whence they had set out. ‘I never again,’ he says, ‘walked on my feet; but, by the blessing of God, recovered the use of my hands, with the loss of only two fingers.’ The Russians, his companions, treated him with great humanity, cut off his boots, wrapped his hands and feet in flannel, and laid him on a bed of dried grass, where he remained three days, subsisting on a little rusk and blubber. On the 4th, five canoes arrived and took them to Karlinski, a settlement consisting of a few Russians and about thirty Indian families; here Campbell was treated with great attention, conveyed to the cazerne, and laid upon a bed of skins; ‘but as the place afforded no medical assistance, my feet and hands (he says) began to mortify, and my health was otherwise so much impaired that I was frequently in a state of delirium.’

From this time, the 28th January, to the 9th of March, poor Campbell was without the least medical aid, when he was landed from a baidarai, or skin-canoe, at Alexandria, and immediately carried to the hospital. The next day the surgeon took off one of his fingers and the joint of another, and told him that to save his life he must submit to lose both his feet. Accordingly one was amputated on the 15th March, and the other on the 17th April following: they were taken off below the ankle joint, and never healed; but by the month

month of August, he says, 'I could creep about on my hands and knees.'

Being a little recovered, he was employed to instruct a few Indian children in the English language, to enable them to act as interpreters to the American ships which frequently touch at these islands: just at this time the *Neva* arrived from *Sitcha*, on her way to the Sandwich islands, and Campbell being desirous of returning to Europe, which, if once there, he was sure to have frequent opportunities of doing, was allowed a passage in that ship. On anchoring in the harbour of *Hanaroora*, on the south side of the island of *Wahoo*, a number of natives crowded round the vessel, and among them *Tamaahmaah*, the king, in a double canoe: the captain received him at the gangway, and shook hands with him when he came upon deck; he was dressed as an European, in a blue coat and grey pantaloons. In another canoe came *Tamina*, one of his queens, whose notice was attracted and compassion excited by the appearance of our traveller; she invited him to live in her house, and sent him ashore in her own canoe; at the same time the captain recommended him to the notice of the king, by informing him that he could not only make and repair the sails of his vessels, but also weave the cloth of which they were made: the king assured him that he should be treated with the utmost kindness.

On landing he was conducted to the house occupied by the two queens: he was invited to join them at their meals; but the king's brother-in-law, having informed him that if he did so, he would not be allowed afterwards to eat with men, he declined the honour. At the departure of the *Neva* the king invited him to take his meals in his own eating-house, and a young American of the name of *Moxely* was to eat with him, and act as his interpreter.

His first employment was overhauling the sails of the king's vessels, and repairing such as were out of order; he was then desired to weave some canvass. To enable him to do this he asked one *Boyd*, a carpenter, to make him a loom, which he declined, from an illiberal notion held by many of the white people there, 'that the natives should be taught nothing that would render them independent of strangers.' Campbell, however, contrived to patch up a loom; the women spun him thread from the fibres of one of the plants, which they use for fishing lines, and he produced some canvass, of which the king was so proud that he shewed it to every captain that arrived as a specimen of the manufacture of his country.

'In the month of November the king was pleased to grant me about sixty acres of land, situated upon the *Wymannoo* or *Pearl-water*, an inlet of the sea about twelve miles to the west of *Hanaroora*. I immediately removed thither; and it being *Macahetite* time, during which
canoes

canoes are tabooed, I was carried on men's shoulders. We passed by foot-paths winding through an extensive and fertile plain, the whole of which is in the highest state of cultivation. Every stream was carefully embanked, to supply water for the Taro beds. Where there was no water the land was under crops of yams and sweet potatoes. The roads and numerous houses are shaded by cocoa-nut trees, and the sides of the mountains covered with wood to a great height. We halted two or three times, and were treated by the natives with the utmost hospitality. My farm, called Wymannoo, was upon the east side of the river, four or five miles from its mouth. Fifteen people with their families resided upon it, who cultivated the ground as my servants. There were three houses upon the property, but I found it most agreeable to live with one of my neighbours, and get what I wanted from my own land. This person's name was William Stevenson, a native of Borrowstouness. He had been a convict and escaped from New South Wales; but was, notwithstanding, an industrious man, and conducted himself, in general, with great propriety. He had married a native, and had a family of several children. He was the first who introduced into the island the mode of distilling a spirit from the *tee-root*, of which, however, he became so fond, that the king was obliged to deprive him of his still."—pp. 145, 146.

A South Sea whaler, bound for England, put into the bay shortly after; and the wish to see his native country became so strong with our author, and the state of his feet, which had never healed, gave him such uneasiness, that he could not resist the opportunity now offered. On asking the king's permission, he inquired if he had any cause of complaint; he told him he had none, that he was sensible of his kindness, and that he was much better there than he could hope to be elsewhere, but that he was desirous to see his friends once more. The king said, 'If *his* belly told him to go he would do it; and that if mine told me so I was at liberty.'

'He then desired me to give his compliments to King George. I told him that, though born in his dominions, I had never seen King George; and that even in the city where he lived, there were thousands who had never seen him. He expressed much surprise at this, and asked if he did not go about amongst his people, to learn their wants, as he did; I answered that he did not do it himself; but that he had men who did it for him. Tamaahmaah shook his head at this, and said that other people would never do it so well as he could himself.'—p. 149.

Campbell left the island, on which he had resided thirteen months, in March, 1810, with the deepest regret. While there, he says, 'I had experienced nothing but kindness and friendship from all ranks—from my much honoured master the king, down to the lowest native.' They doubled Cape Horn, in May, without the smallest difficulty, as indeed all now do in the frailest barks, with the exception of David Porter, Esq. late commander of the American

can frigate *Essex*. Towards the end of the same month they entered the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, where our traveller, apprehensive of a mortification in his legs, got admitted into the Portuguese hospital *De la Mesericordia*. Here he remained six weeks, and was discharged uncured. Mr. Hill, the American Consul, gave him a jar of essence of spruce, which he brewed, and, with other trifling articles, sold to ships in the harbour: in this manner he saved as much money as enabled him to open a boarding-house for sailors. This, however, not succeeding, he set up a butcher's stall, and supplied the ships with fresh meat: a concern which promised better, when his house was broken into, his whole property in money and clothes stolen, and he again reduced to poverty. By the friendly aid, however, of a gentleman from Edinburgh, of the name of Lawrie, he was enabled to resume his business; but his health failing, and the sores of his legs remaining unhealed, he determined to return home; and, with this view, left Rio de Janeiro, after a stay of twenty-two months, in the brig *Hazard*, Captain Anderson, and arrived in the Clyde on the 21st April, 1812, after an absence of nearly six years. In Edinburgh the father of Mr. Lawrie presented him with a barrel organ, and he contrived to earn a miserable pittance by crawling about the streets of Edinburgh and Leith, grinding music, and selling a metrical history of his adventures. In process of time he learned to play on the violin, and found the sedentary employment of amusing the passengers of the Clyde steam-boat more suitable to his lamentable state, where, as before narrated, he was fortunately observed by the humane editor of the volume before us.

We have been thus prolix in detailing the adventures and sufferings of this poor sailor from a double motive; first, to endeavour to raise an interest in behalf of this unfortunate man, who is not only sensible of, but truly penitent for his offence of desertion from his Majesty's service, and breach of engagement with his employers; and secondly, to hold up, as an example* to our brave, but too frequently thoughtless tars, the hardships to which they expose themselves, by yielding to the fallacious offers made to induce them to break their engagements, and following the wild and irregular schemes of the unprincipled masters of American vessels, who seem to feel a malignant pleasure in seizing every opportunity first to ill-treat and then to defraud British seamen.

Campbell's book, however, is by no means confined to a narrative of his personal sufferings and adventures; there is much curi-

* Could example teach, Campbell will not have lived in vain. His good conduct on board the *Thames* had already procured him the situation of sail-master's mate; and there can be no doubt, that if he had not deserted, he would now be in a state of permanent ease and comfort, instead of being condemned to hopeless years of suffering and distress.

ous information respecting that particular island of the Sandwich group, called Wahoo, on which he resided, and more especially concerning the king, Tamaahmaah.—This person, though endowed by nature with more feeling, more energy, and more steadiness of conduct, than savages in general possess, has not made that progress in civilization which would entitle him to be ranked, as Mr. Smith is inclined to rank him, among 'those remarkable characters, who, like Alfred or Peter the Great, seem destined to hasten the progress of civilization.' He certainly bears a stronger resemblance, on a small scale, to Peter than to Alfred,—but the 'parallel,' after all, is not much in the manner of Plutarch; for he has done little if any thing, that we can find, to ameliorate the condition of his people. He has indeed kept them in better order, especially in their conduct towards strangers; and thus prevented the recurrence of those horrid murders which, till his reign, were so frequent as almost to deter navigators from communicating with those islands; but it is to be apprehended that the practice has been discontinued more from personal fear, than from any new feeling or principle of justice or humanity which he has awakened in their minds. Indeed we consider it as utterly vain to expect much moral improvement in any state of society, so long as the female part of it shall continue to be despised and degraded; and it does not appear that the women of the Sandwich islands have gained a single step in the estimation of the men or lost any part of their grossness of behaviour, since they were first visited by Captain Cook. We find no abatement of that 'offensively conspicuous wantonness' which Captain Vancouver so feelingly deplores, and to which, he says, 'in the whole of the South Sea Islands visited by him, no indecency on the part of the women was to be compared. While Campbell was on the island of Wahoo, the king's brother died, on which occasion, as part of the general mourning, a public prostitution of the women took place. On the captain of a ship in the harbour remonstrating with the king on such disgraceful scenes, he observed, that such was their custom and that he could not prevent it.

No great hopes of advancement in civilization are to be expected, while society remains in this state. The earliest and perhaps the deepest impressions are made on a child's mind while under the immediate protection of its mother; and the mother of a Sandwich islander is in no condition to communicate one amiable or virtuous feeling to her offspring. We are told by Campbell, that the favourite queen, Tamina, generally availed herself of her husband's performing his religious duties in the Morai, to get drunk, and that two Aleutian women, who had been left on the island, were her chosen companions on these occasions. The women, however, are not doomed to that degree of drudgery which it is their lot to undergo in most savage states: they are fond of finery like most of the sex,
fond

fond of singing, dancing and amusement; and if less agreeable and insinuating than the Otaheitans, by no means yield to them in personal charms; their features are equally good, their skin, though somewhat darker, is clean, clear and healthy, and their shape is superior—they are good humoured, but, as it would seem, not very brilliant.

An Englishman, of the name of James Beattie, a quondam hero of the sock and buskin, but now his Majesty's block-maker, fitted up a theatre, and got up Oscar and Malvina, which, Campbell observes, was originally a pantomime, but Beattie 'had words written for it.' The part of Malvina was performed by the wife of Isaac Davies, another Englishman. As her knowledge of the English language extended not beyond the affirmative and negative monosyllables, her speeches were confined to *yes* and *no*; but she acted her part to admiration and gained great applause. The audience, he says, did not seem to understand the play well; but were highly delighted with the after-piece, which represented a naval engagement—the scene was a forest, which unluckily caught fire in the heat of the action and nearly consumed the theatre.

It is much to be lamented that the white people dwelling among them and who at one time amounted, by Campbell's account, to nearly sixty, should not be of a better description: ten or twelve of them were convicts from New South Wales, rescued from the punishment due to their crimes by the American traders, out of mere wantonness; others were English, who complained of having been landed and left there by the same people, in order to defraud them of their wages; and the remainder Americans left behind by accident, or design. Some of them, Campbell says, were sober and industrious, but the greater part idle and dissolute, getting drunk whenever an opportunity offered. A convict from New South Wales, as before observed, first introduced distillation into the islands, and the ill consequences both to the natives and the whites are incalculable; and yet if, as Campbell says, *ava* or *kava* is giving way to the use of ardent spirits, pernicious as are the effects of the latter, they are by no means so destructive to the health as the former. This liquor, the juice of a root of the pepper tribe (*piper methysticum*), chewed and spit into a large bowl, and then diluted with water, was the exclusive beverage of the king and the chiefs. Its baneful effects were most apparent—the bodies of those who swallowed it being covered with a white scurf, their eyes red and inflamed, their limbs emaciated, and their whole frame trembling and paralytic. Almost every chief has now his still, which consists of an iron pot surmounted by a number of calabashes, with the bottoms sawn off and the joints luted. The plant employed, the
root

root of which varies from the size of a carrot to that of a man's thigh, Campbell calls the *Tee-root*, perhaps the *arum macrorrhizon*. By remaining in a close pit covered with water twenty-four hours, it becomes as sweet as molasses; it is then bruised and left to ferment for five or six days, when it is ready for distillation, and yields a kind of rum.

We naturally expect to find savages more superstitious than the enlightened part of mankind; but that singular practice by which the priests, under the name of *tabboo*, have contrived to render sacred and inviolable whatever they chuse to appropriate to their own use, seems peculiar to the islanders of the Pacific. It is one of the most extraordinary means ever devised to rob a people of their property, with their own approbation. When their houses are tabbooed, they dare not enter them; when their *tarro* or their hogs are tabbooed, they surrender them without a murmur: but in return, they think themselves fully at liberty to appropriate to themselves whatever is *not* tabbooed. Captain Black, of the *Raccoon*, suffered hundreds of them to go into his cabin after he had declared it to be placed under tabboo, and not an article was touched; without this precaution, it is more than probable that not an article would have been left. To break tabboo is a capital crime; and the only legal execution seen by Campbell; during his stay among them, was that of a man who had violated the sanctity of the *Morai* by getting drunk and quitting it during tabboo time. He was carried back to the *Morai*, where his eyes were put out: after he had remained in this state two days, he was strangled, and his body exposed before the image of *Étooah*, their principal deity, who, they believe, created the world, and afterwards destroyed it by an inundation that covered the whole earth except *Mowna Roa*, on the top of which one single pair saved themselves, who were the parents of the present race. Campbell neither saw nor heard of human sacrifices, (except on going to war,) but very frequently offerings of hogs were made to the idols in the *Morai*, in which the priests and the chiefs, after certain ceremonies, sat down and feasted.

The people, it would seem, are chiefly kept in order by the influence of superstition. If a robbery has been committed, the aggrieved party has only to apply to a priest, presenting him with a pig, and the criminal is almost certain of being detected. The priest sets about performing a long ridiculous ceremony, during which the thief generally makes his appearance, restores the property or its equivalent, and adds a handsome present, by way of penalty or expiation, to the priest. If, however, the unfortunate man should not appear during the ceremony, his fate is inevitable; public

public proclamation is made through the island that the guilty person has been *prayed to death*; and such is the power of superstition that the culprit pines away and is soon discovered.

It is much to be regretted that a people, for whom nature has done so much, should have done so little for themselves. By all accounts they are capable of being moulded into any shape; and if Tamaahmaah would take as much pains to break the fetters of superstition, as he has done to increase his naval force, which is perfectly useless—to set the example in his own person, of treating the female part of society with more respect, and to convince his subjects of the immoral and disgusting practice of encouraging the prostitution of their women to strangers—he would then deserve the praise which we think has rather prematurely been given to him. For the regular habits of his life and his abstemiousness we are ready to allow him all due credit; but we see no merit in monopolizing the trade of the island, in hoarding up dollars, or in taking them by force from his subjects. We must not forget, however, that he was born among savages, and has had few opportunities of gaining instruction. The white people about him are of a description not well calculated to improve his morals or enlighten his understanding—besides, they have all that mean and selfish cunning inseparable from their condition. When Campbell made his loom, Davis advised him not to let any of the natives see him, because ‘if they could weave cloth and supply themselves, ships would have no encouragement to call at the islands.’ He also advised him not to teach a brother of the queen, who very much wished it, to read, observing, ‘they will soon know more than ourselves.’

Little as we are disposed to attach value to the missionary labours, in general, for their progress in converting savages to the Christian religion, and least of all to those of the Evangelical or Methodist missionaries,—whose ignorance and absurd conduct and conversation make them, in fact, a laughing-stock even to the savages—we are fully persuaded that a sober-minded sensible clergyman of the Established Church, accompanied by his family, would be of infinite service to those interesting islanders—for so they are with all their vices: and we really cannot discover why the church of England should refrain from sending out its missionaries for the propagation of the Gospel, instead of contenting itself with looking on the feeble and, we fear, useless attempt to spread Christianity by a mere distribution of the Bible. Surely there might be found a few among the many hundred clergymen, of whose distresses we so frequently hear, who, independent of a sense of duty, or zeal for the propagation of the Gospel, would be most ready to transport themselves and their families into a country, which Providence has blessed with one of the finest climates under the sun, and with a

fertile soil, abounding in all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. Till something of this kind be done, the Sandwich islanders will, we suspect, advance but little in the arts and virtues of civilization: it may be feared indeed that, if left to themselves, they will relapse, on the death of their present sovereign, into their former state of intestine warfare and massacre.

If Christianity had no other advantage than that of placing women on a level with the other sex, the dissemination of it is well worth our best exertions. That alone, 'makes man mild and sociable to man.' Among those extensive and populous nations of the East, deprived of the light of its benevolent maxims, we look in vain for any kindness of nature, any sympathy or fellow feeling for the sufferings of others; we find only masses of insulated beings, unconnected by any social tie, and actuated by motives purely selfish. The Chinese, who vaunt themselves as the most wise and virtuous of mankind, and whose government and institutions are founded on maxims of filial piety and brotherly love, are totally destitute of all social feeling; and the same is the case with the whole Mahomedan and Hindoo world. It would seem, indeed, that the light of the Gospel only can restore women to their true place in society, of which all other religions and superstitions have so unjustly and inhumanly deprived them. We have a beautiful illustration of the good effects which even the faintest glimmering of the Gospel truths produce, in the interesting case of good old Adams, and his innocent and amiable young savages on Pitcairn's Island; among them we find no murders, no pilfering, no quarrelling, except now and then some trifling 'quarrels of the mouth,' which are immediately adjusted by a reference to the patriarch; with them their daily prayer of 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us,' is not an empty jargon of words; as they pray, so they act.*

The whole group of the Sandwich Islands consists of five principal and three small ones; of these, Owyhee contains about 6000

* We have repeatedly been asked whether any thing has been done for this infant society? The answer rests not with us;—but convinced as we are of the difficulty and the delicacy of interfering, we cannot help repeating that the want of a few simple utensils for husbandry and household use under which they laboured, might be supplied, in such a manner, as not to disturb their present state of innocence. Their comforts too might be increased by the introduction of such domestic animals, fruits, grain and culinary vegetables as would afford them a palatable food; and of hemp, flax, or cotton, for their clothing. To preserve the happiness of this little society, and to guard them against intruders, we are not sure that the sending among them a Moravian missionary with his wife would not be the most effectual means; the instruction and example of a good man might tend much to consolidate and perpetuate their happy state, and one of this description would unquestionably be the most useful kind of pastor that could be given to them. If something of this kind be not done, we greatly fear that the loss of Adams, who in the common course of humanity cannot survive many years, may be fatal to their innocence, and consequently to their happiness.

square miles; Mowee, 600; Morotai, 300; Woahoo, 1800; Atooi, 1000; making, with the small islands, about 10,000 square miles; possessing, according to a calculation of Captain King, made however from insufficient data, a population of 400,000 souls, of which Owyhee contains about 150,000. From their position in the midst of the northern Pacific, they may truly be termed, (what, indeed, the editor of Marchand's voyage has called them,) the Grand Caravanserai for all vessels which traverse that sea, between the ports of Asia and America, to the northward of the Equator; and it is this which will one day make them a bone of contention among the great maritime and commercial powers. To us they belong of right by a double title, a voluntary and solemn cession to the King of Great Britain from the sovereign, by and with the consent of all the chiefs and priests convoked for the occasion; and by priority of discovery; the latter of which, however, we hold to be a very slender title to authorize the strong to dispossess the weak. Slender as it is, however, M. Fleurieu has thought fit, in his dull and ponderous narrative of Marchand's voyage, to dispute it, and, out of pure hatred to England, to assign the credit of the first discovery to Mendana, because this able navigator, on his return voyage in 1568, passed at no great distance from Owyhee; and because he finds the island of *Mesa* laid down in the 19th parallel on the obscure and unauthenticated chart of Galion de Manille.

The English however, with all their claim to the legitimate possession of the Sandwich islands, are the least likely to profit by them. Campbell says, but we think he is mistaken, that preparations were made by the Russians at Kodiak, to form a settlement on them; that the *Neva* had a house in frame on board for that purpose; and that intimation was given to this effect in order to raise volunteers, but that none entered. Again, he says, on sailing along the shore of Owyhee, one Joseph Wynn, who called himself an American, but whose real name was Angus Maccallum, a Scotchman, came off in a canoe, to whom he told the circumstance; but that on this reaching the Russian captain's ears, he received from him a severe reprimand, and was ordered to say no more on the subject in future. As the Russians have nearly exhausted the Aleutian islands of the most valuable furs, and are spreading themselves down the north-west coast of America as far as Nootka, it may easily be conceived that the possession of the Sandwich islands would ultimately prove a most valuable acquisition to them; but we do not believe that they formed any part of the object of Captain Krusenstern's expedition, or that the time is yet arrived to make a forcible possession of them either necessary or politic.

The Americans are the people who have hitherto derived the greatest benefit from the Sandwich islands, and we may add the

least deserving of it. These adventurers set out on the voyage with a few trinkets of very little value; in the southern Pacific they pick up some seal skins, and perhaps a few butts of oil; at the Gallipagos they lay in turtle of which they preserve the shells; at Valparaiso they raise a few dollars in exchange for European articles; at Nootka and other parts of the north-west coast they traffic with the natives for furs which, when winter commences, they carry to the Sandwich islands to dry and preserve from vermin; here they leave their own people to take care of them, and in the spring embark in lieu the natives of the islands to assist in navigating to the north-west coast in search of more skins. The remainder of the cargo is then made up of sandal, which grows abundantly in the woods of Atooi and Owyhee, of tortoise shell, shark fins, and pearls of an inferior kind, all of which are acceptable in the China market, and with these and their dollars they purchase cargoes of tea, silks and nankeens, and thus complete their voyage in the course of two or three years. It seems, however, that with all this intercourse, they have gained but little ground in the good opinion of Tamaah-mah, and his chieftains; for when His Majesty's ship the Raccoon made the island in the year 1813, under American colours, the king would not trust himself on board till he had ascertained what she was, when he immediately set off with his three wives; and declared to the captain, as he did a month afterwards to the captain of the Cherub, that he and his people were subjects of the King of Great Britain. He lamented very much that the Americans were the only people who came to trade with them, as from constant communication his subjects were apt to consider them as friends, notwithstanding the tricks which they played them—such as selling them muskets and pistols that burst at the first firing, mixing charcoal in the gunpowder, &c. The king added that one of these American traders had defrauded him of 15,000 dollars, which he owed him for sandal wood.

We are not of opinion, however, that we should altogether lose sight of these islands. They completely command the navigation of the northern Pacific, and all ships passing from India or China, to the western coast of America, or the contrary, must be at the mercy of the cruisers from the Sandwich islands. They have excellent hogs; yams of the finest kind; bread-fruit, plantains and cocoa-nuts in the greatest plenty; sweet potatoes of the best kind, and tarroo root (*arum esculentum*) which may be considered as the staple of the islands, affording an excellent farinaceous food. The Cherub and Raccoon, two sloops of war, with each a complement of 120 men, were completely furnished at a moment's notice, with a three week's supply of fresh provisions; for which the king would receive no payment, but hoped (he said) that his master George III. would

would send him a small vessel to sail about in, and collect his revenues from the several islands: such a vessel, we understand, has been directed to be sent from New South Wales. This circumstance makes us doubt the accounts received of the vast increase of his naval power, which in fact consists of forty or fifty small sloops, schooners, and decked boats, few of them exceeding fifty tons burden, and all laid up in a state of useless inactivity; in which they will probably be suffered to remain till the dry-rot consumes them.

ART. V. *Shakspeare's Himself Again! or the Language of the Poet asserted; being a full and dispassionate Examen of the Readings and Interpretations of the several Editors. Comprised in a Series of Notes, Sixteen Hundred in Number, illustrative of the most difficult Passages in his Plays—to the various editions of which the present Volumes form a complete and necessary Supplement.* By Andrew Becket. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 730. 1816.

IF the dead could be supposed to take any interest in the integrity of their literary reputation, with what complacency might we not imagine our great poet to contemplate the labours of the present writer! Two centuries have passed away since his death—the mind almost sinks under the reflection that he has been all that while exhibited to us so ‘transmographed’ by the joint ignorance and malice of printers, critics, &c. as to be wholly unlike himself. But—*post nubila, Phæbus!* Mr. Andrew Becket has at length risen upon the world, and Shakspeare is about to shine forth in genuine and unclouded glory!

What we have at present is a mere scantling of the great work *in procinctu*—*παρακαὶ ἐξ ἑσπρας ὀλίγη λιθὸς*—sixteen hundred ‘restorations,’ and no more! But if these shall be favourably received, a complete edition of the poet will speedily follow. Mr. Becket has taken him to develop; and it is truly surprizing to behold how beautiful he comes forth as the editor proceeds in unrolling those unseemly and unnatural rags in which he has hitherto been so disgracefully wrapped:

Tandem aperit vultum, et tectoria prima reponit,—

Incipit agnoscere!—

Mr. Becket has favoured us, in the Preface, with a comparative estimate of the merits of his predecessors. He does not, as may easily be conjectured, rate any of them very highly; but he places Warburton at the top of the scale, and Steevens at the bottom: this, indeed, was to be expected. ‘Warburton,’ he says, ‘is the best, and Steevens the worst of Shakspeare’s commentators;’

(p. xvii.) and he ascribes it solely to his forbearance that the latter is not absolutely crushed: it not being in his nature, as he magnanimously insinuates, 'to break a butterfly upon a wheel!' Dr. Johnson is shoved aside with very little ceremony; Mr. Malone fares somewhat better; and the rest are dismissed with the gentle valediction of Pandarus to the Trojans—'asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran! porridge after meat!' With respect to our author himself, it is but simple justice to declare, that he comes to the great work of 'restoring Shakspeare'—not only with more negative advantages than the unfortunate tribe of critics so cavalierly dismissed, but than all who have aspired to illumine the page of a defunct writer since the days of Aristarchus. As far as we are enabled to judge, Mr. Becket never examined an old play in his life:—he does not seem to have the slightest knowledge of any writer, or any subject, or any language that ever occupied the attention of his contemporaries; and he possesses a mind as innocent of all requisite information as if he had dropped, with the last thunder-stone, from the moon.

'Addison has well observed, that "in works of criticism it is absolutely necessary to have a *clear and logical head*." (p. v.) In this position, Mr. Becket cheerfully agrees with him; and, indeed, it is sufficiently manifest, that without the internal conviction of enjoying that indispensable advantage, he would not have favoured the public with those matchless 'restorations;' a few specimens of which we now proceed to lay before them. Where all are alike admirable, there is no call for selection; we shall therefore open the volumes at random, and trust to fortune.

"*Hamlet*. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time?"

'This reading,' Mr. Becket says, 'he cannot admit;' and he says well: since it appears that Shakspeare wrote—

"For who would bear the *scores* of *weapon'd* time?"

'using *scores* in the sense of stripes.' 'Formerly,' i. e. when Mr. Becket was in *his sallad days*, he augured, he says, that the true reading was—

———— 'the *scores* of *whip-hand* time.'

'Time having always the *whip-hand*, the advantage;' but he now reverts to the other emendation; 'though,' as he modestly hints, 'the epithet *whip hand*' (which he still regards with parental fondness) 'will perhaps be thought to have much of the manner of Shakspeare.'—vol. i. p. 43.

"*Horatio*. ——— While they, distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him!"

We had been accustomed to find no great difficulty here: the words seemed, to us, at least, to express the usual effect of inordinate terror—but we gladly acknowledge our mistake. 'The passage is not to be understood.' How should it, when both the pointing

pointing and the language are corrupt? Read, as Shakspeare gave it—

———— ‘While they *bestill’d*

Almost to *gêlée* with the act. Of fear

Stand dumb,’ &c.—‘that is, petrified’ (or rather icefied) p. 13.

“*Lear*. And my poor fool is hang’d!”

With these homely words, which burst from the poor old king on reverting to the fate of his loved Cordelia, whom he then holds in his arms, we have been always deeply affected, and therefore set them down as one of the thousand proofs of the poet’s intimate knowledge of the human heart. But Mr. Becket has made us ashamed of our simplicity and our tears. Shakspeare had no such ‘lenten’ language in his thoughts; he wrote, as Mr. Becket tells us,

‘And my *pure soot* is hang’d!’

‘Poor,’ he adds, ‘might be easily mistaken for *pure*; while the *s* in *soot* (sweet) was scarcely discernible from the *f*, or the *t* from the *L*.’—p. 176.

We are happy to find that so much can be offered in favour of the old printers. And yet—were it not that the genuine text is always to be preferred—we could almost wish that the critic had left their blunder as it stood.

“*Wolsey*. ——— that his bones

May have a tomb of orphans’ tears wept on them.”

“A tomb of tears” is ridiculous. I read—a *coomb* of tears—a *coomb* is a liquid measure containing forty gallons. Thus the expression, which was before absurd, becomes forcible and just.—vol. ii. p. 134. It does indeed!

“*Sir Andrew*. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman (mistress): had’st it?” Read as Shakspeare wrote: “I sent thee six-pence for thy *lemma*”—‘*lemma* is properly an *argument*, or *proposition assumed*, and is used by Sir Andrew Aguecheek for a story.’—p. 335.

“*Viole*. She pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy”—Correct it thus:

‘She pined in thought

And with *agrcin* and *hollow* melancholy”—p. 339.

“*Iago*. I have rubb’d this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry”—

that is, or rather *was*, according to our homely apprehension, I have rubb’d this pimple (Roderigo) almost to bleeding:—but, no; Mr. Becket has furnished us not only with the genuine words, but the meaning of Shakspeare—

‘I have *fubb’d* this young *quat*—*Quat*, or *cat*, appears to be a contraction of *cater-cousin*—and this reading will be greatly strengthened when it is remembered that Roderigo was really the intimate of *Iago*.’—p. 204.

In a subsequent passage, ‘I am as melancholy as a gibb’d cat’—we are told that *cat* is not the domestic animal of that name, but a

contraction of *catin*, a woman of the town. But, indeed, Mr. Becket possesses a most wonderful faculty for detecting these latent contractions and filling them up. Thus,

"*Parolles*. Sir, he will steal an egg out of a cloister." Read, (as Shakspeare wrote,) 'Sir, he will steal an *Ag* (i. e. an *Agnes*) out of a cloister. *Agnes* is the name of a woman, and may easily stand for chastity'.—p. 325. No doubt.

"*Carter*. Prithee, Tom, put a few flocks in Cut's saddle; the poor beast is wrung in the withers out of all cess." Out of all cess, we used to think meant, in vulgar phraseology, out of all measure, very much, &c.—but see how foolishly!

'*Cess* is a mere contraction of *cessibility*, which signifies the *quality of receding*, and may very well stand for *yielding*, as spoken of a tumour.'—p. 5

"*Hamlet*. A cry of players."

This we once thought merely a sportive expression for a *company* of players, but Mr. Becket has undeceived us—'Cry (he tells us) is contracted from *cryptic*, and cryptic is precisely of the same import as mystery'.—p. 53. How delightful it is when learning and judgment walk thus hand in hand! But enough—

—————' the sweetest honey

Is loathsome in its own deliciousness'—

and we would not willingly cloy our readers. Sufficient has been produced to encourage them—not perhaps to contend for the possession of the present volumes, though Mr. Becket conscientiously affirms, in his title-page, that 'they form a complete and *necessary* supplement to every former edition'—but, with us, to look anxiously forward to the great work in preparation.

Meanwhile we have gathered some little consolation from what is already in our hands. Very often, on comparing the dramas of the present day (not even excepting Mr. Tobin's) with those of Elizabeth's age, we have been tempted to think that we were born too late, and to exclaim with the poet—

Infelix ego, non illo qui tempore natus,
Quò facilis natura fuit; sors O mea læva
Nascendi, miserumque genus! &c.

but we now see that unless Mr. Andrew Becket had also been produced at that early period, we should have derived no extraordinary degree of satisfaction from witnessing the first appearance of Shakspeare's plays, since it is quite clear that we could not have understood them.

One difficulty yet remains. We scarcely think that the managers will have the confidence, in future, to play Shakspeare as they have been accustomed to do; and yet, to present him, as now so happily 'restored,' would, for some time at least, render him

caviare

caviare to the general. We know that Livius Andronicus, when grown hoarse with repeated declamation, was allowed a second-rate actor, who stood at his back and spoke while he gesticulated, or gesticulated while he spoke. A hint may be borrowed from this fact. We therefore propose that Mr. Andrew Becket be forthwith taken into the pay of the two theatres, and divided between them. He may then be instructed to follow the *dramatis personæ* of our great poet's plays on the stage, and after each of them has made his speech in the present corrupt reading, to pronounce aloud the words as 'restored' by himself. This may have an awkward effect at first; but a season or two will reconcile the town to it; Shakspeare may then be presented in his genuine language, or, as our author better expresses it, be HIMSELF AGAIN.

ART. VI. 1. *An Essay on the Nature and Advantages of Parish Banks for the Savings of the Industrious, &c. with Remarks on the propriety of uniting these Institutions with Friendly Societies; together with an Appendix, containing the Rules of the Dumfries Parish Bank, &c. &c.* By the Rev. Henry Duncan, Minister of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire. First Edition. 1815. Second Edition, Edinburgh: Oliphant Waugh and Innes, 1816. pp. 88.

2. *A short Account of the Edinburgh Savings Bank.* Edinburgh: 1815. pp. 20.

3. *Report of the Committee of the Highland Society, on the Nature of Savings Banks.* Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Longman and Co. 1815. pp. 14.

4. *A Summary Account of the London Savings Bank.* By Charles Taylor. London: C. Taylor; Sherwood, Neely, and Jones; and J. Hatchard. pp. 60.

5. *Third Report of the Edinburgh Society for the Suppression of Beggars, for the Relief of occasional Distress, and for the Encouragement of Industry among the Poor, &c. to 1st November, 1815.*

6. *First Year's Report of the Bath Provident Institution, established January, 1815.* Bath: 1816.

7. *Observations on Banks for Savings.* By the Right Hon. George Rose. London: Cadell and Davies. 1816. pp. 57.

8. *A Bill for the Protection and Encouragement of Provident Institutions, or Banks for Savings, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 15th May, 1816.*

THE beneficent spirit of the present age is in nothing more remarkably displayed, than in the combined energy with which many individuals of the highest ranks of society are labouring to promote

mote the welfare of the lower orders.—Among the various establishments to which this laudable zeal has given rise, it would be inexcusable not to give a pre-eminent place to the ‘Society for bettering the condition and increasing the comforts of the Poor,’ which was instituted near the close of the year 1796. His Majesty declared himself the patron of this institution, and it comprehended in the list of its members, names of the first distinction for rank, wealth, talents, and public spirit. Yet notwithstanding its attractive title, the cheapness of its reports, and the pains taken to give them circulation;—its existence, we fear, is at this day scarcely known in various parts of the kingdom; hence even those of its suggestions which are the most easy, useful, and important, have obtained only a local and very limited establishment. The chief cities of Great Britain and Ireland have indeed adopted some of its plans, and are reaping the fruits of its labours; but few of them have been diffused generally among the people. The discouraging reflections, however, to which the facts connected with this Society might have given rise, are checked by the contemplation of the extraordinary success attending that plan of benevolence which forms the subject of the publications now before us; and while this success is a happy exception to common experience, it gives us great confidence in the favourable opinion which we, in common with men of all descriptions, entertain of the principle on which Banks for Savings are founded; and affords, at the same time, a most promising symptom of the intellectual and moral improvement of the age. It must, however, be acknowledged, that though this system derived its origin from an enlightened desire to promote the welfare of society, necessity, the nurse of many a useful invention, has materially promoted its success. The progressive increase of pauperism among the people of England, by diminishing the fund from which relief was to be given, in an inverse ratio to the demand, especially for the last two or three years, has opened the eyes of the affluent and reflecting part of the nation to the failure with which we are threatened; and the same circumstance combined with the rapid improvement of the lower classes in mental cultivation, has roused in many of them a love of independence, which leads them to embrace with eagerness the means which Provident Institutions afford of a secure and profitable depository for their small savings. Yet we must add that the zeal which policy and benevolence have directed to the establishment and support of these societies among the wealthy, has hitherto been greater than the desire which has existed of taking advantage of them among the industrious poor, for whose benefit they are instituted. The multitude still require to be enlightened, and are happily better fitted than at any former period to receive instruction. Let it be given to them in the most popular forms,

forms, directly and indirectly, and chiefly through the easy medium of the cheap Tract Societies, in the shape both of argument and amusement.

Although we enter on the consideration of this subject with peculiar satisfaction, we are sensible that it is not without its difficulties:—The facts are so numerous, and the speculations which naturally arise from the examination of them so various, that we might appear tedious should we go fully into the detail, and obscure were we to limit ourselves to mere general statement; we shall try, therefore, to pursue a middle course, and be sufficiently gratified if our remarks tend, in any degree, to make the subject better understood and more widely popular.

In order to convey to our readers an impression of the imperious necessity of Saving Institutions for the industrious poor, we shall begin by quoting a striking passage from ‘Sir Thomas Bernard’s introductory letter to the third volume of the Reports of the Society for bettering the condition of the Poor.’ The well-tryed benevolence by which that gentleman has been long distinguished raises him far above the suspicion of being actuated by interested motives in what he says against poor-rates, while his experience gives great weight to his opinion.

‘The Poor Laws of England have held out a false and deceitful encouragement to population. They promise that unqualified support, that unrestricted maintenance to the cottager’s family, which it is not possible for them to supply; thereby inducing the young labourer to marry before he has made any provision for the married state; and, in consequence, extinguishing all prospective prudence, and all consideration for the future. To the poor-rates, which have been for some years rapidly increasing, no determinate boundary can be put, upon our present system. Twenty shillings in the pound may be levied, throughout the kingdom, (*and more than that is now raised in some manufacturing parishes**) without the object being attained, of providing a comfortable and hopeless maintenance for a forlorn and distressed body of poor.’

Mr. Rose, in his ‘Observations on the Poor Laws,’ first published in 1804, states that the management of the poor had been acknowledged by the ablest politicians to be one of the most difficult problems of government; and that though the system of parochial relief,—which had its commencement early in the reign of Elizabeth,—was improved under the administration of some of the wisest men who ever filled offices of public trust, till the laws on the subject were consolidated in the forty-third year of her reign, yet poverty had been constantly on the increase, and the pressure upon those on whom the duty of supporting the indigent was thrown,

* This was written in January, 1801.

had become at length so great and alarming, as to require the utmost effort of legislative wisdom to counteract or diminish it.

In the pamphlet now before us, Mr. Rose observes, that his attention has long been given to the situation of the poor in this country, from a persuasion that it was capable of improvement, and that he had been an anxious coadjutor of Mr. Pitt in his measure for improving the whole system of the Poor Laws; but that in the pursuit of that object, by attempting too much, the minister had failed altogether.

‘These evils both to the poor and to the higher classes were generally complained of, without the extent of them being known. I thought it of importance, therefore, to obtain Parliamentary Returns, by a Bill I brought in for that purpose* in the year preceding the publication above alluded to: and, I believe, considerable surprize was excited by the information then given, no less respecting the immense proportion of the population of the country reduced to subsist by money raised for their relief, than by the enormous amount of the sum so raised. I hoped that such an authentic exposure of a charge upon the property and tenantry of the country, equal to nearly one half of the revenue of it in 1783, without a proportionate benefit to the poor,—the number of whom was rapidly increasing, many of them in a comfortless state,—would incite endeavours to find remedies where they were so urgently required.’ (pp. 2—3.)

‘These remarks, proceeding as they do from a statesman who has always been friendly to the principle of legal provision for the poor, and who, in his first pamphlet, strenuously resisted the proposal of Mr. Malthus for the gradual repeal of the poor laws, must be considered as decisive of the fact, that there is, in the system of these laws, something wrong, which loudly calls for a remedy. We are not indeed of the number of those who see nothing but *unmingled* evil in this system, which naturally arose out of the condition of society at the time of its establishment, and which, by giving a legal claim for relief to the indigent and the wretched, has for more than two hundred years prevented or mitigated an incalculable quantity of distress. While, therefore, we regard with feelings of decided aversion, the barbarous policy of those who would cut the knot which they cannot untie, and by abolishing the system at once, consign to neglect and hopeless misery myriads of their fellow-creatures, we rejoice in every plan which is gradual and preventive rather than positive in its operation; and which arises from the impulse of private benevolence and the energy of private zeal, rather than from the selfish calculations of legislators.

The establishment of Corporation Boxes, and of Male Friendly Societies, the former of which are of great antiquity, and the latter nearly a century old, has to a certain extent counteracted the pres-

* 43 Geo. III. c. 142.

sure of poor-rates, and the growth of those baneful habits of dependence, which it cannot be denied that poor rates are calculated to produce. By the Act for the encouragement of Friendly Societies, which Mr. Rose introduced, and which was passed in the year 1793, much good has been done. In it no attempt was made to alter the popular frame of these associations, far less to render the entrance into them compulsory. 'How valuable this protection has been,' says Mr. Rose, 'may be easily judged of by the rapid growth of these societies, the members of which have increased from somewhere about 50,000 (I speak from recollection) to more than 704,000, according to the numbers under the Act for the returns of the poor between 1793 and 1805.'—p. 29.

The advantages which have arisen, both to the individual contributors and to the public, from these Societies, have been great, and we are happy to observe that in various parts of the United Kingdom, *Female* Friendly Societies have lately been formed. This is indeed a simple and obvious, but a truly valuable extension of the plan. When we consider the influence of women in a civilized country on the manners of society, when we reflect that by the very constitution of their nature, they are more helpless and dependent than men, and that from their domestic occupations and retired habits, they are freed from many of those temptations which often prove too powerful for the virtue of the other sex, we cannot doubt that they are likely to avail themselves of the means offered to them of providing against the peculiar hardships of their own lot, and that they will endeavour to recommend a corresponding foresight to their husbands, sons, and neighbours.

Much has been said of the dangerous purposes to which these associations may be turned. Mr. Rose, certainly not a partial judge in such a case, intimates that he believes such apprehensions to be chimerical, and expressly declares, that, 'though he has sought anxiously for information on that head, he has not been able to discover a single instance where those consequences have followed in the case of a society, whose rules were registered according to law.' To detect the commencement and to prevent the progress of such evil consequences, an easy expedient occurs. Let the wealthy and intelligent members of the community become honorary or ordinary members of the Friendly Societies in their neighbourhood: they will thus be entitled to vote at the election of officers, to give their opinion in cases of importance, and to awe into silence those turbulent spirits who may wish to propagate mischief. We can assure the higher ranks that their aid not only in contributing to the funds, but in making the proper arrangements, is much wanted, and will be gladly and gratefully received: indeed they can scarcely purchase so much popularity at

so trifling an expense. Their donations and contributions would be doubly acceptable, as they would be given without the prospect of a return, and this feeling, we well know, has a powerful influence in adding to the respect which poverty and ignorance are disposed to pay to intelligence and wealth. We deeply lament the disasters which, on account of the erroneous principles of their constitution, and the ignorance, neglect, or selfishness of managers, have already befallen many of these institutions, and seem to be impending over the greater part of the rest; and we cannot but join with Mr. Duncan in earnestly urging the higher ranks to turn their benevolent exertions in this direction; that by affording to them the benefit of their patronage and support, they may avert the disappointment and misery with which their ruin would be attended.

Friendly Societies partake of the nature of insurances on life and property, by promising certain advantages in the event of certain casualties or contingencies. They are preferable, however, to common insurance offices, inasmuch as the members insure each other, and retain all the profits in their own hands for the general advantage. There is also a benevolent principle intimately blended with Friendly Societies, which leads those who form them to be concerned for each other's welfare, and to consult for each other's good. Admirable, however, as this principle is, and excellent as are the institutions with which it is connected, the benefits to be derived from them by the individual members are often distant, and in their very nature uncertain. We have known industrious persons who have regularly contributed to Friendly Societies for forty or fifty years without receiving a shilling from the funds. Something more, therefore, seemed to be wanting in order to complete the system of encouragement to saving, which the legislative support of Friendly Societies had begun, and the desideratum has been happily supplied by the institution of Banks for Savings. On this subject we quote the following apposite statement from the Introduction to the Rules of the Kelso Friendly Bank Society, which was one of the earliest establishments of this kind in Scotland.

“ It was long a matter of deep regret, that no plan had been devised for securing to the labouring classes a place of safe deposit for the fruits of their industry, so as to encourage them to save, in the years of active exertion, such a portion of their gains, as they might be able to spare from their present necessities, as a resource in the season of misfortune, or the decline of life. The public banks cannot be expected to descend to the trifling details in which they would be involved, were they to receive or pay out such small sums as a shilling or two at a time; and it is their practice in this part of the kingdom (Scotland) not to receive a smaller deposit than ten pounds. Now the want of a place of safety for small profits prevents many from attempting to preserve them. Fear of being robbed, deters some; others have the virtue to begin who want
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the resolution to persevere ; while not a few, diffident of their own care, are tempted to commit their savings to the hands of persons of doubtful character and desperate fortune, who, grasping at whatever they can obtain from the unwary, promise them good interest, and employ the money of the industrious and frugal in their own hazardous and dishonest speculations. By the failure of such persons, the poorer inhabitants of a whole district are sometimes reduced, in a single hour, to a state of absolute indigence and dependence.

‘ If any method then could be devised, for giving to the honest and successful labourer or artizan, a place of security, free of expense, for that part of his gains which the immediate wants of his family do not require, with the power to reclaim all or any part of it at pleasure, it would be a most desirable thing, *even though no interest should be received.*

‘ But if in addition to such an advantage, the possessors of small savings were enabled to receive regular interest, on a scale advancing, to a certain extent, in proportion to the amount and continuance of their deposits, the benefits of the scheme would be sufficiently great to secure its popularity and permanence.

‘ A plan, combining these advantages, occurred to the Rev. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire. Having maturely reflected on the best mode of reducing it to practice, and explained its probable benefits to his neighbours, he succeeded in establishing in his own parish the first institution of the kind, about Midsummer, 1810. The name which he gave to it was, “ The Parish Bank Friendly Society of Ruthwell.”—Though the Society began without any patronage from rank or wealth, its intrinsic merits, and the founder’s diligence and zeal in superintending its progress, ensured to it a degree of encouragement which he could not have anticipated.—We consider it indeed as an astonishing fact, that in the Bank Society of that retired parish, inhabited chiefly by cottagers, there has been a progressive accumulation of capital, amounting, at the close of 1814, to upwards of eleven hundred and sixty pounds ; the greater part of it belonging to individuals who, in all probability, but for the facility which the scheme afforded, would not have saved a single shilling.—This has taken place too, under circumstances in which the depositors have had it always in their power to withdraw any part or the whole.’

These remarks are well illustrated in the following anecdote which was lately related to us, with perfect simplicity, by a poor Scotch woman. Her father, she said, had contrived to scrape together thirty-two pounds, the savings of a life of labour. He deposited country bank notes to that amount in the locker of his chest, from his ignorance of any better method of disposing of them, and there they remained safe but unproductive. ‘ But at last, the notes *went out of fashion*, and nobody would give a shilling for them, so the money was all lost.’ To avoid a similar disaster, she placed 12*l.* of her own in the hands of a respectable tradesman, and received interest once a year. On drawing her interest she *used*, she said, to be vain of her superior sagacity. But alas ! the person

person in whom she confided became, like the country bank, insolvent, and her little treasure was swallowed up in the general ruin.

With the observations contained in the foregoing quotation on the obvious necessity and high importance of Provident Institutions, or Saving Banks, we entirely coincide. The statement, however, which it contains, respecting their origin and progress will require some correction; and while the honourable emulation which exists as to the merit of the discovery renders it necessary to weigh with impartiality the pretensions of different claimants,—the change, which it requires no prophetic wisdom to anticipate from the plan, both on the comfort and character of the great mass of the people, will prevent such an inquiry from being deemed frivolous or uninteresting.

Our limits will not permit us to notice the abortive bills brought before Parliament by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Whitbread, for the improvement of the condition of the lower orders and the diminution of the burden of the poor-rates. But we cannot pass in silence the Speech of Mr. Curwen on the 28th of May last, which introduced his motion 'for a Select Committee to take into consideration the State of the Poor-laws.' On that occasion Mr. Curwen declared that the reform which he had in view respected a question which involved the expenditure of the enormous annual sum of eight millions, applied not to the ease and comfort of the poor, but calculated to render them dependent, indolent, and unhappy. He could not expect, he said, to cut down the system at once, but his object was gradually to undermine it, and he entertained a sanguine hope, that by means of public instruction, and the establishment of secure depositories for the savings of industry, they might be speedily diminished and eventually rendered unnecessary. In Ireland, he observed, where there are no poor-rates, the benevolence of the affluent affords a decent support to the deserving poor; and in Scotland, where the moral character of the people is so respectable, and where regular poor-rates exist only in a few districts, and are scarcely felt, the wants of the indigent are well supplied. Mr. Curwen then stated, that his plan to relieve the poor, independently of the existing statutes, would be similar to one which he could recommend as sanctioned by his own experience for the long period of thirty years. During that time all the workmen employed by him had contributed individually sixpence per week to a common fund. The money so subscribed had now increased to the sum of thirty thousand pounds; and at the present time the depositors enjoyed from it—relief in sickness, occasional weekly allowances, and many other comforts. He intended, therefore, to propose that the House should call on all classes of the people to subscribe to a *National Bank* on a similar principle.

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The contribution, he observed, ought never to exceed one-thirtieth of a man's weekly income. Supposing a person to earn ten shillings a week, four-pence taken from that sum would produce upon a general scale 4,800,000*l*. Taking something from the higher classes which, compared with their incomes, would be a mere trifle, the annual amount of the bank stock would be 8,800,000*l*. The advantage of such a fund for the relief of the lower classes would, he said, be incalculable. It would convey comfort to every poor man, without the degradation inflicted on him by the law as it now stands.

As we are ignorant of the details of this plan we can give no opinion of its merits. We fear that, like Mr. Acland's plan of 1786, it is intended to be compulsory on the poor, as well as the rich; and, if so, it has our unqualified disapprobation. Such a scheme would act as an oppressive and ruinous impost, and would be nothing less, than relieving the wealthy from the burden of the poor laws, by placing that burthen on the back of the indigent themselves. If the poor laws, as they now stand, be the chastisement of whips, this would be the chastisement of scorpions—But we cannot at present enter on a subject which, from its magnitude and importance, demands the most patient and minute investigation. The chief purpose for which we have noticed Mr. Curwen's speech was to bring forward the remarkable fact of the long existence of a voluntary association which has been and continues to be supported by the contributions of the industrious poor, and which has actually a floating capital of 30,000*l*.

Although the project of encouraging industry and independence among the lower classes, by thus securing to them the fruits of their labours, appears so simple, when proposed, as to resemble a self-evident truth, with which we have always been familiar, yet, the first institution of the nature of a Saving Bank, which we have hitherto been able to discover in this kingdom, is one of which an account is given in No. 84 of the 'Reports of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor.' It appears from that Report that a Female Benefit Club was established on the 22d of October, 1798, at Tottenham, under the patronage of a number of ladies. Combined with the main design of this institution were two other objects, viz. a fund for loans, to prevent the use of pawn-brokers' shops, and a *Bank for the earnings of poor Children*.

'Children of either sex,' says Mrs. Wakefield, the writer of the account, 'or whatever age, whether belonging to a member or not, are permitted to bring any sum above one penny, to the monthly meeting of the stewardesses, to be laid up in the funds of the society; where their small earnings may accumulate in security, until wanted for an apprentice fee, clothing on going to service, or some other important purpose.'

—‘Though the children (it is added) receive no addition to the pittance they deposit in the fund, yet it answers several purposes; it stimulates them to earn and to save that which would probably be idly spent, as of too small importance for care; it often encourages their parents to lay by a little store for them, which they would not have thought of doing, had they not been invited by this opportunity of placing it in safety. It habituates the children to industry, frugality, and foresight; and by introducing them to notice, it teaches them the value of character, and of the esteem of those who, by the dispensations of Providence, are placed above them; and in many instances it may supply a resource when it is essentially requisite. The success has already exceeded expectation; above sixty children bring their little treasure monthly.’

About the same time Mr. Malthus published his *Essay on population*. The following passage is quoted from the quarto edition of 1803, as we have not access to the first edition; but we are inclined to think that it will also be found in it.

‘To facilitate the saving of small sums of money for this purpose,’ (he is speaking of the purchase of a cow,) ‘and encourage young labourers to economize their earnings with a view to a provision for marriage, it might be extremely useful to have County Banks, where the smallest sums would be received, and a fair interest granted for them. At present the few labourers who have a little money are often greatly at a loss to know what to do with it; and under such circumstances we cannot be surprized that it should sometimes be ill employed, and last but a short time. It would probably be essential to the success of any plan of this kind, that the labourer should be able to draw out his money whenever he wanted it, and have the most perfect liberty of disposing of it in every respect as he pleased. Though we may lament that money hardly earned should sometimes be spent to little purpose; yet it seems to be a case in which we have no right to interfere, nor if we had, would it, in a general view, be advantageous; because the knowledge of possessing this liberty would be of more use in encouraging the practice of saving, than any restriction of it in preventing the misuse of money so saved.’

In No. 59, of ‘*The Society’s Reports*,’ we have an interesting account of a benevolent Institution formed by the Rev. Joseph Smith, Wendover, in 1799, and supported by him and two of his parishioners. In order to induce their industrious neighbours to save some part of their earnings, these worthy persons circulated proposals, offering to receive indiscriminately from the men, women, and children of the parish, any sum from two-pence upwards, every Sunday evening during the summer months; to keep an exact account of the sums deposited; and to repay to each individual at Christmas the amount of his deposits, with the addition of one-third on the whole, as a bounty for his economy. It was expressly and wisely stipulated, that the depositors might receive back the sums respectively due to them at any time before Christmas,

Christmas, on demand; and that the fruits of their economy should not preclude them from parish relief, in case of sickness, or want of employment. A comfortable addition at home to the family Christmas dinner was to finish the year's account. These curious proposals are ushered in by a text, which, though not applied to its original purpose, is, as a motto, sufficiently appropriate—'Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.' The peasantry of the parish readily embraced the offer held out to them, and during the first season sixty subscribers brought their weekly savings with great regularity; none deposited less than sixpence, and the greater number one shilling each. We regret much that our attempts to obtain further information respecting this liberal and simple, but rather expensive, institution, have not proved successful; but we are told that the founders design to establish it on a permanent footing and on an improved plan.

The next Institution of this kind, and one much more nearly resembling the present Saving Banks than any hitherto mentioned, was called the Charitable Bank, and was founded at Tottenham. It is worthy of remark, (as shewing how frequently one good design generates another,) that the success of the little bank for children, formed in the same place in 1798, gave rise to this more extensive plan in 1804. It was begun for the express purpose of providing a safe and profitable place of deposit for the savings of labourers, servants, &c.; and opened once a month for receipts and payments. The books were at first kept by a lady; six wealthy individuals were appointed to act as Trustees, each of whom agreed to receive an equal part of the sums deposited, and each to be responsible, to the amount of one hundred pounds, for the re-payment of the principal with interest. Any sum above one shilling was to be received, and, to encourage perseverance, interest at the rate of *five per cent.* was to be allowed for every twenty shillings, which should remain a year with the trustees. Though the number of trustees at first was limited, it was agreed that for every additional hundred pounds, a new trustee should be chosen; so that the loss to the trustees in fulfilling their engagement must have been inconsiderable. The benefits of this Institution were to be confined exclusively to the labouring classes; but there was no restriction as to the residence of the depositors. One great advantage of this plan is, that it holds out to the lower classes fixed advantages, and preserves their little property from that fluctuation of value to which the public funds are liable.

In 1808, a society was formed at Bath, for the purpose of receiving, and allowing interest at 4 per cent. for the savings of industrious and respectable servants. Eight individuals, of whom

four were ladies, took on themselves the chief management and responsibility. No depositor could lodge more than 50l.; and the maximum of the collective sums was limited to 2000l. A record of character has since that time been regularly kept; and it is stated by the anonymous author of a small volume published at Bath, in 1815, and entitled* 'Collections relative to the Systematic Relief of the Poor,' that, 'during the seven years that had elapsed from the commencement of the Fund, there were in this register 212 names of persons who had uniformly conducted themselves with fidelity and propriety as domestic servants.' A more extensively useful society was founded at Bath, in January last year, bearing the name of 'The Provident Institution.' The Marquis of Lansdown is patron. A respectable board of trustees, one of whom is Mr. Rose, presides over it, and the name of Dr. Haygarth, well known for his private worth and public spirit, stands second in the list of managers. It was, we understand, by the suggestion of this gentleman that the capital was vested in the public funds. Each depositor of one pound or upwards is entered in the books of the Institution as proprietor of such a proportion of five per cent. stock as that sum would purchase *at the time*. It is very satisfactory to find from the first Report, 'that within a year from the opening, sums amounting to four thousand pounds and upwards, had been received and invested.'

From this induction of facts, it is plain that though attempts have been made at different times, in the course of the last thirty years, to introduce schemes of a nature similar to what are now called Saving Banks, &c., yet till the year 1810, there had been no plan devised for general use, and no public interest excited in behalf of such institutions. Indeed, it is a belief, founded on no slight investigation, that but for the Scottish clergyman whose Essay stands at the head of our list, there would at this time have been found only a few insulated establishments for the savings of industry, of which the intelligent and wealthy would have had little knowledge, and from which the lower classes in general would have derived no advantage. We shall state as concisely as we can the grounds of this opinion.

Mr. Henry Duncan,† whose Essay is written with great ability, and

* It is not easy to comprehend what the author had in view by this publication. It is a collection of facts without order, attention to particulars, or any accuracy in dates. The papers are strung together by loose and indefinite remarks that lead to no conclusion. There is no index nor table of contents. We feel somewhat sore on this subject; having procured the book with much difficulty, and read it with little profit.

† This gentleman, delighting in humble usefulness, edited anonymously in 1809 and 1811, a number of tracts for the instruction and moral improvement of the lower orders. The greater part of the work appears to have been the production of his own pen. One series of these tracts, entitled the 'Cottage Fireside, or Parish Schoolmaster,'

and complete knowledge of the subject, informs us, that early in 1810, while he was engaged in some inquiries relative to the condition of the poor, he read a pamphlet proposing a scheme for the gradual abolition of poor-rates in England. To this plan the author, Mr. Bone, gave the whimsical title of 'Tranquillity.' Mr. Duncan, though he considered the scheme too complicated for general use, conceived that one of its subordinate provisions, which proposed the establishment of an economical bank for the savings of the industrious, might be so modified, as to be carried separately into effect with great advantage. He accordingly published a paper giving an account of it, and proposing that the gentlemen of Dumfriesshire should establish banks for savings in the different parishes of the county. His zeal was applauded, but his recommendation was neglected. Steady, however, in the pursuit of his object, and rejoicing in the prospect of the benefit which he anticipated from it, he resolved to bring his plan to the test of experiment, by such an Establishment in his own parish. To this he gave the name of 'The Parish Bank Friendly Society of Ruthwell.' Its capital amounted, at the time of publishing the second edition of his Essay, to a sum exceeding 1,400*l*..!

About the beginning of 1813, a most respectable and useful society was instituted in Edinburgh for the suppression of beggars. It happened that one of the landholders of Ruthwell, who was a member of the Parish Bank of that place, was also a member of the Edinburgh Society. This gentleman, though generally resident in Edinburgh, received occasional information respecting the institution at Ruthwell, which was now making rapid progress, and which he communicated to the Society, together with a printed copy of the Regulations. This, and some other encouraging circumstances, especially the account of the Servants' Fund at Bath, induced the members of the Anti-mendicant Society to add a bank for savings to their plan. Meanwhile the founder of the Ruthwell Bank omitted no opportunity of calling the attention of the public to the institution, and, in order to give it *éclat*, was permitted to introduce the names of several gentlemen of rank and influence into the list of its honorary members. Their names, however, were all that he obtained; a circumstance which excited some ridicule, as the magnificence of the titles accorded ill with the limited influence of the Bank. But this did not deter him from proceeding. He laboured to excite the public attention by

was afterwards published separately, in a small volume, with Mr. Duncan's name; and we observe with satisfaction, that the third edition of this pleasing narrative is just announced. In point of genuine humour and pathos, we are inclined to think that it fairly merits a place by the side of the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' while the knowledge it displays of Scottish manners and character is more correct and more profound.

annual accounts of the utility and success of his plan in provincial newspapers. He most readily answered the inquiries of gentlemen from various parts of the country, and established a correspondence with many friends of the poor in Great Britain and Ireland. Justice leads us to say that we have seldom heard of a private individual in a retired sphere, with numerous avocations and a narrow income, who has sacrificed so much ease, expense, and time, for an object purely disinterested, as Mr. Duncan has done. We feel it at once a satisfaction and a duty to pay this tribute to his merits, because, though, in the Second Report of the Edinburgh Society, they were not passed over in silence, yet the Ruthwell Bank was slightly mentioned, as a local and unknown institution. Many of the individual members of that Society, however, have expressed their sense of its value as an example; and Dr. Baird, Principal of the University, one of the Directors, has, in the most unequivocal manner, borne testimony to the ability and zeal of its founder.

Mr. Duncan remarks in page 36 of his Essay, that before the existence of Saving Banks, some clergymen had been in the habit of placing the little superfluous earnings of their parishioners in situations of security and profit; and states it as a remarkable coincidence, that in the year 1807, three years before the establishment of the Ruthwell Bank, a similar institution had been formed at West Calder, of which he was entirely ignorant, till near the time of the publication of his second edition. It was founded by Mr. Muckersey, minister of the parish; its management is similar to that of Friendly Societies; and interest at the rate of four per cent. is allowed to depositors, with full liberty to withdraw their money at pleasure. As the rules had not been printed, nor any attempt made to extend the knowledge of its benefits beyond the parish, the advantages derived from it were entirely local.

Mr. Duncan will find in the preceding part of this article some important facts on the subject, in relation to England, of which he cannot have been aware; otherwise from the minute fidelity which he has displayed in doing justice to the claims of others, and the modesty with which he brings forward his own, we are confident he would not have failed to mention them.

We are warranted on the whole to conclude, that though some institutions, similar both in their principles and details, had been formed before the Parish Bank of Ruthwell, yet it was the first of the kind which was regularly and minutely organized and brought before the public: and further, that as that Society gave the impulse which is fast spreading through the kingdom, it is in all fairness entitled to the appellation of the *Parent Society*. If we spoke of the *original* society, we should, from our present knowledge, be disposed to confer that name on the Charitable Bank at Tottenham.

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From the time of the publication of the first edition of the Essay on Parish Banks; the second Report of the Edinburgh Society; and the Report of the Provident Institution of Bath, Saving Banks have sprung up on every side, and have been increasing with such rapidity, that we can hardly doubt that the benefit of the system will soon be brought within the reach of every town and village in Great Britain and Ireland. Kelso was the first place, in which, under the patronage of his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh, a Friendly Bank was introduced professedly on the plan of the Ruthwell institution. Liverpool, Exeter, Winchester, Hertford, Southampton, Bristol, Glasgow, Greenock, Paisley, Dumfries, Berwick, Dublin, Belfast, &c. are among the places already in possession of these establishments. The zeal of the able and public spirited conductors of the Edinburgh Bank has tended very materially to promote the plan both in Scotland and England, and has given to it a degree of *éclat* among strangers, which it would not have received through a less conspicuous medium. At the same time we cannot help regretting, that it was not made to stand upon its own basis, but was attached to the 'Society for the Suppression of Beggars.' This unfortunate association excited against it a natural and a very strong prejudice in the minds of the people, who could hardly fail to conclude that it proposed something both of a coercive and degrading nature. Accordingly, its progress at first was slow; but by the exertions of the managers, and particularly of Mr. John Forbes, (son of the late Sir William,) whose name is an hereditary pledge of active and intelligent zeal in the cause of humanity, the popular dislike has at length been overcome, and it is now rising into deserved eminence.

Of these establishments, one of the most extensive we have heard of, in the principle of its constitution, is that of Glendale Ward, in the northern division of Northumberland, containing a considerable number of parishes, of which Wooler is the central place. Local secretaries are appointed to receive monthly the deposits at the different parishes, by whom they are transferred to the general secretary.

Our readers will wonder perhaps that London has not yet been mentioned in our list, and probably impute the omission to inaccuracy or negligence. But it is a curious fact, that a place which should be, and generally is, among the first to lead in all matters of public interest, has, in the present instance, been among the last to follow, and that no institution of this kind, of any note, was opened in the metropolis till the end of January in the present year, when the 'London Savings Bank' commenced its operation.* We hope

* After this article was ready for the press, an essay on 'Provident or Parish Banks' fell

hope to see a general extension of it. For this purpose, handbills expressed in simple and popular language should be distributed ; and an office opened in every parish in the city and suburbs, all of them connected with a central Bank, and placed under strict inspection and controul. We cannot compliment the treasurer, Mr. Taylor, on his ' Summary Account,' which is desultory, superficial, and flippant. But if he performs his trust with fidelity, some other person better qualified may probably address the public hereafter on behalf of the institution. We should regret that the unexpected length to which this article has already extended, obliges us to shorten the remainder of it, did we not hope, from the increasing interest and progress of the plan, and from the development of its effects, to be called on to supply what may now be deficient at some future time. We must, however, endeavour to give a succinct view both of the internal economy of the Banks, and of the legislative measure by which it is proposed to foster them.

For the sake of accurate distinction we shall point out the leading features of Mr. Duncan's plan, as embodied in the Dumfries Regulations, which were drawn up by him, and are published in the second edition of his essay ; and, as we proceed, we shall take notice of the chief differences that exist between this scheme, and that of the '*Edinburgh Savings Bank*,' and others formed on its model. First, with regard to the name of these societies, *Savings Banks*, introduced by the Edinburgh institution, we think it a barbarous innovation. Mr. Duncan feels a predilection for the title *Parish Banks*, and he has established so good a right to choose, that we feel some reluctance in demurring to this preference, and some doubt of the accuracy of our judgment on this point. The name *Parish Bank* seems to convey a false idea ; for even in the Ruthwell Bank itself neither the office-bearers nor the depositors are confined to the parish, nor do we see any good purpose that could be promoted by such a restriction. It is true that the circumstance of a bank being established in a particular parish, and chiefly for the benefit of its inhabitants, may be thought to suggest this name as the most appropriate. But is not the name of the place pre-

ferred into our hands, written by Barber Beaumont, Esq. which contains a detailed account of a *Provident Bank*, recently instituted by himself in the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. This is a work of some research, and we find in it many acute remarks on the *Friendly Bank* schemes of others ; but it is easier to pull down than to build, and the provisions by which he proposes in his own establishment to obviate objections, seem themselves to be replete with danger. One part of his plan is, to deposit the funds of the *Provident Bank* in the hands of a number of treasurers, and to divide these funds in such a manner that not more than 300*l.* nor less than 100*l.* shall be in the possession of any one treasurer. We do not hesitate to say, that this is an Utopian scheme, complicated in the machinery, and impracticable in the execution.

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fixed equivalent to this? Besides, may not the word *Parish*, which seems superfluous, have a tendency to make the people apprehend something compulsory in the plan, and to place the depositors in a degrading point of view? We are inclined to prefer the name, *Friendly Bank*, with the place prefixed, to any we have hitherto heard, not only because it expresses the agreeable idea of mutual aid and advantage, but also because it calls to recollection those societies which the people have been long accustomed to regard with approbation and favour. While we are on this topic, we must notice an error into which Mr. Rose has inadvertently fallen, and which we know, from his own authority, he anxiously desires to correct.

‘Those who have opened the way,’ he observes, ‘for benefits to their country, almost incalculable, are entitled to the thanks of every person in it. To the gentlemen at Edinburgh and Bath, commendations are pre-eminently due; in other parts of Great Britain, however, the principle has been acted upon in a small scale, especially in Scotland, where the parochial institutions for savings are called *Maneges*; so full an account of which is given by Mr. Duncan, the early promoter of them, as to render it quite unnecessary to enter on any particulars respecting them here. But, however well intended they are, there are strong objections to them. In any event the extended establishments are infinitely more to be desired on account of the preferable management of them.’—*Observations*.

Now there is almost as little similarity between a *Menage* and a *Parish Bank* as between a billiard room and a counting house. The contrivance to which Mr. Rose alludes is a miserable expedient, long resorted to by the lowest of the people for supplying the want of such establishments as *Parish* or *Friendly Banks*. In Scotland it is not called *Manege*, but *Menage*, a French term, signifying frugality, or household economy, and which leads us to suppose that the thing, like the name, is of foreign growth. Any number of persons, say fifty-two, enter into an agreement by which they bind themselves to contribute regularly a certain sum, suppose a shilling, weekly, during as many weeks as there are members. The club assembles sometimes at the house of one of their own number, whom they remunerate for the accommodation; but more frequently at some low tavern, where they club for such cheer as they can afford to pay for. Dice are thrown by the company. He who throws highest gains the pool, that is, the whole of the fifty-two shillings, which we have supposed to be the contributions for the week. The winner is bound by the laws of plebeian honour to pay in one shilling a week during the other fifty-one weeks of the scheme, though he can gain no further advantage. The wheel thus goes round till every one has drawn his prize: the scheme is then closed and a new one perhaps engaged in.—*Menages* certainly are
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the most harmless species of gambling that can well be imagined, and, when placed under proper management, have sometimes been found useful :* but no interest is paid, no accumulation is admitted, no provision is made for futurity. Habits of waste and dissipation are often engendered. In all these respects, they are conducted on a different system from Parish Banks; and Mr. Duncan, so far from being the early promoter of them, has, in one of his publications on Parish Banks, warned the public against their dangerous tendency, and pointed out their evil consequences with eloquence and force. His object in mentioning them is to shew that they afford a fair opening for leading those who support them to a wiser and more profitable application of their savings, and his desire is to see them materially improved or altogether abolished.

We observe that the words '*Friendly Society*' make a part of the title of the parent institution of Ruthwell, as well as those of Kelso, Dumfries, &c. This was to bring them within the scope of the Act 33 George III. for the protection of Friendly Societies, properly so called; and the regulations have accordingly been submitted to, and approved of by the Justices of the Peace of the districts. We applaud Mr. Duncan for his ingenuity in so framing the constitution of his little banks as to obtain for them the benefits which the law affords, and at the same time to place them under the inspection of the civil magistrate. We doubt whether the banks on the Edinburgh models can take advantage of this act, as the managers of them are a body altogether distinct from the depositors for whose benefit these banks are designed. The definition of a '*Friendly Society*' is a *voluntary association of a number of persons for mutual benefit*: and the act expressly recognizes and establishes this principle. Accordingly all the depositors, who have made payments for six months, and have not less than one pound in the bank, are entitled to attend General Meetings; and, therefore, such associations seem to be brought fairly within the spirit and scope of the act. In order, however, to check any abuse which might arise from the affairs of the Society being committed to the care of low and inexperienced persons, it is wisely provided that though all such depositors as have been described are entitled to attend and vote at General Meetings, the persons to whom the whole detail of management is committed are to be chosen only out of those, whether they be depositors or not, who are *donors*

* Clubs, similar in their principle to Menages, are frequently formed among the industrious poor, in which a certain sum of money is advanced weekly or monthly by the respective members, and each is provided, in the rotation of his fortune, with a watch, clock, chest of drawers, or such other articles as may have been previously agreed upon, and contracted for at a definite price.—Lord Selkirk is, at present, with admirable effect, actually applying this principle to the building of a village, in the neighbourhood of Kirkcudbright.

or *annual benefactors* to the Society. The higher classes are thus enabled to be at the head of the institution, while their contributions give them a claim of gratitude on the whole body.

This appears to be one of the advantages of the popular principle which enters into Mr. Duncan's plan; and there are others calculated to make us consider it, upon the whole, as preferable to the Edinburgh scheme, in which the depositors are excluded from all management. In the commencement of an institution there often exists a degree of zeal which cannot be expected to continue; and it may be apprehended, that if the managers have no interest, and no responsibility, they will, in the course of a few years, leave the whole care of the concern to one or two pensioned officers, who may, from heedlessness or design, bring the institution into disgrace, and blast the hopes of its supporters.

We have heard it alleged by some very acute persons, that the practice of our public banks, which daily transact business with their customers, but never admit them to any share in the administration, is favourable to the principle of excluding the depositors from any share of the management. The circumstances of the two cases, however, we apprehend, are by no means parallel, and, therefore, will not warrant the same conclusion. In the ordinary public banks the managers are proprietors of Bank Stock, and are strictly accountable to a Board of Directors selected from the whole. Hence the powerful and ever wakeful principle of self-interest pervades the whole economy of the establishments, and affords to the public a strong pledge of the prudence and regularity of their proceedings. Here too, as in other things, competition gives additional security. But in these Friendly Banks the stimulus of private interest can be felt only by the industrious depositors, who ought therefore to have some voice in the management. The observations which we formerly made on the influence of the wealthy, and the disposition of the members to avail themselves of their aid in Friendly Societies, will apply in the case of Friendly Banks with still greater force, inasmuch as the details connected with these are necessarily somewhat more difficult, and therefore peculiarly require the aid of men of intelligence. Mr. Duncan, however, though favourable, perhaps in too great a degree, to the popular system of which we have been speaking, very candidly acknowledges, that in large towns the mixed and incongruous mass that forms the chief part of the population seems to render it expedient to give them the benefits of the institution without hazarding its safety by allowing them a share in conducting it. To this country, where the lower classes, we fear, are less instructed, and certainly less under the controul of moral principles than in Scotland, this exception seems particularly applicable; but it must be applied with

with great delicacy lest it be defeated by prejudice, or by voluntary associations of the lower classes, from which the higher may be systematically excluded. It happens also that in England the increasing pressure of poor-rates is so generally complained of, that the indirect stimulus of interest will be felt, and will operate more strongly on the higher classes, in inducing them to lend their aid, than in Scotland, where these rates have, indeed, a legal sanction, but where their actual existence is confined to a small district, and to a very moderate amount.

In the Dumfries Parish Bank there are two funds. The first, called the deposit fund, consists of the aggregate of the sums lodged at interest for the benefit of the depositors, and may be withdrawn at pleasure. Any sum not less than one shilling is received, and the annual sum deposited must be less than 30*l*. In the Edinburgh Bank not more than 10*l*. can be received. The reason for this limitation is to simplify, as much as possible, the transactions of the Friendly Bank, and to confine it to the mere supply of the desideratum arising from the circumstance of the public banks receiving no smaller deposits than ten pounds. The rule has been adopted by other Friendly Banks to enable them to avail themselves of the offer of 5 per cent. made by the Public Banks (while 4 per cent. is the ordinary rate of interest they allow,) on condition that the former should adopt this limitation. We regret this necessity, and think it would be better to give up the additional one per cent. than interfere so much with the habit of accumulation which it is the great design of these institutions to promote, and to reward. A simple expedient, however, has been suggested by Mr. Duncan for rendering this transference of cash from the Friendly to the Public Bank as little injurious as possible. Let the Treasurer of the Friendly Bank offer to retain in his own hands the Trading Bank's receipts, and give an acknowledgment *signed by him* to the individuals for whom they are held; or let the sum in the Trading Bank be marked in the depositor's duplicate. This will preserve their connection with the Friendly Banks; they will be thankful thus to have an additional safeguard for their little treasure, and though at perfect liberty to withdraw it, will be unwilling to do so, except in cases of necessity. In the Friendly Banks, on the Ruthwell plan, though a deposit of one shilling may be made, no interest is allowed on any sum under one pound; and, after a pound has been lodged, none on any additional deposits, till they amount to another pound, and so on. It is also stipulated in some of these banks, that, to simplify the duty of the treasurer, no interest shall be calculated for any fractional parts of a week, or, in other instances, for any period less than a month. Now as the Trading Banks of Scotland allow 5 per cent. on the aggregate sums weekly deposited by the
Friendly

Friendly Banks, but under the condition above specified, and as the Friendly Banks do not allow 5 per cent. in all cases, it follows that there will be a surplus of interest, accruing to the Saving Banks, which will increase according to the number and regularity of its depositors, and may furnish means for defraying the expenses of management.

As the interest of 12s. 6d. per month at 4 per cent. is exactly one halfpenny, the Edinburgh Bank allows monthly interest for all deposits amounting to this sum, or to its successive multiples, i. e. 12s. 6d., 1l. 5s., 1l. 17s. 6d., 2l. 10s., &c. On either of these plans, with the aid of accurate interest tables, the calculations are a matter of perfect ease. A circumstance common to the Edinburgh and Ruthwell Friendly Banks is, that at the close of every year all the accounts in the ledger are balanced. The interest is added to the capital and placed to the credit of the depositors. New duplicates, or bank receipts, are given to them, the former being called in and cancelled. These duplicates, on a half or quarter sheet of paper, are so contrived as to contain columns both for payments and receipts during all the months of the year, and each week of every month. By looking into his duplicate the peasant or mechanic is reminded, by the vacant spaces, of the use even of one or two superfluous shillings, and the expediency of making gradual provision for the future. The surplus interest needs little calculation. It is the natural result of the operation of the deposit account of the Friendly Bank with the Trading one, and appears at once in striking the balance, by subtracting the sum total of interest due to the depositors for the past year, from the sum total of interest due for the same period by the Trading, or Public Bank, to the Friendly Bank. The surplus interest, or Bank profit, thus appearing by this simplest of all processes, is carried by the Ruthwell Friendly Bank into a separate account under the distinct head of the Auxiliary Fund. This is raised from the donations or annual subscriptions of the benevolent, with the surplus interest or bank profit arising in the manner described. This fund is designed to defray the expense of articles of stationery, printing, and treasurer's salary. The latter of these is the chief article of expenditure; but the office should on no account be gratuitous.—The treasurer ought to be under strict responsibility and controul, as every thing depends on his fidelity; and should unquestionably receive a salary adequate to his trouble. If the annual proceeds of the auxiliary fund be found unequal to the demand, we doubt not that the depositors themselves would contribute to make up the deficiency.

To those who wish to go farther into the detail we would recommend Mr. Rose's Observations, the Summary Account of the
Edinburgh

Edinburgh Savings Bank, The Report of the Committee of the Highland Society, but especially Mr. Duncan's Essay, 2d edition. This last gives an account of the principles on which Saving Banks are founded, and contains the forms and details both of his own and other plans. The third part contains many excellent remarks on Friendly Societies, and on the propriety of uniting them with Saving Banks, so that one set of persons might manage both at the same meeting, though the funds of both should be kept separate. We really wish that Mr. Duncan would omit the title of this division of his Essay in future, and throw his remarks on Friendly Societies (in the promotion and improvement of which he has greatly exerted himself) into a separate section. At present we shall only observe, as an obvious objection to his proposal, that, as by his plan, the Managers of the Friendly Bank, and of the Friendly Society, are each to be appointed by, and responsible to, all the members and depositors, such a plan would exclude every one from the management of either society who should not be connected with both. Besides, *simplicity*, which may be called the first, second, and third requisite of this institution, is likely to be destroyed by the proposed union. We give Mr. Duncan great credit for pleading so ably the cause of Friendly Societies in opposition to those who wish to see them superseded by this new plan. He shews the two to be perfectly consistent, and calculated to promote the same important results. From his concluding remarks we shall make two short quotations.

‘Every thing, however, must depend on the activity, the zeal, and the intelligence of those under whose management the system is conducted, and I cannot conclude without earnestly recommending it to the continued and increasing patronage of the public. Much may be done, with this view, in various ways, by persons in all the different stations of life. The rich may support it by benefactions, the poor by their example; the prudent may promote its prosperity by their advice, men of rank by their influence, the active and skilful by their judicious exertions. But, perhaps, it is in the power of no description of persons more essentially to advance the interests of the Institution, than heads of families, and men engaged in trades and manufactures which require them to employ a number of dependents. Were it possible to persuade such persons of the immense importance of the object in view, we might from this circumstance alone indulge the most flattering hopes.’—p. 61.

The other is from that part of the pamphlet which answers an objection that has sometimes been made to the moral tendency of Provident Institutions.

‘It has been alleged, that, in guarding against the idleness and profligacy of the lower orders, we are attempting to erect a system calculated to excite and to cherish the opposite vice of selfish niggardliness. Were

Were this objection made to an institution, the tendency of which was to increase the parsimony of those who are already blessed with independent fortunes, or even with a competency, no person could be more ready than myself to admit its force; but it must not be forgotten that the Parish Bank is intended for the benefit of the *lower orders*, in whom industry and frugality are not only themselves moral virtues of the first class, but also the foundation of many kindred virtues. There is something noble and affecting in the struggle which a poor man makes to preserve his independence, and to rise superior to the difficulties and discouragements incidental to his situation. The end he has in view, and the privations he must undergo before he can attain that end, are such as must attract the applause and sympathy of every good man. When, from the scanty pittance which he has earned by his honest industry, and which, though it suffices to supply the common wants of nature, is inadequate to procure the conveniences or comforts of life,—when, from that scanty pittance, he is able, by the exercise of a virtuous self denial, to lay up a provision for the exigencies of his family, he exhibits a pattern of prudence and manly resolution, which would do honour to the highest station. The sentiments which give rise to this conduct are nearly allied to the best feelings of the human heart, and the man who can, with such a becoming fortitude, deprive himself of present indulgence for the sake of future independence, will not readily stoop to the suppleness of duplicity, or the baseness of fraud.’—p. 64.

To complete the plan which we proposed, we must make some observations on Mr. Rose’s Bill, which was introduced on the 15th of May, but, after passing the House of Commons in an amended form, was, in the House of Lords, postponed for the session. This delay we consider as a circumstance by no means to be regretted. The discussion which it has undergone will render it much more perfect when it shall be passed into a law, and the marked attention which it has already received will in the mean time tend to extend the benefits of the plan to various parts of the kingdom. The few suggestions and amendments which we shall venture to offer are chiefly on the Bill as it was submitted to the House, as we have not yet received the copy sanctioned by the House of Commons, though we shall allude to some of the alterations which have come to our knowledge through the medium of the parliamentary reports.

Mr. Rose’s Bill gives permission to any number of individuals to form Banks for the savings of industry, on the principle of mutual benefit, and in this, as well as in its other leading enactments, agrees with Mr. Duncan’s plan. The original rules, and every alteration that may be made in them, are to be exhibited to the justices of the peace, at their quarter sessions, and a duplicate, written on parchment, is to be filed by the clerk with the rolls of the sessions, without any fee. This duplicate is to be referred to in

in case of need, and is to be binding on all parties till such rules shall be legally altered. The 14th clause, requiring all such sums of money deposited, as may not be called for by the immediate exigencies of the Institution, to be invested in the government funds of the United Kingdom, has met with great and, as we apprehend, well-founded opposition. By several Scottish members it was combated as equally impracticable and impolitic, and it was chiefly, we believe, in consequence of this clause, that the bill was prevented from extending to Scotland. The advantages to be gained by this mode of investing the money deposited with Friendly or Saving Banks, are set forth in the Report of the Bath Provident Institution. These are chiefly two: the first is, that the Funds afford the best possible security.—This is undeniable; but then it is an advantage which may be too dearly purchased. The 3 per cents., which were some time ago considerably below par, have lately proportionally exceeded it, and by purchasing at 65 or 70 there is a probability of an eventual loss upon the capital. If the value of the stock purchased with the money of the depositors is to remain always exactly equal to the purchase, whatever may be the rise or fall in the market, the depositors who may withdraw their money will indeed have reason to be satisfied, should the price of stocks have fallen below their purchase: but should the price have risen above it, when they withdraw, they will be apt to consider themselves as not only deprived of their legitimate profit, but, if they have purchased above par, even robbed of part of their property. We do not observe any regulation as to this point in Mr. Rose's Bill; nor is it a proper subject for legislation. But to prevent as much as possible the feelings of irritation likely to arise in the minds of the lower classes from the fluctuation of the public funds, and the gambling propensity which such a fluctuation sometimes excites, we are inclined to advise, that all the deposits of individuals which may be vested in the stocks, should be entered *at par* in the Friendly Bank's books. In this way there will be no eventual loss to the concern: and any present defalcation may be made good from the subscriptions of the benevolent, and surplus interest.

The other advantage predicted as likely to attend the investment of the money of the Friendly Banks in the Funds, is, that it will create a new bond of union between the government and the people, and render the latter doubly interested in the good order and stability of the state. Hence submission to their share of those public burdens, which are the means of ensuring to them the regular fruits of their savings, may reasonably be anticipated. And in manufacturing districts, where a crowded population and high wages afford the best encouragement for Provident Banks, such a feeling of personal interest would be highly favourable to the public peace.

peace. All this may be true, and in our Twenty-third Number we stated this as one of the collateral benefits of the plan: but let self-interest, counselled by wisdom and experience, avail itself of this security in its own way and time. Compulsion, we apprehend, will injure the cause, and lead to suspicions that may be fatal to its success. The investment of money belonging to Friendly Banks should be left to the discretion of their members, or to that of the trustees whom they may appoint, and from whom they may require security for its proper application. The intercourse with the Funds, in Scotland especially, is difficult and little understood. But several of the public banks, particularly the Bank of Scotland, which was established in 1697 by Act of Parliament, and which, though in truth a private establishment, is considered as the national bank of that part of the kingdom, have acquired such strength and stability as to be very popular places of deposit, and it would be neither politic nor just to forbid individuals to avail themselves of the benefits which they offer. We must not force men to be patriotic by legislative enactments. We have stated the fluctuation of the Funds to be one great objection to the monopoly which the bill proposes to give to them of the money of Friendly Banks; and we may now add that the delay in the sale of stock may expose these Banks to claims from their creditors which they are not prepared to meet, and may prevent depositors from having that command of their money which is so great a motive to accumulation, and which they might have through the facilities afforded in the ordinary course of business by the public banks.

In the 20th clause of Mr. Rose's Bill, there is an oversight of some importance. It was certainly the design of the right honourable mover to enable the trustees to receive *bequests* as well as donations; yet the latter only are mentioned.

There are several other parts of the Bill which require revision and amendment, and which we doubt not will be attended to when it is again brought forward. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed the parts of it marked 21 and 22. The former of these proposes to enact that the members of Provident Institutions shall not be debarred from parochial relief in case of necessity. The principle on which this clause is founded is at once liberal and politic; and without some such provision in a country like this, where poor-rates have taken deep root, and are contemplated as a certain resource against want, we cannot expect these institutions to extend generally through the lower classes. We are also of opinion with Mr. Rose, that the love and the habit of independence will in many instances prevent those who have saved much from applying for parochial relief. Yet the encouragement, we think, goes much too far; and the firm and able opposition which

this part of the Bill encountered in the House of Commons is just what we expected.—For it is to be observed in the first place, that there is no maximum fixed for the deposits of any individual; and in the second, that though the interest or dividend may in certain cases be applied in whole or in part, by the authority of the justices of the peace, to the support of an applicant for parish aid, ‘yet the principal sum subscribed’ (deposited) ‘by such member shall not be affected or diminished thereby.’ Now a person might have five or six hundred pounds in a Friendly Bank, who from age or accident might be rendered unable to work, or, from having a sickly family, might require considerably more than twenty pounds, (the annual income arising from five hundred pounds, at four per cent.) for their support. Would it not be unjust that a poor tenant, struggling to maintain his credit, and scarcely able to supply his family with the mere necessities of life, should be taxed to make up the deficiency, while he knows that the person thus relieved has an untouched capital which appears in his eyes to be affluence? As the deposits are generally to be made in very small sums, it will not be, perhaps, an easy matter to separate the capital from the interest; but surely it can be no hardship in any case to use the whole interest for the support of the individual and his family, as far as it will go. Here the justices of the peace need not be required to interpose their casuistry.—If they are to have a discretion, let it apply to the capital, and let them have power to protect a part or the whole of it from the overseer’s gripe, according to circumstances, as a reward for past care, and a stimulus to future exertion, should health and opportunity return. That part of the Bill (No. 22,) we consider as peculiarly harsh and inexpedient, which prevents the legal heirs of a depositor who may die intestate from receiving the sum due, otherwise than by letters of administration; except in the case of a wife and children, when the whole amount of principal and interest shall not exceed fifty pounds. Many members of Friendly Banks may have sums at the time of their decease too small to defray the expense of administration, but which would be highly serviceable to their legal representatives. This surely might be in *all plain cases* departed from, when the sum is under fifty pounds, upon a certificate from a clergyman and two church-wardens, and a letter of security against any future claimants from one or two substantial persons. A clause should be inserted to exempt the Friendly Bank money from payment of the legacy duty.

Such are the reflections which a careful consideration of Mr. Rose’s bill has suggested; but we are afraid that it is yet too early to legislate definitively on the subject, and it may be better to proceed with great caution, till, from the collision of different opinions, time

time and experience elicit the light of truth. Should an act be passed during the ensuing Sessions, it ought not, in any degree, to be inquisitorial or coercive. Let it not attempt to lop and prune those tender plants which are spontaneously arising in every quarter of the land, but let it stretch forth a fostering hand to protect them from injury. The safest, perhaps, and most acceptable boon that could at present be given, would be simply to extend to those institutions for the savings of industry, whose regulations shall be approved of by the Quarter Sessions, the whole privileges granted to Friendly Societies by the judicious enactment in their favour (33 Geo. III.) In this case we can foresee no objection whatever to the extension of the act to Scotland. *Pas trop gouverner* is a maxim to which every wise legislator will pay due attention, and, in such cases as that before us, ought never to be forgotten.

We are not aware that establishments, similar in principle to our banks for the savings of the industrious, were ever introduced into any part of the continent. At Hamburgh, indeed, and in various parts of Holland, &c. there were institutions calculated to encourage and reward industry in the lower classes; but these partook of the nature of deferred annuities, and may more properly be classed with those benevolent establishments, which served as the model for some of the provisions of Mr. Pitt's bill. The fate of a very flourishing association of this kind in Hamburgh is more a matter of regret than surprize. The man, who lately grasped at the sceptre of the world, and is now paying the forfeit of his crimes on a solitary rock in the ocean, with that indiscriminating rage for plunder which marked his career, and which, perhaps, more than any other part of his conduct, proved his total want of all the moral qualities of a hero, swept away, not only all the public property of this great commercial city, but also the funds raised for charitable purposes; and, amongst the rest, the little pittance of the industrious poor! This was a death-blow to the institution alluded to.

Deeply sensible as we are of the improved condition of the lower classes of our countrymen in civilization and social comfort, we are sometimes disposed almost to regret, on their account, the abolition of those feudal institutions, which, if they implied vassalage on the part of the peasantry, and were often made the instruments of oppression, yet were in general attended with feelings of reciprocal kindness and personal affection, between the superior and his dependants, which gave to the latter an irresistible claim on the good offices of the former in the seasons of disease and of declining life. We live in a commercial age, in which all classes of the community are eager in the pursuit of gain, and in which the relation of master and servant is too often considered merely as a pecuniary contract, entered into and dissolved, without the slightest

mutual regard. It is painful to reflect how much this remark applies even to the cultivators of the soil, in whom the simplicity of nature and the kindness of affection may be supposed to have taken the deepest root. In proof of this we cannot help referring to the procedure of agricultural associations, who, while they offer a premium of thirty perhaps, or even forty pounds for the rearing of the best sheep, consider the tenth part of that sum as an ample reward for the fidelity of the servant who has remained longest in the employment of his master! The establishment of Friendly Banks is eminently calculated to supply the desideratum which this unfortunate change in our national character has produced.

We too often see the poor man who has spent the vigour of life in laborious industry, abandoned in age to poverty, or left entirely to the un pitying care of parish overseers. To rescue them from a condition so degrading is an act not more of humanity than of sound policy; and those who teach them how to 'gather up the fragments' which might otherwise be wasted or lost, are employed in no useless work. Liberality is the easy and delightful duty of the rich; while frugality, with its self-denying restraints, is a lesson which suits the humble condition of the poor.

We have thus fulfilled our plan: and if any of our readers feel disposed to complain that they have had less of speculation than detail, we can assure them that our labour would have been greatly abridged if we had taken an opposite course. We trust, however, that those who feel a real interest in a subject, humble and unpretending as it appears, will duly appreciate the value of this investigation. They, to whom this subject is indifferent, may censure our minuteness; but those who, like us, regard it as marking an era in political economy, and as intimately connected with the external comfort and moral improvement of mankind, will be gratified to trace the rise and progress of one of the simplest and most efficient plans which has ever been devised for effecting these invaluable purposes.

ART. VII. 1. *Poems, by William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, Esq. in Three Volumes, Vol. III. containing his Posthumous Poetry, and a Sketch of his Life.* By his Kinsman, John Johnson, LL.D. Rector of Faxham with Welborne, Norfolk. 8vo. 1815.

2. *Memoir of the Early life of William Cowper, Esq. Written by Himself, and never before published. With an Appendix, containing some of Cowper's Religious Letters, and other interesting Documents, Illustrative of the Memoir.* 1816.

3. *Memoirs of the most Remarkable and Interesting Parts of the Life of William Cowper, Esq. of the Inner Temple. Detailing particularly*

particularly the Exercises of his Mind in regard to Religion. Written by Himself, and never before published. To which are appended, an Original and Singular Poem, and a Fragment.
1816.

WE consider the present volume of Cowper's Poems as decidedly inferior to its predecessors. Two-thirds of it are composed of translations; and of the original pieces, some were written in the decline of his genius, and others are on unpoetical or unpleasing subjects. Still there is much remaining, in which his characteristic playfulness of humour, his devotion, philanthropy and domestic tenderness, and the justice and manliness of his sentiments, are sufficiently conspicuous; nor, indeed, is there any piece in which his peculiar hand may not be discovered. The biography is not written in a very shining style, but it is an accurate chronicle, and the reflections are just and good.

Much cannot be said for Cowper's Latin poetry. It wants ease and harmony, and classical perfection; nor is the absence of these qualities compensated by any extraordinary force of style or beauty of idea. Indeed, there is a certain degree of artifice requisite in writing modern Latin poetry; and artifice of a kind alien to Cowper's genius. The merit of this sort of composition consists more in choice of expression, embellishment of common thoughts, and well-wrought imitation of three or four standard writers, and less in vivid description or the sublimities of action and passion, than that of English poetry.

The versions of Milton are executed with tolerable success:—but, to speak the truth, we do not think very highly of the originals themselves. The Ode to Rouse, which cost the translator most trouble, has perhaps repaid it least: there is ‘much mythologic stuff’ in the Latin verses of the great bard, which could by no artifice be rendered palatable. The following lines are from one of the epistles to Diodati. The reader will remember Johnson's citation of the first part of the passage, ‘Me tenet urbs reflua.’ After an allusion to the sentence of rustication passed upon him, the poet proceeds thus:

‘I would, that, exiled to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more.
He then had equal'd even Homer's lays,
And Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise.
For here I woo the Muse, with no controul,
And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.
Here too I visit, or to smile, or weep,
The winding theatre's majestic sweep;
The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
My spirits, worn in learning's long pursuits;
Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,
Sailor, or soldier, now unarm'd, be there,

Or some coif'd brooder o'er a ten-years' cause
Thunder the Norman gibb'rish of the laws, &c.'—p. 116.

In the epistle to his tutor, Thomas Young, at Hamburgh, there occurs a beautiful little sketch of a christian pastor's family life : and the following lines, from the same piece, contain sentiments such as Cowper delighted to express.

' But thou take courage ! strive against despair !
Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care !
Grim war, indeed, on ev'ry side appears,
And thou art menac'd by a thousand spears ;
Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend
Ev'n the defenceless bosom of my friend.
For thee the ægis of thy God shall hide,
Jehovah's self shall combat by thy side.
The same, who vanquish'd under Sion's tow'rs,
At silent midnight, all Assyria's pow'rs,
The same, who overthrew in ages past
Damascus' sons that lay'd Samaria waste !
' Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may,)
Still hope, and triumph, o'er thy evil day !
Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
And to enjoy, once more, thy native home !'—pp. 128, 129.

The first verses in the volume, on finding the heel of a Shoe at Bath, are in the manner of the Splendid Shilling, and display at the age of seventeen that exuberant humour which attended our author in after-life. The Epistle to Lloyd is full of liveliness, and that to Lady Austen unites innocent gaiety with just and dignified reflection. The dialogue between the Pipe and the Snuff-box is a counterpart to the 'Report of an Adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books :' the Colubriad is of the same stamp. The following tribute of praise to the memory of Ashley Cowper, Esq. has great merit.

' Farewell ! endued with all that could engage
All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age !
In prime of life, for sprightliness enroll'd
Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old ;
In life's last stage—O blessings rarely found—
Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd :
Through ev'ry period of this changeful state
Unchang'd thyself—wise, good, affectionate !
' Marble may flatter ; and lest this should seem
O'ercharged with praises on so dear a theme,
Although thy worth be more than half suppress'd,
Love shall be satisfied, and veil the rest.'—p. 80.

The fragment on the Four Ages might have been the introduction to a second 'Task ;' that on the Yardley Oak is, perhaps, the most characteristic specimen of Cowper ; with his usual alloy of homeliness,

homeliness, and want of selection, it exhibits a copiousness of thought and expression, worthy of Dryden or Cowley. We close our extracts with the following beautiful sonnet—

'To Mrs. UNWIN.

' Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heav'n as some have feign'd they drew,
An eloquence scarce giv'n to mortals, new
And undebas'd by praise of meaner things,
That ere through age or wo I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heav'nly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright :
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.'—p. 222.

At the time when our poetry began to emerge from the bondage of formality and pomp, Cowper appeared to advance the cause of nature and true taste. With an opinion sufficiently high of Pope and his contemporaries, modest and unenterprising, alive to censure, and seemingly scarcely conscious that he was an innovator, he yet helped essentially to restore the elder vigour and simplicity, by presenting to us the primitive Muse of England in her own undisguised features, her flexibility of deportment, her smiles and tears, her general animation and frequent rusticity. From the effects which this exhibition produced on the public, satiated with classical imitation and antithesis, he may be reckoned among the patriarchs of the present school of poetry.

Cowper's qualities are, copiousness of idea, often without sufficient choice; keenness of observation, descending occasionally to wearisomeness or disgust; an addiction to elevated thought and generous feeling; and a pliable manner, passing easily from the tender to the sublime, and again to the humorous. In the very throng and press of his observations on the most serious subjects, it is not unusual to encounter an effusion of wit, or a familiar remark. This may seem a strange anomaly in a writer of Cowper's turn; yet it is to be accounted for. The subjects in question were the constant themes of his meditation, the fountains of his actions, his hopes, his duties; they were inwoven with his mind, and he spoke of them with that familiarity, perfectly distinct from lightness, with which men naturally speak of what is habitual to them, though connected with their happiness, and involving many hopes and fears. It must be confessed, however, that he sometimes uses expressions, which, in a person of different principles, would be interpreted as the language of levity.

His great work, the *Task*, was welcomed on its appearance with general acclamation. It has ever since continued to rank with the most popular poems. This performance, so singular in its nature and original, has a sufficient admixture of faults: some passages are tedious, others uninteresting, and others even revolting. The language is often tinged with meanness, and pathos and beauty are sometimes interrupted by witticism. The charm of the work consists in its tender, generous and pious sentiments; in the frankness and warmth of its manner, its sketches of nature, eulogies of country retirement, and interesting allusions to himself and those he loves; the refreshing transitions from subject to subject, and the elasticity with which he varies his tone, though the change is not always without offence; and the glow, which when a poet feels, he is sure to impart to others. We share his walks, or his fire-side, and hear him comment on the newspaper or the last new book of travels; converse with him as a kind familiar friend, or hearken to the counsels of an affectionate monitor. We attend him among the beauties and repose of nature, or the mild dignity of private life; sympathize with his elevations, smile with him at folly, and share his indignation at oppression and vice—and if he sometimes detains us too long in the hot-house, or tires us with political discussion, we love him too well to wish ourselves rid of him on that account. He is most at home on nature and country retirement—friendship—domestic life—the rights and duties of men—and, above all, the comforts and excellencies of religion: his physical dejection never overcasts his doctrines; and his devout passages are, to us, the finest of his poem. There is not in Milton or Akenside such a continuation of sublime thoughts as in the latter parts of the fifth and sixth books. The peroration is remarkably graceful and solemn.

Cowper appears, at least at one time, to have preferred his first published didactic poems to the *Task*. There is something in priority of composition; and the *Task* was to him an *Odyssey*, a second work on lighter subjects, taken up more as a relaxation, written less with a view of his most favourite subject and less with the awful, yet elevating, sense of performing a momentous duty. Whatever may be attributed to these considerations, we think that a poet's opinion of his own performance is seldom without some foundation—and that many of these pieces are more uninterruptedly pleasing, and contain fewer intervals of insipidity, than the longer poem. *Table Talk* is a distinct production, a kind of *Task* in Miniature; as *Young's Resignation* is another *Night-Thought*. It abounds with passages of wit, energy and beauty, and is replete with good sense. There is something in it which reminds us of Churchill. The seven succeeding poems are mostly sets of precepts and remarks, characters and descriptions, delivered in a poetical manner. Here, as elsewhere, his wit, always powerful, is often clumsy,

clumsy, and sometimes, from being more intent on the sentiment than the expression, his language deviates into prose. There is, besides, a want of system in the subjects of each piece, which in some injures the continuity of interest. Still there is so much unsophisticated description, and sentiment, and humour—the richness of the poet's heart and mind are so diffused over the whole, that they will always be read with delight. He who would behold the full beauty of Christianity, might be referred to these poems—especially the last four.

Cowper's light pieces are characterized by vigour, playfulness, and invention; debased sometimes by inelegance, and even by conceits. His *Tales* are excellent. The verses for the *Bills of Mortality* are poetical and impressive; and the *Epistle to Hill* is quite Horatian. His lines on his mother's picture display remarkably his powers of pathos. Such a strain of mellowed and manly sorrow, such affectionate reminiscences of childhood unmingled with trifling, such an union of regret with piety, is seldom to be found in any language.

His translation of *Homer* retains much of the old poet's simplicity, without enough of his fire. Cowper has removed the gilded cloud which *Pope* had cast over him; and his version, though very imperfect, is the more faithful portrait of the two.

In the *Task*, the author has introduced a new species of blank verse; a medium between the majestic sweep and continuous variety of *Milton* and *Akenside*, and the monotony of *Young* and *Thomson*. It is suited to his subject, smooth and easy, yet sufficiently varied in its structure to give the ear its proper entertainment. Sometimes, as in the description of the *Sicilian earthquake*, and the *Millennium*, he seems to aspire higher. He affects much the pause on the third and seventh syllables, the latter of which combines dignity with animation more than any other. It must be confessed, however, that he has not avoided flatness and uniformity. His rhyme has the freedom and energy of *Dryden's*, without its variety. His diction resembles his versification; forcible, but often uncouth. It is the language of conversation, elevated by metaphors, *Miltonic* constructions, and antiquated expressions, above the level of prose.

His letters are full of the man—of his mildness, philanthropy, and domestic temper; his pensiveness and devotion, his overstrained timidity, and his liveliness of imagination. They form the principal charm of *Hayley's Life*—for of all biographers, *Mr. Hayley* is happily the least loquacious; the letters, like the anecdotes in *Boswell's Johnson*, compensate for the scantiness or ordinary quality of the narrative with which they are interwoven. We think them equal to any that we have met with. There is a delightful playfulness

playfulness pervading them, which is perhaps the most attractive quality of an epistle.

Cowper was versed in the irony which criminales without provoking,

— the chiding which affection loves,

Dallying with terms of wrong—

the well-wrought affectation of pomp or gravity, and the thousand other artifices, by which an agreeable sunshine is thrown over poverty or dulness of matter. Sometimes, too, in the midst of sportiveness, an effusion of tenderness occurs, extremely affecting. It is a most interesting spectacle, to survey the group of excellent persons assembled round our poet—their heroic exertions for his comfort, and his warm returns of gratitude: such scenes are among the 'greenest spots' of this world, and are almost enough to make us forget its miseries. His opinions on various subjects, expressed in these letters, flow less from any expansion of intellect or depth of penetration, than from plain sense, a cultivated understanding, and that clear-headedness which attends on virtue, and which enables it to discern many things which superior faculties, blinded by a bad heart or vicious habits, fail of discerning.

In the morality of his poems, Cowper is honourably distinguished from most of his brethren. Our poets have too often deviated into an incorrect system of morals, coldly delivered; a smooth, polished, fild-down Christianity; a medium system, between the religion of the Gospel and the heathen philosophy, and intended apparently to accommodate the two. There is nothing to comfort or guide us, no satisfying centre on which to fix our desires; no line is drawn between good and evil; we wander on amid a waste of feelings sublimated to effeminacy, desires raised beyond the possibility of gratification, and passions indulged till their indulgence seems almost a necessary of life. We rise with heated minds, and feel that something still is wanting. In Cowper, on the contrary, all is reality; there is no doubt, no vagueness of opinion; the only satisfactory object on which our affections can be fixed, is distinctly and fully pointed out; the afflicted are consoled, the ignorant enlightened. A perfect line is drawn between truth and error. The heart is enlisted on the side of religion; every precept is just, every motive efficacious. Sensible that every vice is connected with the rest; that the voluptuous will become hard-hearted, and the unthinking licentious; he aims his shafts at all: and as Gospel truth is the base of morality, it is the groundwork of his precepts.

In the remarks we have hazarded on poetical morality, far be it from us to aim at introducing a cheerless monastic air into works of fancy, or diminishing the quantum of poetic pleasure:—our system would have the very contrary effect. It would relieve us

from

from revolting pictures of crime, touched, retouched, and dwelt upon even to weariness; from long depressing complaints of the miseries of life; from the persevering malignity which pains us in reading the works of some of our most approved satirists; from the tinge of impurity, which makes us dread the pleasure we receive from some exquisitely wrought descriptions; from the want which we feel in many a favourite character of fiction—Poetry would be as cheerful as the spring sun, and as vivifying. All the sources of delight would remain, only heightened and rectified; our pleasure would be more full, and it would be without fear.

We come now to Cowper's own Memoirs. We are not sure that the publication of them is proper in itself, or can be otherwise than unacceptable to his family and friends. Doubtless, it is always consoling to know, that crime has been followed by repentance; and it is the greatest triumph which can be desired for virtue, when the offender is reclaimed from profligacy and brought to a joyful acknowledgment of the obligations of religion. But there is a propriety of manner which belongs to such representations. While we hail the sanctity which shines forth in the later days of the sinner reformed, we do not like to be carried back to all the particulars of his early offences. It is quite sufficient that we know their general truth. When they are pressed once more upon our notice, with all their minuteness, they have a tendency, in spite of our feelings, to detract somewhat from our respect. This proceeding joins, as it were, a living body with a dead one, and we shrink from the forced and unnatural connexion. If it be said, that the Memoirs are the confessions of Cowper concerning himself, we answer, that what it might be proper and beneficial for Cowper to write for his own private admonition, it may not be equally proper to publish to the world. It is evident, indeed, with what feelings Cowper drew up these Memoirs. He meant to punish himself for his late offences. With the spirit of a true penitent, he placed them before his eyes as a memorial and a terror to his own heart,—as a guard against all future relapses. If he contemplated the perusal of them by any other eye, it was that of the friendly and affectionate family under whose roof he was now placed, and where his good principles received, if not their beginning, yet their principal strength and growth. We will not enlarge, however, on this subject, but pass on to the 'Memoirs' themselves. They contain a short history of his religious life during his first thirty-four years, including the great change which was known to have taken place in his mind on these points. The publisher of the larger edition (we call it the larger for the sake of distinction, though both are small) gives no account of his copy; but from the preface of the other, and from the work itself, we learn that it was originally

ginally written for the author and some of his friends, without any purpose of publication; and that after his death manuscript copies of it were possessed by many persons, from one of whom the editor received it: to which we may add, of our own information, that it has been in the hands of several gentlemen in one of the universities.

Cowper describes himself as having had few religious thoughts till his thirty-second year. For the consolation which he received under the pressure of juvenile tyranny, by the recollection of a passage in the Psalms, and for all that relates to his early life, previously to his settlement in the Temple, we refer to the work. Not long after this event, he was seized with a depression of spirits, utterly insurmountable by amusement or literary pursuits; 'lying down in horror, and rising up in despair.' At length he found Herbert's Devotional Poems, the reading of which much alleviated his melancholy; he was, however, persuaded to put them by, as being calculated to exasperate his wound. His misery then returned.

'In this state of mind I continued nearly a twelvemonth; when, having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, I at length betook myself to God in prayer. Weak as my faith was, the Almighty, who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, was graciously pleased to hear me.

'I embraced an opportunity of going with some friends to Southampton, where I spent several months. Soon after our arrival, we walked about two miles from the town. The morning was mild and serene, the sun shone brightly upon the sea, and the country upon the borders of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence at the end of that arm of the sea which is between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was that on a sudden, as if another sun had been kindled that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off, my heart became light and joyful in a moment. I could have wept with transport, had I been alone. *I must needs believe that* nothing less than the Almighty could have filled me with such an inexpressible delight; not by a gradual dawning of peace, but, as it were, with a flash of his life-giving countenance. I think I remember something like a glow of gratitude to the Father of Mercies for this unexpected blessing; and that I ascribed it to His gracious acceptance of my prayers.'—pp. 18, 19, 20.

This circumstance, however, making no impression, he passes twelve years of dissipation in the Temple, and having nearly consumed his patrimony, and being hopeless of repairing it by his own exertions, by a train of circumstances which we shall omit he is appointed Clerk of the Journals. Being ordered to prove his sufficiency for the place before the bar of the House, he attends daily at the Office to examine the Journals, in total despair of ever qualifying himself for the station.

'I read,'

‘I read,’ he says, ‘without perception, and was so distressed, that had every clerk in the office been my friend, it would have availed me little: for I was not in a condition to receive instruction, much less to elicit it out of manuscripts without direction.’—pp. 29, 30.

After more than half a year thus spent, he repairs to Margate, and at length, by dismissing the subject, obtains a transitory relief of mind. He is again, however, required to ‘attend the office, and to prepare for the push.’ With this labour, his misery returns. He finds himself reduced to the alternative of exposing himself to public degradation, or resigning the office, and bringing his benefactor’s discretion into question. His despair vents itself in angry murmurs against Providence; he seeks in vain for relief in medicine, wishes for madness, and often expresses his expectations of its approach.

The decisive day draws near, and the horrid expedient of self-murder occurs to him:—the history of his attempts will be read with fearful interest. Eight or nine assaults made by this unhappy man upon his own life, and some repeated more than once, successively fail: for the particulars we refer to the book, from which it appears that, amidst incipient derangement, reason still predominated in his mind. He resigns the office; and, from circumstances which occurred in one of these dreadful attempts, apprehending an apoplexy, he consults a physician, and, finding there is no danger, resolves to continue in his Temple residence. Here at length a natural horror of his late intention, and the recollection of his past life, overwhelm him with remorse; obviously aggravated by his increasing derangement.

‘I never went into the street, but I thought the people stared and laughed at me, and held me in contempt; and I could hardly persuade myself, but that the voice of my conscience was loud enough for every body to hear it. Those who knew me, seemed to avoid me; and if they spoke to me, they seemed to do it in scorn. I bought a ballad of one who was singing it in the street, because I thought it was written on me. I dined alone, either at the tavern, where I went in the dark, or at the chop-house, where I always took care to hide myself in the darkest corner of the room. I slept generally an hour in the evening, though it was only to be terrified in dreams; and when I awoke it was some time before I could walk steadily through the passage into the dining room; I staggered and reeled like a drunken man. The eyes of man I could not bear; but to think that the eyes of God were upon me, which I was assured of, gave me intolerable anguish.’—pp. 56, 57.

His fevered mind is now deluded into a supposition, that he has committed an unpardonable sin; and neither reason, nor Scripture, nor the arguments of his brother, who had come to his relief, are of any avail under this conviction.

‘I had indeed a sense of eternity impressed upon my mind, which almost amounted to a full comprehension of it. My brother, grieved to the

the heart with the sight of my misery, tried to comfort me; but all to no purpose. I refused comfort, and my mind (sins) appeared to me in such colours, that to administer it to me, was only to exasperate me, and mock my fears.'

Subjoined to the smaller edition from which we quote, is a short poem supposed to be written at this time; no account is given of it, but from internal evidence, we have no doubt that it is his: it is a dreadful picture of despondency. After having experienced a temporary relief from the religious consolations of his friend Martin Madan, the distemper, which had been so long hovering over him, takes full possession of his mind.

'A strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light upon the brain without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and cried aloud through the pain it gave me. At every stroke my thoughts and expressions became more wild and incoherent; all that remained to me clear, was the sense of sin and the expectation of punishment. These thoughts kept undisturbed possession of my mind all the way through my illness, without interruption or abatement.'—p. 66.

His brother and friends, consulting on his case, agreed that he should be removed to a house belonging to the skilful and humane Dr. Cotton, and appropriated to such persons. Here, after many months of misery, reason in a great measure returned, but unaccompanied by hope. Soon, however, a great change took place—it is thus related:

'In about three months more, July 25th, 1764, my brother came from Cambridge to visit me. Dr. Cotton having told him he thought me greatly mended, he was rather disappointed at finding me almost as silent and reserved as ever; for the first sight of him struck me with many painful sensations, both of sorrow for my own remediless condition, and envy of his happiness. As soon as we were alone, he asked me how I found myself; I answered, "As much better as despair can make me." We went together into the garden. Then on expressing that settled assurance of sudden judgment, he protested to me that it was all a delusion, and protested it so strongly, that I could not help giving some attention to him—I burst into tears, and cried out, "If it is a delusion, then I am the happiest of beings." Something like a ray of hope was shot into my heart. Still I was afraid to indulge it. We dined together, and I spent the afternoon in a more cheerful manner. Something seemed to whisper to me every moment, "Still, however, there is mercy." Even after he had left me, this change of sentiment gathered ground continually, yet my mind was in such a fluctuating state, that I can only call it a vague presage of better things to come, without being able to assign a reason for it.'—"I went to bed, and slept well. In the morning I dreamt that the sweetest boy I ever saw came dancing up to my bedside. He seemed just out of leading-strings;

strings; yet I took particular notice of the firmness of his tread. The sight affected me with pleasure, and served at least to harmonize my spirits; so that I awoke for the first time with a sensation of delight upon my mind. Still, however, I knew not where to look for the establishment of the comfort I felt.—

‘Within a few days of my first arrival at St. Albans, I had thrown aside the word of God, as a book in which I had no longer any interest or portion. The only instance in which I can recollect reading a single chapter, was about two months before my recovery. Having found a Bible upon the bench in the garden, I opened it upon the eleventh of St. John, where Lazarus is raised from the dead; and saw so much benevolence, mercy, goodness, and sympathy with miserable man, in our Saviour’s conduct, that I almost shed tears even after the relation; little thinking that it was an exact type of the mercy that Jesus was upon the point of extending towards myself. I sighed and said, “Oh that I had not rejected so good a Redeemer, that I had not forfeited all his favour!” Thus was my heart softened, though not yet enlightened. I closed the book without intending to open it again. Having risen with somewhat of a more cheerful feeling, I repaired to the room where breakfast waited for me. While I sat at the table, I found the cloud of horror, which had so long hung over me, every moment passing away; and every moment came fraught with hope. I was continually more and more persuaded, that I was not utterly doomed to destruction. The way of salvation, however, was still hid from my eyes, nor did I see at all more clearly than before my illness.’

‘But the happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was now arrived; I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the twenty-fifth of the third chapter of Romans: “Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.” I immediately received strength to believe, and the full beams of the sun of righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fulness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed, and received the Gospel. Whatever my friend Madan had said to me so long before, revived in all its clearness, with demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.

‘Unless the Almighty arm had now been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport, I could only look to heaven in silence, overwhelmed with love and wonder.’——‘How glad should I have now been to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving! I lost no opportunity of repairing to a throne of grace, but flew to it with an eagerness irresistible, and never to be satisfied. Could I help it? could I do otherwise than to love and rejoice in my reconciled Father in Christ Jesus? The Lord had enlarged my heart, and “I ran in the way of his commandments.”

‘For

'For many succeeding weeks, tears were ready to flow if I did but speak of the Gospel, or mention the name of Jesus. To rejoice day and night was my employment: too happy to sleep much, I thought it was lost time that was spent in slumber.'

The above extract, for the length of which we make no apology, resembles many parts of our author's poems: we refer to the latter part of 'Hope' in particular, which evidently flowed from the self-same feelings. After a narrative of some other occurrences, the work concludes with his settlement in the house of his excellent friends the Unwins. It is written in the easy English style of the days of Queen Ann; which, in its better parts, we would willingly see revived. To the larger edition is subjoined an Appendix, containing a few of Cowper's religious letters, some just remarks on his life from a periodical work, and extracts on the sin of suicide. One of these is from Cowper's letters, on Hume's arguments in favour of self-murder. It is indeed impossible not to observe, as in the case of Gibbon, that where Hume deserted the Gospel, it deserted him; and that the advocate of deism was the advocate of suicide and debauchery. The remarks from the American divine are worthy of universal perusal, to which we earnestly recommend them. The sentences which conclude the volume, though just in their contents, have rather a ludicrous air.

There are many things in this volume, which, on a hasty perusal, may be deemed extravagant. We consider this as unfortunate, so far as it may prejudice many against what does not in reality deserve it. Piety holds no parley with fanaticism, nor needs its alliance; religion disdains to be defended by other means than those of truth: 'in the celestial armoury of Christianity,' says an excellent contemporary moralist, 'no such weapons as enthusiasm and error are to be found;' and it is on this principle that we wish to vindicate the present work from the imputation of enthusiasm; lest the enemies of Christianity should have it in their power to say, that the piety of any one had been increased, or his truth in the divine mercy confirmed, by a narrative of delusions. It was indeed our decided opinion, even before we read this book, that a change of life and sentiments so total, and of such a kind, as Cowper was known to have experienced; a system of religion so sublime, yet so rational, so spiritual, yet so practical, as he inculcates, could not by any possibility be the effects of fanaticism. Nor have these Memoirs altered our opinion. No miracles are alleged, no discoveries in religion broached; what was delirium, is called such; where he was under the influence of a mistake, he expressly mentions it; where his delusion exaggerated indifferent actions into gross crimes, he tells us. With a tinge from his own opinions, the work is pervaded and vivified by a spirit of rational awe, devotion,
and

and thankfulness. Providential interpositions, and divine influence, are indeed supposed. But the train of circumstances, by which his dreadful attempts at self-destruction were repeatedly prevented, was so striking, that even a man of sober sense, might, without in the least forfeiting his claim to rationality, gratefully suppose them to proceed from the special care of a benevolent Deity; and if an opinion, thus formed, may have led the author astray with regard to some less remarkable occurrences, it is not to be imputed to a superstitious taint, but to a human error in reasoning.

ART. VIII.—1. *A Sketch of the British Fur Trade in North America; with Observations relative to the North-West Company of Montreal.* 8vo. By the Earl of Selkirk. London: 1816.

2. *Voyage de la Mer Atlantique à l'Océan Pacifique par le Nord-ouest dans la Mer Glaciale; par le Capitaine Laurent Ferrer Maldonado, l'an 1588. Nouvellement traduit d'un Manuscrit Espagnol, et suivi d'un Discours qui en démontre l'Authenticité et la Vérité, par Charles Amoretti. Plaisance: de l'Imprimerie del Majno.* 1812.

NO one will doubt that Lord Selkirk is an amiable, honourable, and intelligent man—but he has the misfortune to be a protector. We are persuaded, however, that his are not the deep-laid schemes of a sordid narrow-minded calculator, but the suggestions of an ardent imagination and a benevolent heart—such as are apt sometimes to overlook difficulties which it is not easy to overleap.

It will be remembered that his lordship, some years ago, made an attempt, in part a successful one, to divert the tide of emigration from the Highlands of Scotland to the United States, and turn it to Prince Edward's Island, within the territories of Great Britain. His intentions were, no doubt, benevolent and humane; but, an impulse was supposed to be given to them by the ruling passion of reviving, in North America, that species of feudal system which was finally extinguished in North Britain about 'seventy years since.' His lordship was thought to be ambitious of becoming the head of a clan—the chieftain and founder of numerous families. For such expansive views an island was too confined a sphere: but the neighbouring continent had all the requisites that could possibly be wished—an indefinite extent of territory, abounding in woods and plains, and extensive lakes, and navigable rivers; with a soil capable of affording subsistence for millions, but nearly untenanted, save by the beasts of the forests, claimed as the exclusive property of some trading merchants under the grant of a Royal Charter, who would neither cultivate any part of it themselves, nor suffer others

to do it; he set about devising the means of rescuing some of the best parts of it from so unprofitable a condition. For this purpose, it is said, and we believe truly, his lordship purchased, at a price far beyond its value, about *one-third part* of the stock of the Hudson's Bay Company;—the whole of which is only £100,000. A proprietor to such an extent could not well be refused a favour from the Governors of the Company; and they granted him, what we rather think the Law Officers of the Crown have decided they had no power to grant, a wide extent of country held, or supposed to be held, under their Charter, of which he proceeded to take possession.

‘He was called away from England,’ he says, ‘to a remote part of the British dominions for the purpose, not only of defending his rights of property from threatened infringement, but also to give his personal support to a considerable body of individuals who, in a great degree, looked up to him for protection, and against whom a train of premeditated and violent aggression has been committed by their fellow subjects.’

On his arrival in Canada he found the territory which he was about to settle, and indeed the whole of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes of Canada to the extreme North, overrun by the servants of an Association of Merchants in London and Montreal calling itself the *North-west Company*, between which and the Hudson's Bay Company there had long subsisted a deadly feud. At Montreal, we presume, he writes his ‘Sketch of the Fur Trade,’ which is well calculated to bring down public indignation on the heads of those who conduct, or who are concerned in it. The pains that appear to be taken, and the plans that are laid, to seduce the inoffensive savages into habits of vice, in order that the ‘traders’ may the more easily exercise a brutal tyranny over them; and the ferocious and unfeeling conduct of the Canadian rivals in the fur trade towards each other, setting at defiance all religion, morality and law, are stated in such terms and on such evidence, that they are not only ‘deserving the early attention of the public,’ but will command it, and, we doubt not, call forth the immediate interference of the legislature.

It would seem, however, that Lord Selkirk has not thought fit to await the decision of the legislature or the executive government. The details of the extraordinary and atrocious transactions which have urged his lordship to the strange steps he has taken are not yet fairly before the public. Private letters, however, from interested individuals say, that Mr. Semple, recently appointed Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, while on a journey to inspect its forts and establishments in the ‘Indian territories,’ fell in with a party of natives carrying provisions to some of the trading establishments of the North-

North-west Company; that Mr. Semple, through a mistaken zeal for the interests of his employers, hesitated to let them pass; that a scuffle ensued, in which the unfortunate governor and about twenty of his people were put to death. Mr. Semple could scarcely have denied the right of a passage to the natives through their own territories. The account given in the *Montreal Herald* of the 12th October, evidently from one of the few persons who survived the massacre, is probably the true one. From this it appears, that a regular expedition was fitted out by the North-west Company, to drive away, for the second time, the people belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, who had re-possessed themselves of their establishment on the Red-river. Mr. Semple, observing their approach from the fort, said 'We must go and meet those people—let twenty men follow me.' They had only proceeded a few hundred yards, when several colonists came running towards them in great dismay, crying out, 'The North-west Company—the "half breeds!"' Having advanced about half a mile from Fort Douglas, a numerous body of cavalry appeared from behind a wood, and surrounded the Governor and his people, when one Bouché, a Canadian, rode up to Mr. Semple, demanding their 'fort.' The Governor answered, 'Go to your fort.' 'You,' retorted Bouché, 'have destroyed our fort, you damned rascal.' 'Scoundrel,' said Semple, laying his hand upon Bouché's bridle, 'dare you call me so?' Bouché sprang from his horse, and a shot was immediately fired, by which Lieut. Holt fell. The next shot wounded the Governor, who called out to his men, 'Do what you can to take care of yourselves;' but he was so much beloved that they affectionately gathered round him to learn what injury he had suffered; when a volley of musketry was poured into the group, which killed several and wounded the greater part of them.

The cavalry galloped towards the survivors, who took off their hats and called for mercy. But this address for mercy was made to the servants of the North-west Company, and at their hands was immediately received by what must be presumed the accustomed measure of their compassion—a speedy termination of earthly calamities. The knife, the axe, or the ball, in able and willing hands, soon placed in lasting repose, those whom pain or terror had rendered clamorous. One only was spared, through the exertions of a Canadian to whom he had been intimately known—two others were providentially saved by escaping to a canoe, and two more, by swimming, in the tumult, to the other side of the river.

Thus fell Governor Semple, a man of amiable and modest manners, and of a most humane and benevolent disposition,—his private secretary, the surgeon, two officers, and fifteen settlers. Their bodies are stated to have been barbarously mangled to gratify the savage rancour of their murderers, commanded by a Mr. Cuthbert

Grant, who told the survivor, if the remainder in the fort shewed the least resistance, 'neither man, woman, nor child, should be saved.' The distress and horror of those who had been left in the fort, and of others who had fled thither for safety, is thus described by the prisoner sent to summon it:

'The wives, children, and relatives of the slain, were there collected, mourning for the dead, despairing for the living, and in agonies of horror, such as can be expressed in no language, nor even imagined, but by the minds of those on whom the Almighty may have permitted an equal visitation.'

The writer further states, that death was not the worst they had to dread, as one McDonald had encouraged his people, by promising them, in addition to the plunder they had to expect, the wives and daughters of the settlers, for the gratification of their brutal desires.

When the account of this horrid transaction reached Montreal, Lord Selkirk, it seems, determined at once to secure the culprits or their employers, and for this purpose proceeded up the country, taking with him a considerable number of people, consisting chiefly of disbanded men from Meuron's regiment; marched them, as his enemies say, directly against Fort William, (the principal post of the North-west Company on Lake Superior,) and, having summoned the garrison in a true military style, which is said to have surrendered at discretion, sent the whole of the *North-westers*, including the Mac Gillivrays, the Mac Leods, Mac Kenzies, Frazers, and many other

'Scottish northern chiefs

Of high and warlike name,'

as prisoners of war to Montreal, where they were released from their parole, or, in other words, admitted to bail.

His lordship's friends, however, say that he took possession by the more peaceable process of a warrant issued by himself in his capacity of magistrate. Indeed we hardly can persuade ourselves that Lord Selkirk would venture to exercise, under any authority, such a stretch of power as is here imputed to him; at least his avowed political principles lead us to think otherwise. But we hasten to his pamphlet, which fully prepares us—not only for transactions like that just mentioned, but—for almost any species of outrage and aggression.

When Canada was a province of France, the fur trade was carried on under a system of exclusive privileges. The governor granted licenses to individuals to trade with the Indians, within certain prescribed limits; the persons who obtained these privileges being generally officers of the army or others of respectable family-connexion; and this system, Lord Selkirk observes, established and extended

extended the political influence of the French government in its transactions with the Indian nations of America. The privileged traders were generally men of education, and it was their interest, as well as duty, to promote the general objects expected from them; knowing that, on failure, their exclusive rights would be withdrawn. Their conduct besides was closely watched by the missionaries, whose attention was particularly directed to the prevention of abuses arising from the sale of spirituous liquors among the savages. This system had the best effect in improving the character and increasing the comforts of the natives; 'as a proof of which,' says Lord Selkirk, 'we need only compare the present state of the Indians in Canada, with that in which they stood immediately after the conquest of that province by Great Britain, at which period populous villages existed in many districts where, at present, we meet only two or three wandering families, and these addicted to the most brutal excesses, and a prey to want and misery.'

This system of traffic, however, being inconsistent with the received principles of 'freedom of trade' under the English government, was speedily abolished, and the trade thrown open; the first adventurers made large profits; and this encouraged others to embark in the same concern; a keen commercial competition arose, which, if confined to *innocent* barter, might have been advantageous to the Indians by supplying them with better goods on more reasonable terms: but it was soon discovered that, of all the goods offered for sale, a profuse supply of spirituous liquors was the shortest and most ready mode of obtaining a preference in the market. The propensity of the Indians to intoxication was fostered by unbounded temptation; and disorders of all kinds were the result: the rival traders, scattered over a country of immense extent, and removed to a distance from all civil authority, believed, and were confirmed in the belief, that the commission of almost every crime would pass with impunity. 'Every art,' says Lord Selkirk, 'which malice could devise, was exerted without restraint, and the intercourse of the traders with each other partook more of the style of the savages by whom they were surrounded, than of the country from which they had sprung.' His lordship quotes Mr. Henry and Sir Alexander M'Kenzie to prove the reciprocal hostility of the traders,—'each pursuing his own interests in such a manner as might most injure his neighbour,'—and the baneful effects of such conduct on the morals of the Indians. The agents principally employed in the distant parts of the country were French Canadians, known by the name of *Coueurs des bois*, a set of men who, by accompanying the natives on their hunting and trading excursions, had become so attached to the Indian mode of life, that they had lost all relish for their former habits and native homes. The missionaries com-

plained of the licentious manners of these men, whom they represented as a disgrace to the Christian religion; while the Indians, losing all respect for them, laid them under frequent contributions: the merchants who had embarked in the trade were disgusted with their ill success, and refused to continue their advances. Sir Alexander states, that in the year 1780, as some of these traders were about to depart from the Eagle Hills, where a large band of Indians were engaged in drinking near their houses, a Canadian, 'to ease himself of the troublesome importunities of a native, gave him a dose of laudanum in a glass of grog, which effectually prevented him from giving further trouble to any one, by setting him asleep for ever.' The consequence of this was a fray, in which one of the traders and several of the men were killed, and the rest saved themselves by flight. About the same time two of the establishments on the Assineboin River were attacked, when several white men and a greater number of Indians were killed. In short, it appeared that the natives had come to the resolution of extirpating the traders, and that they were only saved from their indignation by the ravages of the smallpox, which, at this moment, spread among the Indians like a pestilence, and almost depopulated the country. By this calamity the traders, though rescued from personal danger, found the source of their profits cut off; no furs were brought to them; and those natives who had escaped the contagion, fled their approach, and hunted only for their own subsistence.

In this forlorn situation of the fur trade, the merchants of Canada thought it best to form an association under the name of the *North-west Company*, and throw their separate capitals into one common stock; but a few individuals, not satisfied with the arrangement, continued to carry on a separate trade. This retarded a general union, which, when effected, was again dissolved; in 1798 a great secession from the *North-west Company* took place, and a new one was formed, known by the name of the *X. Y. Company*. A coalition, however, was at length effected between these rival bodies in the year 1805, at which time the *North-west Company* took its present form and character—a character so curious, that we shall briefly describe it from Lord Selkirk's pages.

The whole concern is divided into a hundred shares; seventy-five of which belong to the Old, and twenty-five to the New Company; of the former, thirty are held by one house at Montreal; of the latter, eighteen or nineteen are appropriated to different houses in Montreal and London; the remaining shares are held by individuals, who are termed *wintering partners*, and who take upon themselves the charge of managing the affairs of the Company in the interior. These partners hold a general meeting every summer at the rendez-

vous of Fort William, at the Grand Portage, on Lake Superior; where all matters are decided by a majority of votes, each share giving a vote, and absentees voting by proxy. After a certain period of service, a wintering partner is permitted to retire with considerable allowances; the vacancy is filled by the election of a clerk, who must have served a certain number of years, under the direction of the wintering partners; in the management of one or more trading posts in the interior; the choice, as may be supposed, generally falls on one who possesses the qualifications most requisite for promoting the common interest; he must be well acquainted with the nature of the trade, the character and manners of the Indians, and the mode of acquiring influence among them. The hope of obtaining the envied situation of a *partner*, excites among the senior clerks an activity and zeal for the general interests of the concern, hardly inferior to that of the partners themselves; who, on their part, watch closely the conduct of the clerks under their immediate command, not only from regard to the common interest, in which they participate, but also from feelings of personal responsibility; as the praise or censure of his associates is dealt out to each partner according to the success or failure of his management, and the profit or loss on his ledger.

This system, Lord Selkirk observes, is admirably calculated to infuse activity into every department; and to direct that activity, in the most effectual manner, and with complete unity of purpose, towards the common interest; but is by no means calculated to produce much respect for the rights of others: on the contrary, he adds, 'the very nature of the association and the extensive range which their operations embrace, cannot fail to produce an *esprit de corps* not very consistent with the feelings of propriety and justice;' and this observation is particularly applicable to the wintering partners. Secluded from all society, except that of persons who have the same interests with himself, the necessity of maintaining a fair character in the estimation of the public, which, in the common intercourse of civilized society, operates as a check on the inordinate stimulus of self-interest, has no influence with him; he is solicitous only for the approbation of those who are not likely to judge his excesses with extreme rigour. He knows too that in these remote regions, the restraints of law cannot operate; and that it must be a case of very extraordinary importance which would induce a plaintiff to travel thousands of miles to find the court from which he is to seek redress. It cannot, therefore, excite much surprize if, under such circumstances, acts of injustice and oppression are committed against weaker neighbours. His lordship concludes by asking—'if acts of illegal violence are allowed to pass without any mark of reprobation; and still more, if promotion is given to those

who have been guilty of them, whether it can be doubted that there exists a regular, concentrated plan of systematic oppression, carried on with the consent and approbation of those who have the chief active direction of the affairs of the Company?

To prove that such a *systematic* plan does exist, he proceeds to point out the conduct of the Company, with regard, first, to their own servants in the interior—secondly, to the native Indians—and lastly, to private traders.

If the facts stated be true, they are most disgraceful to the parties concerned, and highly discreditable to the national character; if false, we doubt not the gentlemen connected with the North-west Company, in London and Montreal, many of whom are very respectable, will feel it incumbent on them to take immediate steps to wash away the foul stain cast upon them, by the felonious acts of pillage, robbery and murder, which they are seriously charged with having sanctioned and abetted.

It appears from the Journal of Count Adriani, as quoted by the Duc de Liancourt, and from Mr. (now Sir Alexander) M'Kenzie, that the *voyageurs*, or servants employed in the interior by the North-west Company, are men of the most uncontrolled dissipation and licentiousness, and that the Company encourage this conduct; that drunkenness and debauchery are so essential a part of the system, that if any of them evince a disposition to economy and sobriety, they are selected for the most laborious drudgery and subjected to such a train of ill usage as to drive them at length into the general system. Their wages are not paid in hard cash; but the Company take care to supply them with rum, blankets, and trinkets for the Indian women, and no difficulty is made in allowing them credit till they become deeply involved in debt. The servant is then in complete bondage, 'and no alternative left him but absolute submission to his employers, or a gaol. He must, therefore, yield to to every imposition which his superiors think fit to practise upon him'—a trifling imposition, it seems, of not more than three or four hundred per cent. on every article which he takes from them! Besides this, money is reckoned according to the *North-west currency*—every shilling of which is accounted *two* of the ordinary money of the province; so that we cannot greatly wonder that with wages nominally double or treble the annual rate of wages in the province, the servants of the North-west Company should never realize any property. 'So far, indeed,' says Lord Selkirk, 'from saving money, or bettering their condition in this service, there are many of them who leave their families in great distress, and never remit any part of their wages for the support of their wives and children;' and, he adds, 'strangers travelling through Lower Canada must be struck with the frequent appearance of
beggarly

beggarly hovels, bespeaking a degree of poverty seldom to be met with in other parts of America;—these habitations are usually occupied by the families of Voyageurs employed in the north-west.’

‘The number of Voyageurs in the service of the North-west Company cannot be less than 2,000. Their nominal wages are from 30*l.* to 60*l.*, some as high as 80*l.*, or even 100*l.*—the average cannot be less than 40*l.*, and is probably higher; so that the sum-total of wages must be 80 or 90,000*l.* The gross return of their trade seldom exceeds 150,000*l.*, and when the cost of trading goods, and all the expenses of the concern are taken into consideration, it must be very evident that the Company could never afford, out of this sum, to pay such an amount of wages. To obviate this difficulty their servants receive goods, the real value of which cannot be accurately known without a reference to the books of the Company; but in the opinion of persons of the best general information, the prime cost of the goods so employed cannot exceed 10,000*l.* sterling. From one article a judgment may be formed of the rest—*spirits* are sold to the servants of the Company in the interior, at the rate of eight dollars per quart, which cost the Company little more than one dollar per gallon at Montreal; so that when a servant becomes addicted to drinking spirits (no very uncommon case) it is an easy matter to add 10*l.* or 20*l.* to his nominal wages.’—p. 39, 40.

If such be the treatment of their own servants, that which is experienced by the Indians, it may readily be imagined, is not likely to be of a more just or lenient description. Lord Selkirk says that the instances are numerous of Indians being plundered of their property, and of personal violence being exercised towards them, for no offence but that of having presumed to trade with others, who offered them a better price for their furs; that though this is generally done under some pretence of debt, instances are common of the most brutal and atrocious violence, when no such pretence could be alleged. One of these we shall give.

‘In the year 1796 one of the gentlemen of the North-west Company had been killed near Cumberland House, by a particular band of Indians. From the timid character of the Indians in that quarter, and the insults to which they have been in the habit of continually submitting, it is more than probable that they must have been driven to this act of desperation by some extraordinary provocation. However that might be, it was thought of essential consequence to the North-west Company that the act should not pass unpunished. One of the Indians supposed to be guilty was overtaken by a party of the Company’s servants, commanded by Mr. M’Kay, the partner in charge of the department, who, taking upon himself the office of executioner, as well as of judge and jury, levelled his gun, and shot the offender dead upon the spot. Another Indian of the same band was taken alive; a sort of mock trial was held, in which three partners of the North-west Company condemned him to death; and he was immediately hanged on a tree in the neighbourhood of the trading-post.’—p. 47.

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It would be a disgusting task, says his lordship, to detail the numerous and continued acts of violence exercised in the most illegal and tyrannical manner against the wretched natives of these districts; who have, in consequence of their connection with the traders, been growing more deficient in every estimable point of character, from the time that Canada fell under the government of Great Britain. The cause of this humiliating fact, Lord Selkirk adds, can no longer be a mystery, when it is known that the management of these people has been left without controul in the hands of men, 'who speculate upon the vices of their servants.'—Nor must the whole blame be thrown on the wintering partners. Their principals in London are accused of having lent themselves to counteract measures which might have tended to reform the habits, and ameliorate the condition of the native Indians. The American government, it is said, by placing an effectual restraint on the sale of spirituous liquors, has succeeded in exciting a spirit of regularity and industry, formerly unknown, among the Indian tribes residing on the waters of the Ohio. When the same measure was proposed to be adopted with regard to the Indians within the British boundaries, the Hudson's Bay Company are stated to have expressed their hearty concurrence in the proposition, as equally beneficial to the native inhabitants, and to the comfort and security of all who resided among them; but the agents and partners of the North-west Company, in London, strongly opposed it; and were supported by such influence as made it necessary, 'at that time, to drop the further prosecution of the measure.

Lord Selkirk proceeds to shew how impossible it is to contend with the North-west Company, whose outrageous acts of violence and injustice long since drove all private competitors out of the trade; and even rendered it necessary for the New Company to form a junction with them. On this occasion Sir A. Mackenzie observes, 'after the severest struggle ever known in that part of the world, and suffering every oppression which a jealous and rival spirit could instigate; after the murder of one of our partners, the laming of another, and the narrow escape of one of our clerks, who received a bullet through his powder-horn in the execution of his duty, they were compelled to allow us a share in the trade.' Once united, however, the two parties, Lord Selkirk observes, were equally desirous of throwing a veil over the atrocities which took place during their quarrel.

We deem it unnecessary to trouble our readers with a long recital of the unjust and atrocious conduct which Lord Selkirk accuses the North-west Company of having held towards their rivals the Hudson's Bay Company. It is stamped with the same character as that of the other two Companies towards each other
before

before their junction. The instances related of theft, robbery, and murder, hitherto committed with impunity, render it sufficiently evident 'that the extensive countries occupied by the North-west Company are in a state which calls aloud for the attention of the British legislature; and that the honour of the nation cannot fail to be tarnished, if the outrages now practised be allowed to go on without effectual check or interference.' As matters stand, there is scarcely a possibility of bringing an offender to justice for crimes committed within the 'Indian territories,' however atrocious. The only act of the British legislature which relates to them is that of 43 Geo. III. cap. 138, commonly called the 'Canada Jurisdiction Act;' the countries over which its operations extend are so vaguely defined, that the persons who drew it up must, as Lord Selkirk thinks, have been ignorant of the existence of any British colony in North America, except Upper and Lower Canada. By this law all acts of violence and oppression must be tried in Montreal, a distance of three or four thousand miles from many parts of the 'Indian territories,' and thither the parties must repair by an inland navigation, far more tedious and difficult than a voyage to England. At Montreal, a Canadian criminal is in the midst of his friends and connections, with his employers on the spot, anxious to defend him. 'But how is it,' asks Lord Selkirk, 'with the English trader, who is dragged down by this route to take his trial in a place where he is an utter stranger—in the midst of his enemies—where his employer may probably not have a correspondent to pay the smallest attention to his interest, and where he cannot bring down a single witness for his defence, except at an enormous expense and inconvenience?'

One case only, it seems, has been brought to trial under this act, and we most heartily concur in Lord Selkirk's observation, that 'the whole transaction which gave rise to that trial, and the singular proceedings connected with it, are of a description scarcely to be equalled in the judicial annals of any age or country.' It is too long to extract, but the case is briefly this: In the year 1809, a party of the North-west Company, under the command of one Eneas Mac Donnel, armed with swords and pistols, assaulted and plundered an unarmed party of the Hudson's Bay Company, wounded several, and pursued them to their house, where John Mowat, a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, whom Mac Donnel had previously struck with his sword and was preparing to strike again, shot Mac Donnel on the spot. To prevent further bloodshed, Mowat stepped forward and voluntarily surrendered himself; and it was settled that two of the Hudson's Bay servants should be taken down with him to Montreal, as witnesses in his behalf. The treatment of Mowat during eight-

teen months confinement at Fort William, where he was loaded with heavy irons, in a miserable dungeon about eight feet square, without window or light of any kind, is of so disgraceful and barbarous a character, as scarcely to be credited. His witnesses, who were subject to every sort of insult and indignity, were not allowed to see him when sick, till he grew dangerously ill. They 'found him in a most lamentable state, his arms cut with his fetters, and his body covered with boils;' and when at length he was brought out of his dungeon, to be sent to Montreal, he fell down from weakness. The two witnesses who had volunteered a journey of fifteen hundred miles, were, on their arrival at Montreal, entrapped, and committed by a magistrate to the common gaol, 'for aiding and abetting one John Mowat in the murder of Eneas Mac Donnel,' in order to prevent any one from appearing in his favour. In this gaol they remained six months, when they, together with Mowat, were indicted for murder. The Grand Jury found a true bill against Mowat, but none against them; so that, fortunately for the accused, they became competent witnesses. The delay had, however, the advantage of procuring counsel for his defence, which it appears was highly necessary. From the extensive commercial establishment, and the limited population of Montreal, where the partners form a principal part of the society, and are connected, by marriage or consanguinity, with almost all the principal families, it may be supposed that it is not easy to find either a grand or a petty jury totally unconnected with the North-west Company, and that even the bench may not be wholly free from bias: but the proceedings of the trial are so extraordinary that Lord Selkirk shall speak for himself. —

'In the case of Mowat it is well known that several partners of the North-west Company were upon the grand jury which found the bill of indictment; and out of four judges, who sat upon the bench, two were nearly related to individuals of that association. In the course of the trial circumstances occurred which could not have taken place in a court of justice in England, without exciting indignation from one end of the kingdom to the other. The counsel for the prisoner was repeatedly interrupted in his cross-examination of the witnesses for the prosecution, by the judges prompting the witness, and helping him to preserve his consistency. One of these witnesses however did, on his cross-examination, acknowledge facts totally inconsistent with the evidence which he had given upon his examination in chief; and upon this, one of the judges interrupted the counsel in an angry tone, and reproached him for having made the witness contradict himself. It was with great difficulty that the advocate for the prisoner could obtain leave to address the jury on the point of law, and to explain the distinction between murder and justifiable homicide. His argument was repeatedly interrupted from the bench; and, notwithstanding the
clearest

clearest evidence that Mac Donnel began the fray in the most unprovoked and unprincipled manner, that he was engaged in an act of direct robbery, and that he was threatening the lives of Mowat and his fellow-servants at the time he was shot; it was the opinion of the bench, that the man who killed him was guilty of *murder*, and such was their charge to the jury. After a consultation of fifteen or sixteen hours, the jury brought in a verdict of *manslaughter*.'—p. 103.

Mowat was sentenced to six months imprisonment, and to be branded on the hand with a hot iron! His friends endeavoured to prevail on him to petition the president of the province to have the burning on the hand remitted: the petition was drawn up, and the jury joined in the object of it; but every attempt to persuade Mowat to sign it was unavailing; he remained inflexible, declaring that he would ask no favour in a country where he had been so unjustly condemned; and he was burnt in the hand in pursuance of his sentence.

Lord Selkirk winds up the catalogue of the crimes of the North-west Company, by contrasting them with the honourable views, the fair dealing, and the moderation of the Hudson's Bay Company. Perhaps, however, the true point of contrast consists in the energy of the one and the apathy of the other—between the dangers, the fatigue and the sufferings from cold and hunger, endured by one set of people, and the torpid state of existence which the others drag on, not very unlike that of the cold-blooded animals by whom they are surrounded. Shut up in summer and winter within their three forts, situated on the shores of Hudson's Bay, these people, for a long time, held no other intercourse with the native Indians than receiving from them, at the foot of their walls, their bear skins and beaver skins, their goose quills and castoreum, at one end of a rope, and lowering down at the other their value in blankets, baubles and brandy. Of the fatigue, drudgery and activity of the servants of the North-west Company, a tolerable good notion may be formed from Sir A. Mackenzie's 'General History of the Fur Trade.' In treating of the indulgence, to which he thinks the North-west Company entitled, of conducting their trade to and from the interior by the Nelson river into Hudson's Bay, he says,—

'The enhanced value of the articles, and the present difficulty of transporting them, will be fully comprehended when I relate, that the tract of transport occupies an extent of from three to four thousand miles, through upwards of sixty large lakes, and numerous rivers, and that the means of transport are slight bark canoes. It must also be observed that those waters are intercepted by more than two hundred rapids, along which the articles of merchandise are chiefly carried on men's backs, and over one hundred and thirty carrying-places, from twenty-five paces to thirteen miles in length, where the canoes and cargoes proceed by the same toilsome and perilous operations.'

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Lord Selkirk, however, has no intention of entering the lists as a rival trader with the North-west Company, his grand object being that of establishing a body of industrious farmers in the interior of the Indian territories; to create an increased population, an effective police, and a regular administration of justice, than which, he says, nothing can be a greater object of dread to those who maintain a commercial monopoly by the habitual exercise of illegal violence; 'and who never will be fully satisfied unless the extensive regions in the north-west of America continue in the exclusive occupation of the savage Indians, the wild beasts of the forest and themselves.'

We have strong doubts, we confess, of the policy as well as the efficacy of Lord Selkirk's plan of colonization. While we have such valuable possessions as the Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon, (perhaps, politically speaking, the most valuable of all others,) almost without a population, we cannot observe without the deepest regret the tide of emigration setting so strongly to the North-westward—but leaving the consideration of this point for the present—we can discover little to be gained on the side of 'morality.' Even the decent, quiet, sober-minded Highlander, and the well-disposed Canadian, after a few years service in the 'fur trade,' part with the 'innocence of their habits,' and 'return home much corrupted:' and does Lord Selkirk suppose that the discharged soldiers from Meuron's regiment will preserve *their* 'innocence?' that they will sit down quietly where he may choose to fix them, labouring, 'in the sweat of their brows, merely to gain a subsistence?' Placed, as they must necessarily be till a population has been created, far beyond any market to receive their surplus produce, and scattered, as they would take especial care to be, at a wide distance from each other, is there not every reason to apprehend that they would quit the plough and the spade to engage in the 'fur trade?'—this alone, according to Lord Selkirk's maxim, would at once convert their innocence into brutal ferocity, and render them fit associates for the subjects of the back settlements of a neighbouring state. Like the inhabitants of Pittsburgh, they would soon learn to hunt Indians 'during the shooting season,' and scalp them for their profit or their amusement.

But if England cannot profit from the colonization of these remote regions, it may not be amiss to consider what advantage she is likely to derive from their produce. The whole concern of the 'fur trade,' which has occasioned the disgraceful proceedings here stated, never exceeds, by Lord Selkirk's account, 300,000/.—'a branch of commerce which gives occasion to the exportation of 40 or 50,000/ of British manufactures,'—and in which three ships are employed! Even this miserable trade, according to Lord Selkirk,

Selkirk, is verging rapidly towards its ruin. The system of the North-west Company, he says, is to obtain a great immediate return of furs, without any regard to its permanent continuance, and with this view a war of extermination is waged against all the valuable fur-bearing animals; the beaver, the most valuable of them, will, he tells us, in no long period of time, be nearly extirpated by the 'gigantic system of *poaching* carried on by the North-west Company.' It may be so; though we confess our fears incline rather towards the extermination of the Indians, than of the 'fur-bearing animals;' the former are confessedly disappearing in a rapid progression, while the latter will, from that circumstance, as rapidly increase. The enumeration of one year's supply to the North-west Company, as given by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, will afford some estimate of the number and kind of animals annually destroyed. They are as follows:—Skins of the beaver, 106,000; the bear, 2,100; the fox, 5,500; the otter, 4,600; the musquash, 17,000; the marten, 32,000; the mink, 1800; the lynx, 6,000; the wolverine, 600; the fisher, 1,650; the raccoon, 100; the wolf, 3,800; the elk, 700; the deer, 1,950. By doubling those numbers in order to take in the consumption of the native Indians, those lost and destroyed on the passage, and those exported by the Hudson's Bay Company, we shall perhaps come pretty nearly to the actual number destroyed every year: nor is there any thing very surprizing in this great slaughter, when we consider what quantities of game are consumed even in well peopled countries, without the smallest risk of extirpating the breed. The only remarkable feature here is the vast multitudes of various animals to be found within the cold and apparently barren regions of the Arctic circle. Mons. Jeremie, once governor of Fort Bourbon, (now York,) says, that when the rein-deer are driven out of the thickets by the clouds of mosquitoes which, on the return of summer darken the air, they fly to the shores of Hudson's Bay, in herds of ten thousand, scouring across these bleak and naked plains, untrodden perhaps by ten human beings in the course of as many years. We learn from the same authority, fully corroborated by the testimony of travellers, that the flocks of geese and swans, of cranes, cormorants, bustards, pelicans and ducks are so numerous as to obscure the sky, and so noisy, in rising from the ground, as to deafen the bystanders. M. Jeremie, and his garrison of eighty men, caught and consumed, in one winter, ninety thousand white partridges, and twenty-five thousand hares. The rein-deer are the most numerous of the larger animals, but elks, bears, buffaloes, the musk ox and the moose deer are all abundant. Nor are the waters less productive. The sea and the straits are amply stocked with the whale and the narwal, the grampus, the seal, and the sea-horse—
the

the lakes and rivers with salmon, sturgeon, trout, pike, and carp; so successfully are animals enabled to struggle against every inconvenience of soil or climate, and to 'increase and multiply, and replenish the earth,' when undisturbed by the presence of man. As far however as the beaver is concerned, Lord Selkirk's apprehensions may not be unfounded. His haunts are known, and his habitation, constructed with such wonderful industry and skill, is easily discovered: most of the others have a retreat beyond the reach of man.

In taking leave of Lord Selkirk, we shall just observe, that his 'Sketch of the Fur Trade' is in no respect equal, as to information, to the 'History' of that trade, by Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Its character, indeed, is less that of a history, than of a Bill of Indictment against the North-west Company—an angry attack on the provincial administration of justice—and a panegyric on the Hudson's Bay Company. The points at issue between the conflicting parties are matters not for us to intermeddle with; we have no desire to prejudice or prejudge the case of either; but we cannot join in the praise ascribed to the Hudson's Bay Company, whose only merits (if they have any) are, at any rate, of the negative kind. Their total disregard of every object for which they obtained, and have now held, a Royal Charter for nearly one hundred and fifty years, entitles them to any thing but praise. The great leading feature on which their petition for an exclusive charter was grounded, the discovery of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has not only been totally neglected, but, unless they have been grossly calumniated, thwarted by every means in their power. The examination of the work, whose title stands at the head of this article, will lead to a few observations on their conduct in this respect.

The Spaniards cannot disavow the name of Maldonado, as they have done that of Fuente. It has been registered with applause by their most authentic bibliographers; and consecrated, as it were, by assigning to it the best port in their possessions on the east side of South America: nor can they deny the existence of the journal of such a voyage, as the one in question; having sent so recently as 1789, the corvettes *la Descubierta* et *l'Atravida*, under the orders of Malaspina, to examine the passages and inlets, which might be found to break the continuity of the line of coast of North-west America, between 53° and 60° of N. latitude; 'in order to discover the strait by which Laurent Ferrer Maldonado was supposed to have passed in 1588, from the coast of Labrador to the Great Ocean.' That this was the main object of the expedition appears from a letter of a friend of Malaspina, employed on the voyage, which was seen by Amoretto,

retti, and which states that the journal of Maldonado was in the hands of the Duc de l'Infantado: the same circumstance is mentioned by the writer of the Introduction to the voyage of *Le Sutil* and *Mexicana*, published at Madrid in 1802, who says that the Commander of this expedition was furnished with a copy of it, taken from that of the Duc de l'Infantado.—It is sufficiently clear, therefore, that the Spaniards of the present day are disposed to believe that some such voyage was made: they have, in fact, very strong testimony concerning it. In the *Bibliotheca Hispana* of Nicolao Antonio, under the article 'Laurent Ferrer Maldonado,' we are told that he was well skilled in nautical matters and in geography; that he published a book entitled '*Imagen del Mundo*, &c.'—and that he (Nicolao Antonio) had seen in the hands of Mascareñas, bishop of Segovia, the manuscript of a Voyage, 'being the Relation of the Discovery of the Strait of Anian, made by the author in the year 1588.*' Antonio de Leon Pinelo† also bears testimony to his talents as a navigator, and tells us, that he presented to the Council of the Indies (of which Pinelo was a member) two plans, one relating to rendering the magnetic needle not subject to variation, the other, to finding the longitude at sea. Now Pinelo, Antonio, the Bishop of Segovia, and Maldonado, were contemporaries; so that all doubt of the co-existence of such a person and such a manuscript is removed; and it is to be presumed that the members of the 'Consejo de las Indias' had the latter in their keeping, Mascareñas being a member and senator of that board. The question is, whether the manuscript, of which Amoretti has published the translation, in Italian, and afterwards in French, is the identical one mentioned by Antonio, and written by Maldonado?

The account which Amoretti gives of it is this: and we have always found so much good faith in the Italian publishers of voyages and travels, from Ramusio to the present time, that we are inclined to yield implicit credence to his story. He says, that in examining the manuscripts of the Ambrosian library of Milan, of which he is librarian, with a view to publish (agreeably to the intention of its founder, the Cardinal Boromeo) such of them as should be found to contain new and instructive matter, his attention was arrested by a small volume written

* Laurentius Ferrer Maldonado militæ olim, &c.—'*Imagen del Mundo sobre la Esfera, Cosmografía, Geografía, y arte de Navegar, compulsi apud Johannem Garsiam, 1696.*'

† *Relacion del Descubrimiento del Estrecho de Anian hecho por el Autor. Quam vidit M.S. apud D. Hieronymum Mascareñas regium ordinum militarium, deinde Concilium Portugalliæ Senatorem, Segoviensem nunc Antistitem. Expeditionem autem hanc nauticam se fecisse anno 1588 autor ait.*—*Bib. Hisp.* tom. ii. p. 2.

† *Epitome de la Biblioteca Oriental y Occidental, Nautica y Geografica, Madrid. 1699.*

in the Spanish language, and entitled 'A Relation of the Discovery of the Strait of Anian by Captain Laurent Ferrer Maldonado, towards the end of the 16th century,' &c. At first he considered it only as a tale to amuse the curious; but on reading it with attention, he found it stamped so strongly with the character of authenticity and veracity, that he determined to translate it, and to add to it some notes and a treatise to prove the truth of the 'Relation;' and as M. de Humboldt and others had consigned it to the rank of geographical impostures, before they knew what it contained, he conceived himself called upon to justify the manuscript and his own researches, by giving to the world the present volume. He states fairly that he has not been able to trace, nor can he conjecture, how this manuscript had come into the possession of the founder of the Milan library; but the writing, he observes, is that of the end of the sixteenth, or beginning of the seventeenth century; and from the paper having on it 'le filigrane du Pèlerin,' a common mark on the paper of that period, he conjectures it was written at Milan; concluding from the frequent omissions and the faults in the orthography, that it must have been copied in haste. How far this document may be entitled to the character of 'veracity or authenticity' a brief examination will enable us to judge.

The memoir, or 'Relation' as it is called, consists of thirty-five paragraphs.

The first eight are employed chiefly in enumerating the advantages that would result to Spain from the navigation to the Indies by the North-west passage; as the shortness of the voyage—the monopoly of the spice trade—the facility of sending troops to the colonies—and the opening of a new door for the conversion of pagans. To secure these advantages, the necessity is pointed out of Spain being the first to get possession of the Strait of Anian; and the king is reminded that, the year before, the English had sent some ships in search of it,—all of which might just as well have been written by a clerk in the India Board of Madrid as by Maldonado. The last observation, however, is so far important that it determines the date of the memorial to be that of the voyage, the expedition of Davis in 1587 being that of the preceding year alluded to.

The ninth to the sixteenth inclusive contains general instructions for the navigation. They inform us, that by steering N.W. and running 450 leagues from Lisbon, the navigator will reach Friesland, anciently called Thyle, an island somewhat less than Iceland, lying in 60° N. latitude, and by continuing on that parallel 120 leagues, he will open the Strait of Labrador, 30 leagues in width; the land, on the left, low; on the right, mountainous; the latter forming two straits, one running to the N.E., the other to the N.W.—that to the north-west must be taken, and when the navigator

gator has run 80 leagues, he will find himself in 64° : from hence the strait takes a northerly direction, 120 leagues, to 72° , and then changes to the N.W. for 90 leagues, or to the 75th degree of latitude; the whole length of the Strait of Labrador being 240 leagues, (it should be 290). From the northern extremity of the Strait of Labrador, the course changes to S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. through an open sea, 350 leagues, which will reduce the latitude to 71° , and here some high land will appear on the coast of America. The course then changes to W.S.W. for 440 leagues, when the navigator will find himself on the 60th parallel of latitude, and at the entrance of the Strait of Anian. Maldonado then recapitulates the distances which he himself sailed, and which he states to be, from Spain to Friesland, 460 leagues; from thence to Labrador, 180; from thence through the Straits, 280; making 920; to which adding 790 across the sea, the total distance from Spain to the Strait of Anian is 1710 leagues.

Passing over the numerical blunders, we shall content ourselves with two observations on this part of the 'Relation:' the first is, that he sails along the northern coast of Labrador, or through Hudson's Straits, 290 leagues, an intricate and perilous navigation, through narrow passages so choked up with ice as frequently to make it nearly impracticable even in the summer months;—yet Maldonado clears the whole of them, up to the 75th degree of latitude, before the month of March; that is to say, when the sun at noon was about 13° high, and the day not five hours long.—The second observation is, that taking the courses and distances steered from the northern mouth of the Strait of Labrador, namely S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. 350 leagues, and W.S.W. 440 leagues; the latitude at the end of the first would not be 71° , nor at the end of the second 60° ; and that, with these courses and distances, the navigator, instead of arriving at the Strait of Anian, (now Behring's Strait,) would be astonished to find himself on the other side of the peninsula of Kamschatka, in the midst of the sea of Oskotsk, if the old Spanish league of $17\frac{1}{2}$ to the degree be reckoned; and 20 leagues to the degree would have carried him to the middle of the sea of Kamschatka.

The seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth paragraphs relate chiefly to the short days and cold weather in going, the long days and warm weather in returning, the ease with which the Northern Ocean is navigated, and the error of those who suppose it to be entirely frozen over: he had before adverted to the possibility of persons being surprized to hear him talk of navigating in so high a latitude; but, says he, the Hanseatics live in 72° , and we see every year, in their port of St. Michael, from 500 to 1000 ships, which must necessarily proceed to the parallel of 75° before they can pass thither from the Sea of Flanders.

The north cape, round which ships 'must necessarily proceed' in order to pass into the White Sea, is in latitude $71^{\circ} 10'$ and is usually passed in 72° and from that to 73° instead of 75° , and the port of St. Michael is in $64\frac{1}{2}$. These little mistakes could scarcely have been made by Maldonado, who was 'well skilled in the art of navigation,' and who had written a treatise on geography. The port, besides, in 1558, was named St. Nicholas, and the town Kholmogar; it then consisted of nine houses; and the trade, almost wholly English, was carried on in nine ships. In 1637 the town was burned down, and on being re-built it took the name of Archangel, from an adjoining monastery dedicated to the Archangel Michael:—circumstances which lead us to suspect that the 'Relation' was written about the middle of the seventeenth, instead of the end of the sixteenth century.

The twentieth to the thirty-second paragraph inclusive contains a topographical description of the celebrated strait of Anian; and the adjoining coasts of Asia and America, which, Maldonado is pleased to inform the king of Spain, are separated by it. To ascertain its relative position, the author takes a cruise of fifteen days; sailing S. W. one hundred leagues along the coast of America, he was then in the latitude of 55° ; but on the whole of this coast he saw no traces of population. Now it so happens, that, from his port in Anian, which he repeatedly tells us is situated in 60° , a S. W. course for one hundred leagues could not, as every common seaman could tell this 'skilful navigator,' bring him into latitude 55° , nor permit him to see any part of the coast of America; its direction, instead of S. W. being rather to the *Eastward of South*. From the parallel of 55° however, he steers directly east 120 leagues, which would have brought him, in fact, to the very middle of the sea of Kamschatka; instead of which he found himself so near to the coast of a mountainous continent, that in many places he could see the natives; and on this he sagaciously observes, that, 'according to correct cosmography, he judged that the land belonged to Tartary or Catai, and that the great city of Cāmbalu (Pekin) was only a few leagues distant.'

Such gross blunders in plain sailing and geography could not possibly be committed by one 'skilled in navigation':—but we proceed to his topography of the Strait, and his description of the port at its southern extremity. He says, that on the coast of America, at the mouth of the strait which opens into the South Sea, there is a port capable of containing 500 vessels; that no human foot had trodden its shores, as would appear from a pond, on whose margin lay an infinite quantity of egg-shells of sea-fowls, which formed a kind of wall or dyke above a *para* ($2\frac{1}{2}$ feet) high, and eight paces broad. A river fell into the harbour,

bour, into which a vessel of 500 tons might enter. The surrounding country was delightful to behold, consisting of plains of great extent, capable of tillage; the air soft and agreeable; and the mildness of the winter apparent from the excellent fruits found dried on the trees, and remaining on them from the preceding year. Birds, beasts and fishes abounded in this fine climate under the 60th parallel, in which nature would seem to have forgotten nothing but man; for none appeared during their stay.

We did not expect to find Cook called upon to support this description of Maldonado; yet so it is. Amoretti is so much prepossessed in favour of the 'veracity and the authenticity' of the 'Relation,' that he traces the most perfect accordance between the two navigators. No two descriptions however can be more at variance. Instead of any port, bay, or inlet, under the parallel of 60°, Cook found a straight coast; and a low point, to which he gave the name of Shoal-ness, occupies the place of Maldonado's harbour: the country perfectly naked, producing neither tree nor shrub; but no less than twenty-seven canoes came off from the very spot, each having a man in it. According to Cook, Behring's Strait is about sixty leagues long, and fourteen wide, in the narrowest part; the strait of Anian, in Maldonado, is fifteen leagues long, at the northern extremity not quite *half an English mile wide*, and at the southern about a *quarter of a league*, in the middle of which is a great rock or islet; so that, he observes, the whole strait is capable of being defended with a chain, provided one could be made strong enough; but at all events two sentinels on the northern part, and three on the southern, one on each continent, and one on the islet, could give immediate notice by signals of the approach of ships either from the Northern or the Pacific Ocean.

This description somewhat staggers Amoretti, though he is disposed to think that a point might be stretched on this occasion, by reading *breadth* for length, and thus bringing the fifteen leagues of Maldonado pretty nearly to the fourteen of Cook; but the difficulty of getting rid of the width would still remain. The Duc d'Almadover, however, helps him out of his dilemma, by suggesting that some extraordinary convulsion of the two coasts may have enlarged the strait since Maldonado's time, to the size which Cook found it to be; in short, any thing to give credit to the Voyage of Maldonado, and accommodate its geographical difficulties to the easy credulity of Amoretti. And though we now know that the Strait of Anian extends from the 66th to the 70th parallels of northern latitude, Maldonado, he says, called it 60, 'because all the preceding geographers of that century had laid down the Strait of Anian in 60° N. latitude,

as appears from the charts of Horteljus and Mercator, published in 1570.' These charts might mislead the writer of a voyage made by the fireside, but it required not a 'skilful' navigator to detect their errors on the spot.

But the thirty-third paragraph, which exceeds in absurdity all the rest, establishes in the mind of Amoretti the authenticity of the 'Relation,' and places its veracity beyond all doubt. It states that being about to leave the harbour towards the middle of June, a large vessel of 800-tons burden was observed to approach from the South Sea, steering directly for the Strait. Finding the strangers to be pacifically inclined, mutual civilities were exchanged, and Maldonado received from them some presents of silks, porcelaine, &c. such as are brought from China. The people appeared to be Muscovites, or Hanseatics, from the bay of St. Nicholas or St. Michael: to understand each other they were under the necessity of conversing in Latin; the strangers seemed to be Christians, and if not Catholics, were at least Lutherans. They said they came from a great city more than 100 leagues off, which Maldonado thinks (but he is not sure) they called *Robr*, or something like it, which they told him had a very extensive harbour, upon a navigable river, and belonged to the King of Tartary: they added, that they had left there another ship belonging to their countrymen. As they treated our discoverer with very little confidence, this was all that could be got out of them: they sailed together, it would seem, through the Strait, when coming into the North Sea, the stranger bore away to the westward, and Maldonado pursued his route for Spain the same way he had come.

Our English sailors would most certainly have at once set down this mysterious vessel for the 'Flying Dutchman,' so frequently seen off the Cape of Good Hope, but luckily for Maldonado his more enlightened crew were addicted to no such idle superstitions. 'It would seem,' says Amoretti, with great naïveté, 'that this vessel, turning to the left after passing the Strait, coasted Siberia, and consequently that Deschnew was not the first who made this voyage.' After all that Cook and King have discovered and published; after all the fruitless attempts of the Russians to circumnavigate the northern coast of Siberia, one can scarcely imagine that any man of common understanding, much less of some research, which M. Amoretti certainly is, could for a moment lend himself to such an idle tale, which, as the editor of the *Voyage of Sutil and Mexicana* observes, 'is full of false calculations, of incredible circumstances, and gross fictions of every kind.'—But he who can really believe that the north-west passage has actually been made by several navigators; that some straits have been shut up, others opened, and that islands have disappeared by

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'convulsions of nature' within the last two centuries, is capable of believing any thing, however absurd. We can safely assure M. Amoretti that the account of 'one Cluny' having made this passage in 1745; of his having solicited the reward offered by our government, without obtaining it; of the Hudson's Bay Company finding means to prevent his journal being published, is destitute of all foundation. The compiler of the '*Histoire Générale des Voyages*' is not the only Frenchman in whose hands an English work is not safe from misrepresentation or misapprehension. Cluny wrote a book called the '*American Traveller*,' in which he reprobates in strong language the conduct of the Hudson's Bay Company, and lays down a variety of plans and projects for the improvement of the American colonies; but he is so far from pretending to have made the north-west passage, that he even doubts its existence; but in his chart prefixed, there are two parallel dotted lines from Repulse Bay to the Icy Sea, over which is written—'Here is supposed to be the North-west Passage;'—which Vaugondy, the king's geographer, in a chart approved by the '*Académie Royale des Sciences*,' has thus translated—'*Côte parcourue par le Capitaine Cluny, auteur de l'Américan Traveller.*'

We suspect this pretended voyage of Maldonado to be the clumsy and audacious forgery of some ignorant German, from the circumstance of 15 leagues to the degree being used in some of the computations. It is, indeed, a fit companion for Damberger's Travels; and we cannot but regret that Amoretti should have thought he was fulfilling the intention of the pious founder of the Ambrosian library in selecting so palpable a fiction for publication, and still more that he should have undertaken to defend it. We do not, however, hesitate to express our firm belief that Maldonado *did* perform a voyage; and that Nicolao Antonio *did* see the journal of that voyage in the hands of the Bishop of Segovia: it was not, however, a voyage for the discovery of the 'north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific,' (no such discovery being once mentioned by the Spanish bibliographer,) but simply 'for the discovery of the Strait of Anian.' That Spain should be extremely anxious for the security of her possessions in the Pacific and Indian oceans, when she saw the English with extraordinary perseverance sending out expeditions year after year, for the avowed purpose of discovering a nearer route to those seas; and when their armed cruizers, unauthorized it is true, but countenanced by the government, were destroying the Spanish commerce on the western coasts of America, was exceedingly natural. She must have seen these bold undertakings with alarm, and that would dictate to her the policy of ascertaining whether any and what kind of an outlet into the Pacific was likely to favour the enterprize of so active an enemy, and what

the means were to secure from surprize her valuable possessions, extending from Peru to the Philippine islands:—in short, to ascertain the existence and the nature of this Strait of Anian as marked in all the early charts, and now become an object of the first importance. For such a purpose Maldonado was a proper person to be employed; and that he was so employed, but proceeded round Cape Horn, we have very little doubt. No Spaniard, that we know of, ever entered, or attempted to enter, Hudson's Bay in search of the N. W. passage, except Estovan Gomez in 1525; but 'of this Steven Gomez,' says Purchas, 'little is left us but a jest.' He reached only the coast of Newfoundland in the 50th parallel of latitude, and carried off some of the natives. Being asked, on his return, what he had brought home, he answered *Esclavos*, which the inquirer mistaking for *clavos*, or cloves, concluded that Gomez had discovered the north-west passage to the Moluccas; 'and so posted to the Court,' says Purchas, 'to carry the first pews of this spicy discovery.'

The object of Maldonado's voyage being that of reconnoitring rather than of making discoveries, it could not be expected that the Spaniards would publish it; they had, indeed, at that time, matters of far greater importance to attend to—the arms of England had just destroyed what the elements had spared of their 'invincible Armada.'—Under these circumstances the precautionary voyage of Maldonado was likely to remain among those unpublished manuscripts which the Duc d'Almadover supposes 'to have been buried in the dust of the archives of Madrid,' and which Delisle says, 'have been so carefully concealed, that at this day the Spaniards themselves know nothing about them.' If by any means the spurious production in question was foisted into the records of the 'Council for the Indies,' its members, by withholding it from publication, have given a further proof of that sound discretion which induced them 'to bury in the dust of their archives' forty-nine of the fifty memorials which Capitan Pedro Fernandez de Quiros presented to the king, eight of which, by his own statement, related to a settlement which it behoved his majesty to make on a land then undiscovered (*Australia incognita*), and since known to have no existence.

But Maldonado probably discovered the strait he was sent in search of, and there are grounds for concluding that he describes it to lie about the 59th or 60th parallel of latitude, because the instructions of Malaspina directed him to look for it as far as 60° north. Now Maldonado, in coasting America from the southward, could not have reached that latitude before he fell in with Cook's Inlet, which extends from about 58½° to 61½°, and is a strait of considerable magnitude, the width between Cape Douglas and Cape Elizabeth being about

18 or 20 leagues: and as the Strait of Anian was laid down in the 60° of latitude in all the charts at the time of Maldonado, and as he found the land stretching on the one side to the south-east, and on the other to the south-west, it was most natural that this navigator should conclude that Cook's Inlet was the identical strait which he was sent to discover; and that it separated the two great continents of Asia and America. We must not forget that Cook, who, with all the advantage of Behring's discoveries and chart, was employed twelve days in ascertaining that it was *not* a strait, observes, that if he 'had not examined this very considerable inlet, it would have been assumed, by speculative fabricators of geography, as a fact, that it communicated with the sea to the north, or with Baffin's or Hudson's Bay to the east.'

Destitute as we consider the 'Relation' of Maldonado to be both of 'veracity and authenticity,' we are by no means inclined to suppose that such a voyage as it describes is impracticable. We firmly believe, on the contrary, that a navigable passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific round the northern coast of America does exist, and may be of no difficult execution. Why, then, it may be asked, have all the attempts made at different times, from both sides the continent of America, failed? Because not one of them was ever made near that part of the coast of America, round which it is most likely the passage would lead into the Frozen or Northern ocean. To prove this we must take a glance at what has been done; and if our readers should feel that pride and pleasure, which we do, in reviewing the daring enterprizes and the perilous and persevering efforts of our early navigators in the frozen regions of the North, they will not deem a brief survey of them tedious or misplaced*—'Resolute, gallant, glorious attempts!' exclaims that quaint but delightful old writer of the 'Pilgrimage,'—

'How,' continues he, 'shall I admire your heroicke courage, ye marine worthies, beyond all names of worthiness! that neyther dread so long
eyther

* We owe much of the rapid growth of our infant navy to those voyages; and we may here take occasion to observe, that the honourable appellation of Father of the British Navy has not been justly conferred on Henry VIII. The real founder of a permanent navy, distinct from the Cinque-port Marine, was the Conqueror of Agincourt. Among the many curious documents brought to light by the present able and industrious keeper of the records in the Tower, is a letter of Henry V. dated 12th August, 1417, directing the Lord Chancellor to issue letters-patent under the great seal, granting a sort of half-pay or annuity to 'certaine maistres for ovr owne grete shippes, carrackes, barges and balyngers.' That this monarch had regular King's ships, distinct from the mercantile marine, is further corroborated by that curious poem in Hackluit's collection, called the 'English Policie, &c.' which complains of the neglect of the navy by Henry VI. and extols 'the policie of keeping the see in the time of the marvellous verriour and victorious prince, King Henrie the fift and of his grete shippes.'—We like the 'policie' better than the poetry.

'And if I should conclude all by the King
Henric the Fift, what was his purposing

eyther presence or absence of the sunne; nor those foggy mysts, tempestuous winds, cold blasts, snowes and hayle in the ayre: nor the unequal seas, which might amaze the hearer, and amate the beholder, where the *Tritons* and *Neptune's* selfe would quake with chilling feare, to behold such monstrous icie lands, renting themselves with terour of their own owne massines, and disdayning otherwise both the seas soverreignty, and the sunne's hottest violence, mustering themselves in those watery plaines where they hold a continual civill warre, and rushing one upon another, make windes and waves give backe; seeming to rent the eares of others, while they rent themselves with crashing and splitting their coagealed armours.

The flourishing commerce of the Portugueze and Spaniards in the Indian seas stimulated the merchants of England to a participation in that great source of wealth, by the discovery of a passage that would shorten the voyage to India and China to less than half the distance of that round the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn. Such a passage was, in fact, supposed to have been made by Caspar de Cortereal, a Portugueze of some rank, in the year 1500. He touched at Newfoundland, passed over to *Terra Verde*, afterwards called *Terra de Cortereal*, and gave to the southern part of it, which was fit for cultivation, the name of *Terra de Labrador*. Then coasting to the northward and opening out a wide passage (now called Hudson's Strait) he concluded he had discovered the so much desired passage round America, which he is said to have named the Strait of *Anian*; not however, as we conceive, 'in honour of two brothers who accompanied him,' but because he deemed it to be the eastern extremity of a strait, whose western end opening into the Pacific, had already received that name. He hastened back to Portugal to communicate the agreeable intelligence, and was sent the following year to complete the discovery, but was never heard of more; and his brother Michael de Cortereal, who afterwards went in search of him, shared the same fate.

The first Englishman who undertook the discovery of a North-

When at Hampton, he made the *Great Dromous*
Which passed other grete shippes of the Commones;
The *Trinitie*, the *Grace de Dieu*, the *Holy Ghost*
And other moe, which as now be lost,
What hope ye was the King's grete intent
Of thou shippes, and what in mind he meant;
It was not ellis, but that he cust to bee
Lord round-about environ of the See.

Better indeed is Henry VII. entitled to be called the friend and founder of the navy than his successor. It was he who caused the *Great Harry* to be built at the expense of 15,000*l.* an enormous sum in those days. It was he too who engaged the Cabots of Venice in the discovery of Newfoundland; and it was accident only that prevented him from employing Columbus. But the spirit of discovery and foreign enterprise died away and revived only in full vigour after receiving the fostering hand of Elizabeth, whose long and flourishing protection of it has been exceeded only by that of George III.

west

west passage to China, was Mr. (afterwards Sir Martin) Frobisher. He left England in the middle of July, 1576, with two small vessels and a pinnace, the largest only 25 tons; and proceeding to the entrance of a supposed strait in latitude $63^{\circ} 10' N.$ he returned to Harwich on the 2d October, bringing back from an island on the coast of Greenland 'one of the salvages' and some bright stones. The wife of one of the adventurers threw one of these stones accidentally into the fire, and having quenched it with vinegar, 'it glistered with a bright marquisset of gold.' The following year Frobisher anchored on the west coast of Greenland, where the 'stones he altogether sparkled, and glisten in the sun like gold.' One of his people found the horn of a sea unicorn, into which some spiders being put immediately died; and 'these spiders,' we are told, 'as many affirm, are signs of great store of gold.' They also caught two women, one of whom was so ugly that the sailors suspected her to be the devil, and would not be convinced of the contrary, until they had stripped off her skin boots to see whether she had a cloven foot. Queen Elizabeth, it seems, was so much satisfied with the report of this voyage, that Frobisher was sent out for the third time the following year, to take possession of *Meta incognita* (Greenland) with 15 ships and 120 settlers; but the ice opposing their passage through the Strait, and the season being far advanced, they contented themselves with taking on board a large quantity of the 'glistening stones,' and returned to England. These stones we suppose turned out to be pieces of that beautiful iridescent spar known by the name of Labrador spar.

The unfavourable result of Frobisher's third expedition seems for a while to have cast a damp on the spirit of enterprize in this quarter; which however was revived in 1585, when some noblemen and gentlemen formed an association for effecting the discovery of the North-west passage, and John Davis, of Sandridge in Devonshire, was engaged to conduct the expedition. He left England with two ships, passed the south point of Greenland on the 20th July, to which, from its horrid appearance, he gave the name of the 'Land of Desolation,' then steered N. W. and making the land on the 6th August, in latitude $66^{\circ} 40' N.$, he gave to a high mountain 'glittering like gold,' the name of 'Mount Raleigh.' Having doubled the South cape of this island, which he named 'Cape of God's Mercy,' he proceeded up a strait (Cumberland Strait of modern charts) 20 leagues wide, to the distance of 60 leagues, when adverse winds and tides obliged him to return. In 1586, Davis was again sent with four ships, but made no discoveries of importance, and reached not beyond his former latitude. On his third voyage in 1587, he was more successful,

cessful, having proceeded along the west coast of Greenland to the latitude of $72^{\circ} 12' N.$ He then steered a westerly course towards the continent of America, but being opposed by fields and mountains of ice, which alarmed his people, he coasted to the southward along the same land he had discovered on his first voyage; saw Lumley's Inlet between 62° and 63° , and returned to Dartmouth by the 15th September. In his short letter to Mr. Saunderson, the great promoter of the undertaking, he says, 'I have been in 73° , finding the sea all open, the passage most probable, the execution easy.'

The failure of Davis, however, put an end to any further attempt in that century; and in 1591 Sir James Lancaster was sent with five ships by the usual but circuitous route of the Cape of Good Hope. This officer, or some person for him, having added to one of his letters a postscript, in which he says 'the passage to the Indies is in the N. W. of America in $62^{\circ} 30' N.$ ' the report of it once more revived the question; and, in 1602, Captain Waymouth left England with two fly-boats in search of the North-west passage. He succeeded in passing all the straits, and in reaching the latitude of $63^{\circ} 55' N.$ on the coast of America; (about Marble Island;) but here his crew mutinied, which obliged him to return to England. Knight and Hall, in 1606 and 1607, lost their lives in a scuffle with the natives before they had made any discovery of importance.

Notwithstanding all these failures, a society of merchants still persevered in the attempt to discover a northern route to India and China; they engaged, for this purpose, Captain Henry Hudson, a man of approved skill in seamanship, of great experience, and daring intrepidity. He left England in 1607, but instead of entering any of the straits, he stood directly for the East coast of Greenland, which he made in 73° , and named the point *Hold with Hope*. The weather continued mild, and even warm, till he reached the latitude of 78° ; the sea open, with much drift-wood. In $80^{\circ} 25' N.$ he sent his boat on shore with the mate and boatswain, who quenched their thirst, the weather being hot, at two excellent streams of fresh water. He still advanced to the northward as high as $82^{\circ} N.$ when falling in with mountains and fields of ice, he returned home, and arrived at Gravesend on the 15th September. The following year he made a second voyage, to attempt a passage between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, few particulars of which were made public, and these are not to our present purpose. The third, and, to him, the last and fatal voyage, was undertaken in 1610. Having passed the strait which now bears his name, and doubled the westernmost capes of Labrador, which he named Wolstenholme and Digges, he stood to the southward down the great bay

bay which bears his own name, and entered a harbour which they called Michaelmas, where it was Hudson's intention to pass the winter; but an accident prevented him, and he stood down to the lowest bite of the bay. Here the chief employ of his crew was to procure provisions, with which they appear to have been scantily supplied in the ship; but they killed about a hundred dozen of partridges as white as milk; and in the spring, when those left them, 'came birds of divers sorts, as swannes, goose, ducke, and teale.' While thus employed, a mutiny was stirred up among the ship's company by one Greene, a person whom Hudson had taken on board out of charity and treated as his own child. On leaving this spot, the mutineers forced Hudson, his son, and seven others into the boat, amidst fields of ice, with a scanty supply of provisions—she was never heard of more, and all that were in her must have miserably perished. The mutineers stood away for Digges's Island at the mouth of Hudson's Strait, where they found tents full of men, women, and children, 'bigge-boned, broad-faced, flat-nosed, and small-footed, like the Tartars.' Here Greene and another of the principal mutineers were shot by the natives, and three others died a few days after of their wounds: 'everywhere,' observes Purchas, 'can Divine justice find executioners.' The remainder of the crew, after taking on board about 400 sea-fowl which they caught on leaving the land, made the best of their way homewards, being reduced to the greatest distress, living chiefly on sea-weeds fried with candle-ends, and the skins and feathers of the fowl they had eaten. The account of this unfortunate voyage is written by one of the crew named Habakuk Pricket, who, of course, endeavours to lay the whole blame on Greene and the others who had been killed by the Eskimeaux; but 'North-west Foxe,' in his remarks on the transaction, slyly observes, 'Well, Pricket, I am in great doubt of thy fidelity to Master Hudson.'

This Habakuk Pricket, however, was engaged to accompany Sir Thomas Button two years after (1612) on the same voyage of discovery, with two ships whose names were the same as those under the celebrated Cook in his last voyage—the Resolution and the Discovery. He passed through Hudson's Strait, saw the south point of the large island named on some of our charts Southampton Island, and gave it the name of *Carey's Swan's Nest*, and steering from thence S.W. made the main land of America in 60° 40', to which he gave the name of *Hope's Check*. Button wintered in Port Nelson, so called from his pilot, in latitude 57° 10' N. which is now the principal station of the Hudson's Bay Company. He lost many men by cold and hunger, 'and yet,' says Foxe, 'he was supplied with great store of white partridges and other fowle; of which I have

have heard it credibly reported, that this Company killed eighteen hundred dozen in the winter season.' Button reached no higher than the latitude of 65° on the east coast of Southampton Island.

In 1614, Captain Gibbons was sent out in the *Discovery*; but his ship was beset by ice on the N.E. coast of Labrador, in about 57° N. where he remained nearly five months in a sort of bay, to which his ship's company, in derision, gave the name of *Gibbons his Hole*; escaping at last from his place of confinement, he made the best of his way home.

Robert Bylot, who had been with Hudson, Button, and Gibbons, now appointed master of the same ship, the *Discovery*, of 55 tons burden, set sail from England in April, 1615, passed through Hudson's Strait, as far as Cape Comfort, on the east coast of Southampton Island in latitude 65° N. but having proceeded northerly about half a degree, and finding, as he says, the water shallow, and the land trending to the N.E. (which, however, is doubtful,) he returned to England without making any discovery.

The following year, Bylot, with Baffin (who had acted as his pilot in the former voyage) proceeded again in the same ship, the *Discovery*, being her fifth voyage on the same object. They now stood along the west coast of Greenland; and saw some islands in $72^{\circ} 15'$, to which, finding women only on them, they gave the name of *Women's Islands*; they are situated close to the *Sanderson's Hope* of Davis, the extreme point which that navigator reached. Coasting from hence, in an open sea, they passed 'a fayre cape,' in latitude $76^{\circ} 35'$, which they named *Cape Dudley Digges*; then standing N. westerly they passed *Whale Sound*, in $77^{\circ} 30'$; then *Sir Thomas Smith's Sound*, which was choked up, not with ice, but with whales; and extended beyond 78° N. this being the farthest point they reached to the northward. They then stood five days to the southward of west, through an open sea, and saw *Alderman Jones's Sound*, in latitude $76^{\circ} 30'$; and in two days, standing more southerly, they opened *Sir James Lancaster's Sound*; from whence they continued their course two days southeasterly, the sea still open, till they came to latitude $71^{\circ} 16'$, when meeting with much ice, they struck off from the coast due east, and passing through Baffin's Strait, into the Strait of Davis, made the best of their way home: first touching, however, at Cockin Sound on the coast of Greenland, to collect scurvy grass, sorrel and orpine, for their sick, who, Baffin says, were cured in eight days by the scurvy grass (*cochlearia*) boiled in beer. This might be considered as the most important of all the voyages, if the brief account of it could be depended on; but there is nothing left on record, except a meagre sort of journal by Baffin, unaccompanied by any chart; Bylot, as would appear from Habakuk Pricket's

Pricket's narrative of Hudson's Voyage, being unable either to read or write. The floating masses of ice drifting from the northward, and the heavy swell from the same quarter, when off Whale Sound, would seem to indicate that Greenland is no part of America, but a large island, or rather an archipelago of islands. Baffin's Bay, as we now see it on some modern charts, is wholly supposititious.

The unabated zeal and the extraordinary perseverance which actuated the promoters of these early voyages of discovery, were kept alive by the prevailing opinion that the north-west passage had actually been made by the Spaniards and Portuguese,* and particularly by a Greek pilot of the name of Juan de Fuca;† but from the termination of Baffin's last voyage, if we except an obscure attempt of Hawkrige, who had accompanied Sir Thomas Button in 1612, the ardour for the discovery of this passage seems to have abated. It was, however, revived in 1630, by one Lucas Foxe, a shrewd, sensible man, who, having availed himself of the information gained by preceding adventurers, was so certain of making the passage, that he obtained a letter from Charles I. addressed to his brother the Emperor of Japan. This enterprize was, in fact, under the immediate patronage of the king, who contributed one of his own ships, fitted out in the most complete manner, and victualled for 18 months. Sir Thomas Roe and Sir John Wolstenholme were named by the king to superintend the equipment of the voyage. Some merchants of Bristol having fitted out

* Sir Humfrey Gilbert says, that one Salvaterra, a gentleman of Vittoria, in Spain, came into Ireland in 1568, and in his (Sir Gilbert's) hearing, told Sir Henry Sidney, then Lord Deputy, that one Urdaneta, a friar of Mexico, had told him eight years before, that he came from *Mar del Sur* into Germany through this north-west passage, and shewed Salvaterra a sea-card made by his own experience and travel in that voyage. This friar, Sir Gilbert adds, told the King of Portugal that he meant to publish the same, but the king most earnestly desired him not to make the same known, for that 'if England had knowledge and experience thereof, it would greatly hinder both him and the King of Spain.' This Urdaneta went with Magellan and afterwards with Legaspi's expedition, in 1564, to the Philippine Islands; and the chart, long used by the Manila ships, was originally constructed by Urdaneta.

† His real name was Apostolos Valerianus. The story told to Mr. Michael Lok, Consul for the Turkey merchants at Aleppo, was a plain and no doubt a true one—that he was plundered in a Manila ship, off Cape California, by one Candish, (Cavendish, who states his having found a Greek pilot in one of the ships he plundered,) an Englishman—that he was afterwards sent by the Viceroy of Mexico, to discover the Strait of Anian, but owing to a mutiny in the squadron, he returned—that in 1599 he was again sent on this discovery; that he entered a strait between 47° and 48° of latitude, and sailed above twenty days in a broad sea; and that, opposed by savages clothed in skins, he returned to Acapulco. The late Bishop of Salisbury, rather indiscreetly, has pronounced this story of De Fuca, 'the fabric of imposture;' for the ink was scarcely dry which transmitted to posterity this hasty opinion, when the strait, and the sea, and the savages were recognized by Meares and others, in the very spot pointed out by the old Greek pilot, to whom modern geographers have rendered tardy justice, by assigning to the strait he discovered, the name of Juan de Fuca.

a ship for the same purpose, under the command of Captain James, requested that she might accompany Foxe. Early in May, 1631, His Majesty's ship *Charles*, of 80 tons, left England; but owing to foggy weather, and ice, it was the 15th July before she reached the islands of Salisbury and Nottingham. From hence Foxe stood over to the Continent of America, and made the land in $64^{\circ} 10'$, which he named *Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome*; and directing his course to the southward discovered *Brook Cobham*, since called *Marble Island*; after this he anchored in Nelson's River; and concluding that no passage existed between that point and $64^{\circ} 10' N.$, he next stood to the northward, between Southampton and Cumberland Islands, and on the west coast of the latter gave names to King Charles's promontory, Cape Maria, Trinity Islands, Lord Weston's Portland and *Foxe's Farthest*, being, as the name imports, the extreme point to which he proceeded, in latitude $66^{\circ} 47' N.$ Adverse winds, long nights, a waning moon, and the sickness of his crew, obliged him 'either to seek for harbour, or to freeze to death in the sea,' and he therefore returned to England.

Captain James wintered in the cul-de-sac of Hudson's Sea, named after him *James's Bay*; came home the following year, and published a dismal account of his sufferings from cold, hunger, disease, &c. though the latitude in which he passed the winter was only $52^{\circ} 3'$. Without adding the slightest information to the geography of Hudson's Sea, he decides boldly that there is no such thing as a north-west passage.

About the same time one M. de Groseiller, of Canada, was dispatched from Quebec for the purpose of discovery. Landing near Nelson's River, he fell in with a wretched hut in which were six people nearly famished. They were part of the crew of a ship which had been sent from Boston, and which, while they were on shore, had been driven to sea by the ice, and was never heard of more. Groseiller went to Paris, but meeting with no encouragement from the French government, came to England with a letter from our ambassador to Prince Rupert, who received him favourably; and, being joined by other noblemen and merchants, fitted out a ship in 1668, which Captain Gillam was appointed to command. He proceeded up Davis's Strait to $75^{\circ} N.$, returned to Rupert's River in the bottom of Hudson's Bay, and there wintered. In the mean time Charles II. by his Royal Charter, constituted Prince Rupert and certain lords, knights, and merchants, a body corporate, known by the name of 'the Governor and Company of the Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay.'

From the moment this body of 'Adventurers' was instituted, the *spirit* of adventure died away; and every succeeding effort was palsied by the baneful influence of monopoly, of which the discovery

very of a north-west passage was deemed the forerunner of destruction. Even the publication of De Fonte's* Voyage failed to rouse the attention of speculators. At length, however, in 1720, one Knight, who had long been in the Company's service as master of a ship, and subsequently governor of one of their forts, reminded his old masters that they were obliged, by their charter, to make discoveries and extend their trade, and that if they refused to indulge him with an expedition for these purposes, he would apply to the crown. Being nearly 80 years of age, the Company thought it more advisable to gratify his 'troublesome zeal,' as Robson calls it, than to let the business be taken up by some abler hand—his instructions were to find the Strait of Anian, in order to discover gold, whales, and other *valuable commodities*, to the northward, &c. Knight was so confident of success, that he caused strong chests to be made, hooped with iron, to hold the gold and copper which he was determined to find, and which seem to have engrossed his mind more than the discovery of the north-west passage. The two ships sent under him and Barlow were never heard of more; but some of their remains were discovered six or seven years afterwards in a bay on Marble Island, where their crews appear to have perished in the most miserable manner. In 1722 one Scroggs was sent to the northward ostensibly to look for these unfortunate sufferers, about which, however, Robson says, there was not one word in his instructions. This Scroggs appears to have been totally unfit for any expedition on account of his ignorance and timidity, but exceedingly well qualified to answer the purpose of the Hudson's Bay Company, who seemed to enjoy their monopoly in perfect tranquillity, without giving themselves the smallest concern about making discoveries either by land or by water.

At length a gentleman of the name of Dobbs, having well considered what preceding navigators had stated with regard to the high tides from the northward in the *Welcome*, prevailed on the Company, after much importunity, to send a vessel to the northward, in 1737, but she returned without doing any thing, never having reached so high as the latitude 63°. Dobbs, perceiving the reluctant and negligent conduct of the Company, applied next to the

* The Voyage of De Fonte, Fuente, or Fonta, appeared for the first time in a periodical publication called the *Monthly Miscellany*, or *Memoirs for the Curious*, for April, 1708. It is supposed to have been performed in 1640. Captain Barney, who has published it at length in his 'History of Voyages, &c.' seems to think with Mr. Dalrymple, that it is an idle piece of invention by one Petiver, a contributor to the above-mentioned Miscellany; though it might have been founded on the circumstance of Bargmaster Witsen having mentioned a voyage made by the celebrated *Da Fonte* in 1649, to *Terra del Fuego*, at the cost of the King of Spain; and of the Boston ship that was lost in Hudson's Bay, six of whose crew were found on shore by Groseiller—it is something of the kind of our modern romances composed of fact and fiction, pleasant to read, but injurious to the truth of history.

government, and by his perseverance and sanguine representations obtained the Furnace bomb and the pink Discovery, to be appropriated for this service, under the orders of Captain Middleton, a commander in the British navy, who had served as master in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company for many voyages. Middleton left England in 1741, wintered in Churchill River, and in the summer of 1742 proceeded up the Welcome to Wager River, and looked into (he says sailed round) what he was pleased to call *Repulse Bay*. From hence he returned to the southward. On his arrival in England, Dobbs accused him of wilfully misrepresenting his discoveries, to curry favour with his old employers, and of having taken a bribe of 5000*l.* from them not to make any discoveries. He denies the bribe, but admits that he might have said to some of the governors that he would discover the passage and none of those with him should be the wiser for it. His officers too swore to his having misrepresented facts. The Lords of the Admiralty called upon him to answer the charges preferred against him by Mr. Dobbs, which he did at full length; but without satisfying them. To evince, on the contrary, how strongly impressed they still were with the probability of a north-west passage, their Lordships procured an act the following year (18 Geo. II.), for granting a reward of twenty thousand pounds to the person or persons who should discover a north-west passage through Hudson's Strait to the western and southern ocean of America; a discovery which the preamble states to be of 'great benefit and advantage to the trade of this kingdom.'

The offer of this reward immediately brought forward new adventurers, who raised by subscription a sum sufficient to equip two ships, the Dobbs commanded by Captain Moor, and the California by Captain Smith, which left the Thames in May, 1746. On the 11th August they reached the coast of America about Marble Island, and having made some observations on the height, direction and velocity of the tides, they stood to the southward and wintered in Port Nelson, where they were treated with great jealousy, and closely watched by the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. They remained here, we know not why, till the 1st July, when they again proceeded to the northward, and examined Wager's Strait; here the two commanders differed respecting the examination of Repulse Bay, and the ships returned to England, without having accomplished any other discovery beyond that of ascertaining Wager Water to be a deep bay or inlet. Two accounts of this voyage were published; one, containing many curious and sensible observations, by Mr. Ellis, the other, a laboured and conceited performance in two volumes, by 'the Clerk of the California.'

After

After this the spirit of discovery in the north seems totally to have sunk ; and the Hudson's Bay Company were left in that state of apathy which seems most congenial to their habits and interests. They sent, it is true, Mr. Hearne thirteen hundred miles in search of copper, and after the lapse of a hundred years they discovered that Chesterfield's Inlet at the distance of a hundred leagues from one of their establishments, was *not* the north-west passage ; but they never once thought of sending any one a little farther to the north, where probably in half the distance travelled by Hearne, the sea coast would have interrupted the traveller's progress.

The government, however, was vigorously prosecuting new discoveries ; and, after so many failures to the northward, it was resolved to employ the celebrated Cook to determine the exact situation of the two continents of Asia and America, or, in other words, to examine the *Strait of Anian*. On this occasion a new act was passed (16 Geo. III.) granting a reward of twenty thousand pounds to any person or persons who should discover any northern passage for vessels by sea, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in any direction or parallel to the northward of the fifty-second degree of northern latitude. In the same year Cook sailed from the Thames with the *Resolution* and *Discovery*. On the 9th August, 1778, he determined the western extremity of America, to which he gave the name of Cape Prince of Wales, to be in $65^{\circ} 46'$ N. long. $191^{\circ} 45'$; and, when in lat. $66^{\circ} 5'$, the width of the Strait which divides the two continents of Asia and America, to be about fourteen leagues. Standing to the northward he named a point of land on the American coast *Point Mulgrave*, the lat. of which was $67^{\circ} 45'$. He continued up the Strait till he was in lat. $70^{\circ} 33'$, in an open sea, but soon after, in $70^{\circ} 41'$, found himself 'close to the edge of the ice which was as compact as a wall,' and ten or twelve feet high. In returning to the southward he saw, on the American side, a low point in lat. $70^{\circ} 29'$, to which he gave the name of *Icy Cape*. As the ice was still near the ships in lat. $69^{\circ} 32'$ while there was none in proceeding to the northward, he concluded that the whole was a moveable mass, though he could not detect any current. To a point of high land in lat. $69^{\circ} 5'$, he gave the name of *Cape Lisburne*. It being now near the end of August, Captain Cook repaired to Oonalashka, and from thence to the Sandwich islands, with the intention of renewing the examination of the Strait the following year ; but by his unfortunate death, that task devolved on Captain Clarke, who entered the Strait toward the end of June, 1779, on the Asiatic side. On the 6th July he had reached the lat. 67° N. and, after encountering much ice, that of $70^{\circ} 33'$. On the 19th, in $69^{\circ} 34'$, he got sight of the land on the American side to the S. E. but could not

come near it—and this, with Cape Prince of Wales, viewed from the middle of the Strait, were the only two points he saw on the coast of America: after some further attempts on the Asiatic side, he returned to Kamschatka, though the month of July had not yet expired. Without attaching blame to Captain Clarke, whose constitution was so debilitated that he died before they reached Kamschatka, or to Captains Gore or King, we think that, had Cook lived, he would not so soon have abandoned this great object. It is admitted in the narrative of the voyage, that the ‘impenetrable barrier of ice’ occasionally breaks up and is moved about in every direction; that ‘as far as their experience went,’ the sea to the north of Behring’s Strait is clearer of ice in August than in July; and that ‘perhaps in September it may still be more free;’ it is also admitted that there is less probability of success on the Asiatic, than on the American side of the Strait; and yet it is known that Deschneff succeeded in passing the Strait from the north side of the Asiatic continent: under such admissions, it was certainly unfortunate that the attempt should so soon have been abandoned.

About the same time Lieutenant Pickersgill was sent in the armed brig *Lion* to examine the western parts of Baffin’s bay—but the choice was unfortunate; he never once entered Baffin’s bay; and Lieutenant Young, who superseded him and proceeded under similar instructions the following year, reached only the 72d degree of latitude, cruizing along the eastern instead of western side of Baffin’s bay, and consequently among the ice which almost always clings to the shore. ‘His talents,’ as Dr. Douglas observes, ‘were more adapted to contribute to the glory of a victory, as commander of a line of battle ship, than to add to geographical discoveries, by encountering mountains of ice, and exploring unknown coasts.’

The Hudson’s Bay Company were again left free, for many years, from the apprehensions of a discovery of the north-west passage. Fortunately, however, for the world, it rarely happens that a generation passes away without producing men zealous for their country’s weal, and the honour of science. Mr. Dalrymple, late hydrographer to the Admiralty, after carefully examining the question of the north-west passage, was decidedly of opinion that the problem was still to be solved; and conceiving with Dr. Douglas that ‘the governor and committee of the Hudson’s Bay Company had made amends for the narrow prejudices of their predecessors, and that no further obstruction would be thrown in the way of those who might be sent on discovery,’ he prevailed on them to employ Mr. Duncan, a master in the navy, and now master attendant of his Majesty’s dock-yard at Chatham, who had exhibited

bited considerable talent on a voyage to Nootka Sound, on this service. Mr. Dalrymple had long been of opinion that not only Greenland, but all the land said to have been seen by Baffin on the northern and eastern sides of the great bay bearing his name, was composed of clusters of islands, and that a passage through the '*fretum Davis*,' round the northern extremity of Cumberland island, led directly into the North Sea, from the 70° to the 71° of latitude. It is thus marked on an ancient globe, the first, we believe, ever made in this country, and now in the library of the Inner Temple, which contains all the discoveries of our early navigators; it is, in fact, the only remaining record of this kind, as charts were then rude and not in fashion. Davis himself refers to it; and Hackluit, in his edition of 1589, has celebrated this early specimen of geographical science.* On inquiring after this globe, we were told, that it had recently been new-coated, and that Mr. Arrowsmith's sketches had succeeded to the discoveries of Frobisher and Davis! We are slow to believe that the venerable Benchers of the Temple can have given their sanction to so barbarous and sacrilegious an act, as that of defacing this curious and valuable relic of antiquity.†

* Hackluit apologizes to the gentle reader 'for inserting into the worke, one of the best generall mappes of the world onely, untill the coming out of a very large and most exact terrestriall globe, collected and reformed, according to the newest, secretest, and latest discoveries, both Spanish, Portugall and English, composed by M. Emmerie Mollineux, of Lambeth, a rare gentleman in his profession, being therein for divers yeeres greatly supported by the purse and liberalitie of the worshipful marchant, Mr. William Sanderson.' This is the globe which the Benchers of the Temple are said to have white-washed.

† Mr. Dalrymple caused a copy to be taken of those parts of this globe relative to the present question. On this sketch, we see with pleasure, the Drogio and the Frieland of the two noble Venetians, the Zeni; we observe the latter where it always was and still is, at the southern extremity of Greenland, a little above the 60th parallel of latitude; still holding its head above water, in spite of the volcanoes and the earthquakes created by the Duc d'Almadover and Delisle, the Abbé Zurla and Sig. Amoretti, to overwhelm it in the ocean. We see no reason to disbelieve (as some affect to do) the fact stated by Nicolao Zeno of the friars of the monastery of St. Thomas warming their rooms, cooking their victuals, and watering their garden from a spring of hot water; such springs are known to exist: and what should prevent these friars in that dreadful cold region from availing themselves of an article so obviously useful and effectual? Is there any thing more extraordinary in the friars of Greenland boiling their victuals in the water of a hot spring than the party in the suite of Lord Macartney's embassy boiling the fish in the hot springs on the margin of the volcanic crater, in which they were caught, on the island of Amsterdam? The blind monk whom Dethmar Pleskins saw in the monastery of Helgafiel, in Iceland, and who was himself thrust, when young, into the convent of St. Thomas, in the very early part of the sixteenth century, long before Ramusio published the letters of the two Zeni, corroborates all that Zeno stated, adding that the walls of the monastery were built of pumice-stone. There is one simple fact mentioned by Nicolao Zeno which no man in the fourteenth century could know or imagine who had not lived among the Eskimaux—their boats, he says, were framed of the bones of fishes and covered with their skins; and they were shaped like a weaver's shuttle—a description so just and a resemblance so perfect, that from that time to this, it has been adopted by every succeeding voyager.

Never was man more sanguine of success in any undertaking than Mr. Duncan. In 1790 he went out in the Company's ship *Sea-horse*, to take the command of a sloop in Hudson's Bay, called the *Churchill*. He found, on his arrival, a crew who affected to be terrified at the idea of going on discovery; the Company's servants told him the vessel was totally unfit for such a purpose, and that she could not be made sea-worthy in that country; though Mr. Duncan says he has since learned that she had been constantly employed for *twenty years* afterwards. Seeing nothing to be done there he immediately returned to England, resolving to have no further concern with the Hudson's Bay Company—but the governors expressed so much regret and disappointment, and Mr. Dalrymple was so urgent for following up the discovery, that he consented to take the command of a strong well-built ship of eighty-four tons, called the *Beaver*, fitted to his mind, and stored for eighteen months. He left the Thames on the 2d May, 1791, but did not reach the height of Charles's Island in 63° lat. till the 2d August, nor Churchill River till the 5th September, when all hope of accomplishing any thing that year was at an end. It is remarkable that our early adventurers, at a time when the art of navigation was in its infancy, the science but little understood, the instruments few and imperfect, in barks of twenty-five or thirty tons burthen, ill-constructed, ill-found and apparently ill-suited to brave the mountains of ice through which they had to force their way, and the dark and dismal storms which beset them—that these men should have succeeded in running through the straits to high latitudes and home again in less time than Mr. Duncan required to reach one of the Hudson's Bay Company's establishments, the route to which was then as well known as that to the Shetland islands.

Mr. Duncan remained in Churchill River till the 15th July in the following year, got into Chesterfield Inlet and returned to Churchill about the end of August; his crew having mutinied, encouraged, as he states, by his first officer, who was a servant of the Company. —Here grief and vexation so preyed on his mind as to render a voyage which promised every thing, completely abortive:—thus terminated the last and the least efficient of all the expeditions (excepting that of Gibbons) for the discovery of the North-west Passage!

All these failures, however, are by no means conclusive against its existence. We must bear in mind that not one of the adventurers proceeded, on the eastern side of America, beyond the Arctic circle; and that on the western side, or Strait of Behring, three points of land only to the northward of Cape Prince of Wales have been seen at a distance, the northernmost (Icy Cape) in lat. 70° 29'; the next, (Cape Lisburne,) in 69° 5', and the third (Cape Mulgrave)

Mulgrave) in $67^{\circ} 45'$. Could we only be certain then that Hearne and Mackenzie actually arrived at the shore of the northern ocean,*

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* Hearne talks of the tide being out, 'but that it flowed, by the marks on the edge of the ice, twelve or fourteen feet,' and that 'it only reached a little way within the river's mouth'; that 'the water at the mouth of the river was perfectly fresh when the tide was out, but it was the sea or some branch of it, by the quantity of whale-bone and seal skins which the Esquimaux had at their tents, and also by the number of seals which appeared on the ice.' If the tide was out on the morning of the 17th it was in on the middle of that day, and he never quitted the margin of the river till the morning of the 18th: why then judge of its rise by 'the marks on the ice?' The tide rises fourteen feet in the Thames as high as Woolwich, and is salt at low water at Gravesend; how fourteen feet of sea water could leave that of the river 'perfectly fresh' close within the bar, is difficult to comprehend. As to his latitude of this spot, that is still less to be depended on; he tells us that 'in those high latitudes and at this season of the year the sun is always at a good height above the horizon, so that he had not only day-light, but sun-shine the whole night.' Now there is not a word of this 'sun-shine all night,' in his M.S. Journal, as quoted by Doctor Douglas; and indeed, he says in his printed book, that a thick fog and drizzling rain came on, and 'finding that neither the river nor the sea were likely to be of any use, I did not think it worth while to wait for fair weather to determine the latitude exactly by an observation.' What did he go for? he was selected for the journey because he could take an observation for the latitude, and yet in the whole of the journey of thirteen hundred miles and back again, he takes but one single observation! But the latitude of the river's mouth, he says, may be depended on—what that latitude was, however, is never once mentioned; but by the chart it is about $73^{\circ} 30'$.—The result of his single observation at Congecathawhachaga was $68^{\circ} 46'$ and the courses and distances from that place to the mouth of the river give a difference of about 3° , so that the latitude we are to 'depend upon,' instead of $73^{\circ} 30'$ as on the chart, is, by his reckoning, $71^{\circ} 46'$. Doctor Douglas states it from his Journal at 72° .—Dalrymple, however, and Arrowsmith, and all the chart-makers, have agreed to cut him down to about 69° , and if so, the sun was not always a good height above the horizon, for its declination being on the 18th July about 20° , he must have been, on that mid-night, in the horizon.

Mackenzie's account is not more satisfactory. On his arrival among the Quarrellers, in latitude 68° , he was informed that the distance from thence to the sea, on the east side of the river, was not far, and on the west that it was still shorter; that the land on both sides projected to a point in the direction of the river, to which point he was proceeding,—at six miles beyond the Quarrellers, the river branched into a multitude of channels, separated by low islands, and banks of mud and sand. He took the mid-channel, which was to carry him to Benahulla Toe, or white man's lake, into which he entered in latitude $69^{\circ} 1' N$. This lake was quite open to the westward, and out of the channel of the river had only four feet, and in some places, one foot of depth; he reached, however, an island to the westward. From the whole tenor of his statement, we certainly concluded that this was the sea, but are presently informed that his people could not refrain from expressions of real concern that they were obliged to return without reaching the sea. In the course of the night, they were disturbed by the rising of the water; they also saw whales, but they were white; the guide, however, assured him they were the same that constituted the principal food of the Esquimaux; 'the tide appeared to rise sixteen or eighteen inches;' he saw no natives, but found many of their huts, their domestic utensils, frames of sledges and of canoes made of whale-bone, which left no doubt on his mind that they were the deserted abodes of the Esquimaux. The latitude of Whale-island was $69^{\circ} 14' N$.—and with this slight and imperfect information, he returns from a long and painful journey, either not knowing or not chusing to say, whether he had been on the shore of the hyperborean sea or not; but evidently wishing it to be inferred, as the title of his book implies, and his chart asserts, that he had reached the 'frozen ocean.' Yet for some incomprehensible reason, he avoids even mentioning the name of the sea, but talks of a tide—a tide of sixteen or eighteen inches! The simple, easy and obvious test of dipping his finger in the water to taste if it was salt, seems not to have occurred to him—

as the titles of their books and all the charts assert, the existence of a passage would amount nearly to a certainty. The distance between Baffin's Sea and Behring's Strait is not more than 1,200 miles, of which that between the mouths of the Mackenzie and Copper-mine rivers is about 400. On the charts the mouths of these rivers are nearly on the same parallel of latitude, i. e. about $69\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Now there can be but little doubt that the two continents of America and Asia have once been united, the trending of the coast of the latter continuing on the opposite side of Behring's Strait for more than 1000 miles nearly in the same line. On the American side, no land has been seen to the northward of the Icy Cape, and none between it and Cape Lisburne; Icy Cape is very low land, the Russians, whose regular establishments on the American continent extend as far north as 67° north lat. say that it is an island; and so strong is the impression at Petersburg of a practicable passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, round the northern coast of America, that Count Romanzoff, at his own expense, has fitted out a stout vessel called the *Rurick*, commanded by Lieut. Kotzebue, son of the celebrated writer of that name, to make the attempt. She passed Plymouth last summer, where she was supplied with a life-boat, and during the summer of the present year, she is to endeavour to penetrate into the northern sea between Icy Cape and Cape Lisburne, or, on meeting with any impediment, to proceed round the former: it will be a singular event if the last, and we may almost say least of the maritime powers of Europe, should be the first to make this important discovery—so often attempted before she had a single ship on the ocean.

Thus then the coast of America may be presumed to preserve a line from Behring's Strait to Mackenzie's River, and from thence to Copper-mine River, a distance of 800 miles, fluctuating between the parallels of 69° and 70° , and we see not the slightest reason to question its continuance, in or near that line, for the remaining 400 miles to Baffin's Sea, or to the strait which connects it with Hudson's Sea: this is the only point to be discovered.—No human being has yet approached the coast of America, on the eastern side, from $66\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to 72° . Davies, Baffin, and Foxe came nearest to it; but the attempts of the rest were chiefly confined to the southward. Middleton was in the way of making discoveries, if, instead of losing his time in Wager River, he had continued to coast to the northward.

The solution of this important problem is the business of *three months* out and home. The space to be examined, at the very

if he did so, he is uncandid in not mentioning the result—if he did not, he is woefully deficient in that sagacity which has always been accounted a prominent feature in the character of a North-Briton. Under all the circumstances mentioned by these two travellers, we may perhaps conclude that both were near the sea-shore, but neither of them reached it.

utmost.

utmost, is from the 67th to the 71st parallels, or [four degrees of latitude.

Two small schooners of 80 or 100 tons, under the command of a skilful Naval Officer, with a couple of Greenland fishermen to act as pilots through the ice, would be sufficient for the purpose. They should proceed at once up the very middle of Davis's Strait, keeping to the westward so as not to raise their latitude higher than 72° , and having cleared Cumberland Island, edge away to the southward. Hitherto most of our adventurers have worked their way through Hudson's Strait, which is generally choked up with ice; then standing to the northward they have had to contend with ice drifting to the southward, with contrary winds and currents; these inconveniences would be obviated by standing first to the latitudes of 71° or 72° and from thence southerly and westerly till they either reached Hudson's Bay, which would decide the question in the negative, or till they saw the north coast of America, which would go far to complete the discovery.

Disappointment is generally fertile in apologies for failures; we need not therefore be surprized if we find some assert that no such passage exists, and others pronounce its inutility if it should be discovered, from the uncertainty of its being free from ice any one year, and perhaps practicable only once in three or four years. Such an apology for our present ignorance of every thing that regards the geography, the hydrography, and meteorology of the north-eastern shores of America, might be pleaded by mercantile speculators, but can have little weight with those who have the interests of science at heart, or the national honour and fame, which are intimately connected with those interests. When the government offered a reward of £20,000 for the discovery of the North-west Passage, and £5000 to him who should approach within one degree of the North Pole, it was not with a view to any immediate commercial advantages that this liberal encouragement was held out, but with the same expanded object that sent Cook in search of a 'Southern Continent.' If, however, the continent of America shall be found to terminate, as is most likely, about the 70th degree of latitude, or even below it, we have little doubt of a free and practicable passage round it for seven or eight months in every year; and we are much mistaken if the North-west Company would not derive immediate and incalculable advantages from a passage of three months to their establishment in Columbia River, instead of the circuitous voyage of six or seven months round Cape Horn; to say nothing of the benefit which might be derived from taking in their cargoes of furs and peltry for the China market at the mouths of Mackenzie and Copper-mine rivers, to which the northern Indians would be too happy to bring them, if protected by

by European establishments, at these or other places, from their enemies the Esquimaux.

The polar regions of the globe within the arctic circle offer a wide field for the researches of a philosophic mind; yet, in point of science, very little is known beyond what is contained in the account of Captain Phipps's voyage to the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen. The natural history, though the best, is still but imperfectly known; the sea and land swarm with animals in these abodes of ice and snow, and multitudes of both yet remain to be discovered and described. It is an important object to obtain more accurate observations on those huge mountains of ice which float on the sea; it is no longer a question that the *field* or *flaked* ice is frozen sea-water, though itself perfectly fresh; and it is almost as certain, though doubted by some, that the huge masses which the Dutch call *icebergs*, are formed on the steep and precipitous shores, from whence those 'thunderbolts of snow' are occasionally hurled into the deep, bearing with them fragments of earth and stones. 'I came,' says Foxe, 'by one piece of ice higher than the rest, whereupon a stone was of the contents of five or six tonne weight, with divers other smaller stones and mud thereon.'

It is a common but we believe an erroneous opinion, that the temperature of our climate has regularly been diminishing, and that it is owing to the ice having permanently fixed itself to the shores of Greenland, which, in consequence, from being once a flourishing colony of Denmark, is now become uninhabitable and unapproachable. We doubt both the fact and the inference. It is not the climate that has altered, but we who feel it more severe as we advance in years; the registers of the absolute degree of temperature, as measured by the thermometer, do not warrant any such conclusion; and more attempts than one to land on the coast of Greenland must be made, before we can give credit to its being bound up in eternal ice—which is known to shift about with every gale of wind—to be drifted by currents—and to crumble and consume below the surface of the water. We suspect indeed, that the summer heat, which in the latitude $80\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Phipps found to be on the average of the month of July at 42° of Fahrenheit, during the whole twenty-four hours, and once, when exposed to the sun, as high as $86\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, dissolves fully as much of the ice and snow on the surface of the sea as the preceding winter may have formed.* It appears too, that

* In the Transactions of the Wernerian Society are published several Meteorological Journals of Mr. Scoresby, a whale-fisher of Hull, which, compared with that of Phipps, would seem to sanction the idea of a decreasing temperature, the average height of the thermometer, in the months of July in 1811 and 1812, being only about 33° , and very often below the freezing point, though in a lower latitude by three degrees than that in which Captain Phipps observed it; but the fishing vessels penetrate the fields of ice, the open spaces of which are frequented by whales; and there can be no doubt this diminished temperature is owing to their being in the midst of an atmosphere chilled by the surrounding ice.

there are times in the depth of winter when the temperature is exceedingly mild; and the intense frosts are undoubtedly moderated by the caloric given out from the Aurora borealis, which in these regions affords not only an admirable compensation for the short absence of the moon, but imparts a considerable degree of warmth to the lower regions of the atmosphere, filling the whole circle of the horizon, and approaching so near the surface of the globe as to be distinctly *heard* in varying their colours and positions. 'I have frequently,' says Hearne, 'heard them making a rustling and crackling noise, like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind.' The electric *aura*, it is well known, will raise the mercury in the tube of the thermometer, but no experiments have been made to ascertain the degree of heat given out by these *henbanes* or *petty dancers*, as Foxe calls them, which must be very considerable; as Button says, 'the stream in the element is like the flame that cometh forth from the mouth of a hot oven.' Almost every voyager into Hudson's and Baffin's seas complains of the occasional hot weather, and the great annoyance of mosquitoes on the shores. Duncan, when surrounded with ice, had the thermometer in August at 56° in the shade, and 82° in the sun. Yet the cold in winter is more intense than they have yet been able to measure either by a mercurial or spirit thermometer. It is a well established fact, that on the eastern sides of great continents, the temperature is greatly below that in the same degree of latitude on the western sides: thus, while the whole of Hudson's Bay, the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, down to 46° may be said to be, in winter, one mass of ice, not a particle of ice was ever seen in the sea on the western side of America, to the southward of 64° or 65° . The delicate humming-bird is not uncommon at Nootka, and was seen by Mackenzie at Peace River, in latitude $54^{\circ} 24'$. The cold of Halifax, in latitude $44^{\circ} 40'$, is much more intense than that of London in $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Pekin, in less than latitude 40° , has generally a constant frost for three months every year; and ice, the thickness of a dollar, is not uncommon at Canton, under the tropics. On the coast of Jesso, in latitude $45^{\circ} 24'$, Captain Krusenstern found the ground covered with snow in the middle of May, and vegetation more backward than at Archangel, in latitude $64\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, in the middle of April.

Some of our old navigators ascribed the great variation and irregularity of the magnetic needle in Hudson and Baffin's Seas, to the effects of cold;* and others to the attraction of particular

* Foxe observed that the needle near Nottingham Island had lost its powers, which, among other things, he ascribed to the cold air interposed between the needle and the point of its attraction. Ellis conceived the cold to be the cause of the irregular action of the needle, and he says, that the compasses on being brought into a warm place recovered their action and proper direction.

islands.

islands. In the northern regions, near Spitzbergen, Phipps observed nothing remarkable in the variation of the needle, but Baffin found it at 5 points, or 56° , 'a thing almost incredible, and almost matchless in all the world besides.' Duncan supposed the needle to be attracted by Charles's Island, as the variation amounted to $63^{\circ} 51'$, nearly 6 points; and on the same parallel, when the island was out of sight, only $45^{\circ} 29'$; and he states, that when near Merry and Jones's Islands, in a violent storm of thunder, lightning and heavy rain, the night being very dark and dismal, all the compasses in the ship were running round, and so unsteady, that they could not trust one moment to the course they were steering.

Many other meteorological phenomena peculiar to these regions afford curious matter for investigation; but our geographical knowledge of every part of Hudson's and Baffin's seas is most defective. We need only cast an eye over the different charts made by Arrowsmith, from 1793 to 1811, no two of which are alike—large islands being inserted in some and omitted in others—the north-eastern side of the continent is, in one, cut into islands—in another, islands are joined to the continent—here a strait is filled up—there another opened—in short—

'Vidi ego quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus
Esse fretum. Vidi factas ex æquore terras'—

These flourishes *ad libitum* (for not one iota of additional information of the northern parts has been received for the last sixty years) are not very commendable, in a geographical point of view; and in the absence of all knowledge, we should deem it preferable to leave *blank* (as Purdey has left Baffin's Sea in his General Chart) those coasts and islands which fancy only has created.

ART. IX.—1. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.* 8vo.

2. *The Prisoner of Chillon, a Dream; and other Poems.* By Lord Byron. 8vo. John Murray: London.

WE have felt ourselves very much affected by the perusal of these poems, nor can we suppose that we are singular in our feelings. Other poets have given us their literary productions as the subject of criticism, impersonally as it were, and generally speaking, abstracted from their ordinary habits and feelings; and all, or almost all, might apply to their poetical effusions, though in somewhat a different sense, the *l'envoy* of Ovid.

Sine me, Liber, ibis in urbem.

The work of the poet is indeed before the public, but the character, the habits of the author, the events of his life and the motives of his writing, are known but to the small circle of literary gossips, for whose curiosity no food is too insipid. From such, indeed, those

those supposed to be in intimacy with the individual have sometimes undergone an examination which reminds us of the extravagances of Arabella in the *Female Quixote*, who expected from every lady she met in society a full and interesting history of her life and adventures, and which could only be answered in the words of the 'Weary Knife-grinder,'—'Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Ma'am!'—The time therefore appeared to be passed when the mere sin of having been dipped in rhyme was supposed to exclude the poet from the usual business and habits of life, and to single him out from the herd as a marked deer expected to make sport by his solitary exertions for escape. Whether this has arisen from the diminished irritability of the rhyming generation, or from the peculiar habits of those who have been distinguished in our time, or from their mental efforts having been early directed to modify and to restrain the excess of their enthusiasm, we do not pretend to conjecture; but it is certain, that for many years past, though the number of our successful poets may be as great as at any period of our literary history, we have heard little comparatively of their eccentricities, their adventures, or their distresses. The wretched Dermody is not worth mentioning as an exception, and the misfortunes of Burns arose from circumstances not much connected with his powerful poetical genius.

It has been, however, reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description, afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. Nor does it require much time or a deep acquaintance with human nature to discover why these extraordinary powers should in many cases have contributed more to the wretchedness than to the happiness of their possessor.

The 'imagination all compact,' which the greatest poet who ever lived has assigned as the distinguishing badge of his brethren, is in every case a dangerous gift. It exaggerates, indeed, our expectations, and can often bid its possessor hope, where hope is lost to reason: but the delusive pleasure arising from these visions of imagination, resembles that of a child whose notice is attracted by a fragment of glass to which a sun-beam has given momentary splendour. He hastens to the spot with breathless impatience, and finds the object of his curiosity and expectation is equally vul-

gar and worthless. Such is the man of quick and exalted powers of imagination. His fancy over-estimates the object of his wishes, and pleasure, fame, distinction, are alternately pursued, attained, and despised when in his power. Like the enchanted fruit in the palace of a sorcerer, the objects of his admiration lose their attraction and value as soon as they are grasped by the adventurer's hand, and all that remains is regret for the time lost in the chase, and astonishment at the hallucination under the influence of which it was undertaken. The disproportion between hope and possession which is felt by all men, is thus doubled to those whom nature has endowed with the power of gilding a distant prospect by the rays of imagination. These reflexions, though trite and obvious, are in a manner forced from us by the poetry of Lord Byron, by the sentiments of weariness of life and enmity with the world which they so frequently express—and by the singular analogy which such sentiments hold with incidents of his life so recently before the public. The works before us contain so many direct allusions to the author's personal feelings and private history, that it becomes impossible for us to divide Lord Byron from his poetry, or to offer our criticism upon the continuation of *Childe Harold*, without reverting to the circumstances in which the commencement of that singular and original work first appeared.

Distinguished by title and descent from an illustrious line of ancestry, Lord Byron shewed, even in his earliest years, that nature had added to those advantages the richest gifts of genius and fancy. His own tale is partly told in two lines of *Lara* :

‘ Left by his Sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself, that heritage of woe.’

His first literary adventure and its fate are well remembered. The poems which he published in his minority had, indeed, those faults of conception and diction which are inseparable from juvenile attempts, and in particular might rather be considered as imitations of what had caught the ear and fancy of the youthful author, than as exhibiting originality of conception and expression. It was like the first essay of the singing bird catching at and imitating the notes of its parent, ere habit and time have given the fullness of tone, confidence, and self-possession which renders assistance unnecessary. Yet though there were many, and those not the worst judges, who discerned in these juvenile productions, a depth of thought and felicity of expression which promised much at a more mature age, the errors did not escape the critical lash; and certain brethren of ours yielded to the opportunity of pouncing upon a titled author, and to that which most readily besets our fraternity, and to which we dare not pronounce ourselves wholly inaccessible, the temptation, namely, of shewing our own wit, and entertaining our

readers

readers with a lively article without much respect to the feelings of the author, or even to the indications of merit which the work may exhibit. The review was read and raised mirth; the poems were neglected, the author was irritated, and took his revenge in keen iambics, not only on the offending critic, but on many others, in whose conduct or writings the juvenile bard had found, or imagined he had found, some cause of offence. The satire which has been since suppressed, as containing opinions hastily expressed, contained a spirit at least sufficiently poignant for all the purposes of reprisal; and although the verses might, in many respects, be deemed the offspring of hasty and indiscriminating resentment, they bore a strong testimony to the ripening talents of the author. Having thus vented his indignation against the critics and their readers, and put many, if not all the laughers upon his side, Lord Byron went abroad, and the controversy was forgotten for some years.

It was in 1812, when Lord Byron returned to England, that *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* made its first appearance, producing an effect upon the public, at least equal to any work which has appeared within this or the last century. Reading is indeed so general among all ranks and classes, that the impulse received by the public mind on such occasions is instantaneous through all but the very lowest classes of society, instead of being slowly communicated from one set of readers to another, as was the case in the days of our fathers. 'The Pilgrimage,' acting on such an extensive medium, was calculated to rouse and arrest the attention in a peculiar degree. The fictitious personage, whose sentiments, however, no one could help identifying with those of the author himself, presented himself with an avowed disdain of all the attributes which most men would be gladly supposed to possess. *Childe Harold* is represented as one satiated by indulgence in pleasure, and seeking in change of place and clime a relief from the tedium of a life which glided on without an object. The assuming of such a character as the medium of communicating his poetry and his sentiments indicated a feeling towards the public, which, if it fell short of contemning their favour, disdained, at least, all attempt to propitiate them. Yet the very audacity of this repulsive personification, joined to the energy with which it was supported, and to the indications of a bold, powerful, and original mind which glanced through every line of the poem, electrified the mass of readers, and placed at once upon Lord Byron's head the garland for which other men of genius have toiled long, and which they have gained late. He was placed pre-eminent among the literary men of his country by general acclamation. Those who had so rigorously censured his juvenile essays, and perhaps 'dreaded such another field,' were the first to pay warm and, we believe, sincere homage to his matured efforts; while others,

others, who saw in the sentiments of *Childe Harold* much to regret and to censure, did not withhold their tribute of applause to the depth of thought, the power and force of expression, the beauty of description, and the energy of sentiment which animated the 'Pilgrimage.' If the volume was laid aside for a moment, under the melancholy and unpleasing impression that it seemed calculated to chase hope from the side of man, and to dim his prospects both of this life and of futurity, it was immediately and almost involuntarily assumed again, as our feeling of the author's genius predominated over our dislike to contemplate the gloomy views of human nature which it was his pleasure to place before us. Something was set down to the angry recollection of his first failure, which might fairly authorize so high a mind to hold the world's opinion in contempt; something was allowed for the recent family losses to which the poem alluded, and under the feeling of which it had been partly written: and it seemed to most readers as if gentler and more kindly features were, at times, seen to glance from under the cloud of misanthropy, which the author had flung around his hero. Thus, as all admired the *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*, all were prepared to greet the author with that fame which is the poet's best reward, and which is chiefly and most justly due to one who, in these exhausted days, strikes out a new and original line of composition.

It was amidst such feelings of admiration that Lord Byron entered, we may almost say for the first time, the public stage on which he has, for four years, made so distinguished a figure. Every thing in his manner, person, and conversation, tended to maintain the charm which his genius had flung around him; and those admitted to his conversation, far from finding that the inspired poet sunk into ordinary mortality, felt themselves attached to him, not only by many noble qualities, but by the interest of a mysterious, undefined, and almost painful curiosity.

It is well known how wide the doors of society are opened in London to literary merit even of a degree far inferior to Lord Byron's, and that it is only necessary to be honourably distinguished by the public voice to move as a denizen in the first circles. This passport was not necessary to Lord Byron who possessed the hereditary claims of birth and rank. But the interest which his genius attached to his presence, and to his conversation, was of a nature far beyond what these hereditary claims could of themselves have conferred, and his reception was enthusiastic beyond any thing we have ever witnessed, or even heard reported. We have already noticed that Lord Byron is not one of those literary men of whom it may be truly said, *Minuit præsentia famam*. A countenance, exquisitely modeled to the expression of feeling and passion,

passion, and exhibiting the remarkable contrast of very dark hair and eye-brows, with light and expressive eyes, presented to the physiognomist the most interesting subject for the exercise of his art. The predominating expression was that of deep and habitual thought, which gave way to the most rapid play of features when he engaged in interesting discussion; so that a brother poet compared them to the sculpture of a beautiful alabaster vase, only seen to perfection when lighted up from within. The flashes of mirth, gaiety, indignation, or satirical dislike which frequently animated Lord Byron's countenance, might, during an evening's conversation, be mistaken by a stranger, for the habitual expression, so easily and so happily was it formed for them all; but those who had an opportunity of studying his features for a length of time, and upon various occasions, both of rest and emotion, will agree with us that their proper language was that of melancholy. Sometimes shades of this gloom interrupted even his gayest and most happy moments, and the following verses are said to have dropped from his pen to excuse a transient expression of melancholy which overclouded the general gaiety.

'When from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye—
Heed not the gloom that soon shall sink :
My thoughts their dungeon know too well ;
Back to my breast the captives shrink,
And bleed within their silent cell.'

It was impossible to behold this interesting countenance, expressive of a dejection belonging neither to the rank, the age, nor the success of this young nobleman, without feeling an indefinable curiosity to ascertain whether it had a deeper cause than habit or constitutional temperament. It was obviously of a degree incalculably more serious than that alluded to by Prince Arthur—

————— I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
Only for wantonness —————

But howsoever derived, this, joined to Lord Byron's air of mingling in amusements and sports as if he contemned them, and felt, that his sphere was far above the frivolous crowd which surrounded him, gave a strong effect of colouring to a character whose tints were otherwise romantic. Noble and far descended, his mind fraught with ancient learning and modern accomplishment, the pilgrim of distant and savage countries, eminent as a poet among the first whom Britain has produced, and having besides

cast around him a mysterious charm arising from the sombre tone of his poetry, and the occasional melancholy of his deportment, Lord Byron occupied the eyes, and interested the feelings of all. The enthusiastic looked on him to admire, the serious with a wish to admonish, and the soft with a desire to console. Even literary envy, a base sensation, from which, perhaps, this age is more free than any other, forgave the man whose splendour dimmed the fame of his competitors. The generosity of Lord Byron's disposition, his readiness to assist merit in distress, and to bring it forward where unknown, deserved and obtained the general regard of those who partook of such merit, while his poetical effusions, poured forth with equal force and fertility, shewed at once a daring confidence in his own powers, and a determination to maintain, by continued effort, the high place he had attained in British literature. This rapidity of composition and publication we have heard blamed as endangering the fame of the author, while it gave such proofs of talent. We are inclined to dispute the proposition, at least in the present instance.

We are sometimes tempted to blame the timidity of those poets, who, possessing powers to arrest the admiration of the public, are yet too much afraid of censure to come frequently forward, and thus defraud themselves of their fame, and the public of the delight which they might afford us. Where success has been unexpectedly, and perhaps undeservedly, obtained by the capricious vote of fashion, it may be well for the adventurer to draw his stake and leave the game, as every succeeding hazard will diminish the chance of his rising a winner. But they cater ill for the public, and give indifferent advice to the poet, supposing him possessed of the highest qualities of his art, who do not advise him to labour while the laurel around his brows yet retains its freshness. Sketches from Lord Byron are more valuable than finished pictures from others; nor are we at all sure that any labour which he might bestow in revision would not rather efface than refine those outlines of striking and powerful originality which they exhibit, when flung rough from the hand of the master. No one would have wished to condemn Michel Angelo to work upon a single block of marble, until he had satisfied, in every point, the petty criticism of that Pope, who, neglecting the sublime and magnificent character and attitude of his Moses, descended to blame a wrinkle in the fold of the garment. Should it be urged, that in thus stimulating genius to unsparing exertion, we encourage carelessness and hurry in the youthful candidates for literary distinction, we answer, it is not the learner to whom our remarks apply; they refer to him only, who, gifted by nature with the higher power of poetry, an art as difficult as it is enchanting, has made himself master, by application and study, of the mechanical

nical process, and in whom, we believe, frequent exertions upon new works awaken and stimulate that genius, which might be cramped and rendered tame, by long and minute attention to finish to the highest possible degree any one of the number. If we look at our poetical library we shall find, generally speaking, the most distinguished poets have been the most voluminous, and that those who, like Gray, limited their productions to a few poems, anxiously and sedulously corrected and revised, have given them a stiff and artificial character, which, far from disarming criticism, has rather embittered its violence, while the Aristarch, like Achilles assailing Hector, meditates dealing the mortal wound through some unguarded crevice of the supposed impenetrable armour, with which the cautious bard has vainly invested himself. Our opinion must be necessarily qualified by the caution, that as no human invention can be infinitely fertile, as even the richest genius may be, in agricultural phrase, *cropped out*, and rendered sterile, and as each author must necessarily have a particular style in which he is supposed to excel, and must therefore be more or less a mannerist; no one can with prudence persevere in forcing himself before the public when from failure in invention, or from having rendered the peculiarities of his style over trite and familiar, the veteran 'lags superfluous on the stage,' a slighted mute in those dramas where he was once the principal personage. To this humiliation vanity frequently exposes genius, and it is no doubt true that a copious power of diction joined to habitual carelessness in composition, has frequently conduced to it. We would therefore be understood to recommend to authors, while a consciousness of the possession of vigorous powers, carefully cultivated, unites with the favour of the public, to descend into the arena, and continue their efforts vigorously while their hopes are high, their spirits active, and the public propitious, in order that, on the slightest failure of nerves or breath, they may be able to withdraw themselves honourably from the contest gracefully, giving way to other candidates for fame, and cultivating studies more suitable to a flagging imagination than the fervid art of poetry. This, however, is the affair of the authors themselves: should they neglect this prudential course, the public will no doubt have more indifferent books on their table than would otherwise have loaded it; and as the world always seizes the first opportunity of recalling the applause it has bestowed, the former wreaths of the writers will for a time be blighted by their immediate failure. But these evils, so far as the public is concerned, are greatly overbalanced by such as arise from the timid caution, which bids genius suppress its efforts, until they shall be refined into unattainable perfection—and we cannot but repeat our conviction that poetry being, in its higher classes, an art which has for its ele-

ments sublimity and unaffected beauty, is more liable than any other to suffer from the labour of polishing, or from the elaborate and composite style of ornament, and alternate affectation of simplicity, and artifice, which characterize the works, even of the first poets, when they have been over-anxious to secure public applause, by long and reiterated correction. It must be remembered that we speak of the higher tones of composition; there are others of a subordinate character, where extreme art and labour are not bestowed in vain. But we cannot consider over-anxious correction as likely to be employed with advantage upon poems like those of Lord Byron, which have for their object to rouse the imagination, and awaken the passions.

It is certain, to return to the subject from which we have gone somewhat astray, that the rapidity with which Lord Byron's poems succeeded each other, during four years, served to arrest as well as to dazzle and delight the public; nor did there appear room to apply to him, in the height of his fame and the flower of his age, the caution which we might whisper to other bards of popular celebrity. The *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Corsair*, *Lara*, the *Siege of Corinth*, followed each other with a celerity, which was only rivalled by their success; and if at times the author seemed to pause in his poetic career, with the threat of forbearing further adventure for a time, the public eagerly pardoned the breach of a promise by keeping which they must have been sufferers. Exquisitely beautiful in themselves, these tales received a new charm from the romantic climes into which they introduced us, and from the oriental costume so strictly preserved and so picturesquely exhibited. Greece, the cradle of the poetry with which our earliest studies are familiar, was presented to us among her ruins and her sorrows. Her delightful scenery, once dedicated to those deities who, though dethroned from their own Olympus, still preserve a poetical empire, was spread before us in Lord Byron's poetry, varied by all the moral effect derived from what Greece is and what she has been, while it was doubled by comparisons, perpetually excited, between the philosophers and heroes who formerly inhabited that romantic country, and their descendants, who either stoop to their Scythian conquerors, or maintain, among the recesses of their classical mountains, an independence as wild and savage as it is precarious. The oriental manners also and diction, so peculiar in their picturesque effect that they can cast a charm even over the absurdities of an eastern tale, had here the more honourable occupation of decorating that which in itself was beautiful, and enhancing by novelty what would have been captivating without its aid. The powerful impression produced by this peculiar species of poetry confirmed

confirmed us in a principle, which, though it will hardly be challenged when stated as an axiom, is very rarely complied with in practice. It is, that every author should, like Lord Byron, form to himself, and communicate to the reader, a precise, defined and distinct view of the landscape, sentiment, or action which he intends to describe to the reader. This simple proposition has been so often neglected that we feel warranted in giving it a little more consideration and illustration than plain men may at first sight think necessary.

An author occasionally forgets that it is his business rather to excite than to satiate the imagination of his readers; rather to place before him such a distinct and intelligible sketch as his own imagination can fill up, than, by attempting to exhaust all that can be said on the subject, to confuse the apprehension and weary the attention. There should be, even in poetical description, that *keeping* and *perspective* which is demanded in the sister art of painting, and which alone can render the scenes presented by either distinct, clear and intelligible. Here the painter has, in some degree, the advantage of the poet, for *perspective* is the very foundation of his art. The most stupid bungler that ever took brush in hand is aware that his objects must diminish as they withdraw from the eye, that he is not entitled to render the rocks of his distance too distinct, and that the knowledge that such things do actually exist will not justify him in painting with minuteness the lichens and shrubs, which grow on their surface and in their crevices, at a distance from which these minute objects cannot be discovered by the eye. Yet suppose such a novice a follower of the Muses, and he will not hesitate a moment to transgress this wholesome rule. Every thing which he knows to exist in fact, he will, with the confused minuteness of a Chinese painter, labour to introduce into his description, and, by confounding that which is important to his purpose with that which is subordinate, he will produce a mass of images more or less splendid, according to the vivacity of his imagination, but perplexing, incongruous and unsatisfactory, in all respects, to the reader, who, in vain, endeavours to reduce them in his own mind into one distinct landscape whose parts shall bear a just proportion to each other. Such a poet has assembled, perhaps, excellent materials for composition, but he does not present them in intelligible arrangement to the reader, and he fails to produce upon the mind of others the desired effect, probably because the picture has never been presented to his own with sufficient accuracy.

This is more particularly the case with such authors as, lacking the erudition of Southey or the personal experience of Lord Byron, attempt to lay their scene in countries or ages with the costume and

manners of which they are but imperfectly acquainted. Such adventurers are compelled to draw heavily on their slender stock of knowledge on every occasion, and to parade, as fully as they can, before the eye of the reader, whatsoever their reading has gleaned concerning their subject. Without Chatterton's genius, they fall into Chatterton's error, who, not considering that in the most ancient authors scarcely one word in ten has become obsolete, wrote a set of poems in which every second word was taken from a glossary, and necessarily remitted to one, under the idea that he was imitating the language of the ancients. Thus, when a poet deals in materials of which he is not fully master, he is obliged, at the risk of outraging both taste and nature, to produce as frequently, and detain before the reader as long as possible, those distinctive marks by which he means to impress him with the reality of his story; and the outrage is committed in vain; for it is not enough for the representation of an eastern landscape, that the foreground should be encumbered with turbans and sabres, and the fantastic architecture of the kiosk or the mosque, if the distance be not marked by those slight but discriminating touches which mark the reality of the scene, the lightly indicated palm-tree, which overhangs the distant fountain, or the shadowy and obscure delineation of the long column of the caravan retreating through the distance; or the watchman who rests on his lance while his tribe slumber around him, as in the following exquisite picture taken from one of the poems before us.

'The Boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his Soul drank their sunbeams ; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all ; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them ; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain ; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around :
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.'

The Dream, p. 40.

This

This is true *keeping*—an Eastern picture perfect in its foreground, and distance, and sky, and no part of which is so dwelt upon or laboured as to obscure the principal figure. It is often in the slight and almost imperceptible touches that the hand of the master is shewn, and that a single spark, struck from his fancy, lightens with a long train of illumination that of the reader.

It is another remarkable property of the poetry of Lord Byron, that although his manner is frequently varied—although he appears to have assumed for an occasion the characteristic stanza and style of several contemporaries, yet not only is his poetry marked in every instance by the strongest cast of originality, but in some leading particulars, and especially in the character of his heroes, each story so closely resembled the other, that managed by a writer of less power, the effect would have been an unpleasing monotony. All, or almost all, his heroes, have somewhat the attributes of *Childe Harold*:—all, or almost all, have minds which seem at variance with their fortunes, and exhibit high and poignant feelings of pain and pleasure; a keen sense of what is noble and honourable, and an equally keen susceptibility of injustice or injury, under the garb of stoicism or contempt of mankind. The strength of early passion, and the glow of youthful feeling, are uniformly painted as chilled or subdued by a train of early imprudences or of darker guilt, and the sense of enjoyment tarnished, by too intimate and experienced an acquaintance with the vanity of human wishes. These general attributes mark the stern features of all Lord Byron's heroes, from those which are shaded by the scalloped hat of the illustrious Pilgrim, to those which lurk under the turban of Alp, the Renegade. The public, ever anxious in curiosity or malignity to attach to fictitious characters real prototypes, were obstinate in declaring that in these leading traits of character Lord Byron copied from the individual features reflected in his own mirror. On this subject the noble author entered, on one occasion, a formal protest, though, it will be observed, without entirely disavowing the ground on which the conjecture was formed.

‘With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of “drawing from self,” the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprize, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards, (far more deserving, I allow,) in very reputable

plight, and quite exempt from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than "The Giaour," and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever "alias" they please.

It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers: but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice, if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were stained. Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair, who 'knew himself a villain,' than they looked for the hypocrisy of Kehama on the shores of the Derwent Water, or the profligacy of Marmion on the banks of the Tweed: yet even in the features of Conrad, those who have looked on Lord Byron will recognise some likeness.

————— to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen:
His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplexed the view.

The Corsair, p. 11.

And the ascetic regimen which the noble author himself observed, was no less marked in the description of Conrad's fare.

'Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
That goblet passes him untasted still—
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have passed untasted too;
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.'—*Id.* p. 4.

The following description of Lara suddenly and unexpectedly returned from distant travels, and reassuming his station in the society of his own country, has in like manner strong points of resemblance to the part which the author himself seemed occasionally to bear amid the scenes where the great mingle with the fair.

————— 'tis quickly seen
Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been;

That

That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
And spake of passions, but of passions past;
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise;
A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look;
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
That darts in seeming playfulness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the wound;
All these seem'd his, and something more beneath
That glance could well reveal, or accent breathe:
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.'—*Lara*, pp. 6, 7.

We are not writing Lord Byron's private history, though from the connection already stated between his poetry and his character, we feel ourselves forced upon considering his literary life, his deportment, and even his personal appearance. But we know enough even of his private story to give our warrant that, though his youth may have shared somewhat too largely in the indiscretions of those left too early masters of their own actions and fortunes, falsehood and malice alone can impute to him any real cause for hopeless remorse or gloomy misanthropy. To what, then, are we to ascribe the singular peculiarity which induced an author of such talent, and so well skilled in tracing the darker impressions which guilt and remorse leave on the human character, so frequently to affix features peculiar to himself to the robbers and and corsairs which he sketched with a pencil as forcible as that of Salvator?—More than one answer may be returned to this question; nor do we pretend to say which is best warranted by the facts. The practice may arise from a temperament which radical and constitutional melancholy has, as in the case of Hamlet, predisposed to identify its *owner* with scenes of that deep and arousing interest which arises from the stings of conscience contending with the stubborn energy of pride, and delighting to be placed in supposed situations of guilt and danger, as some men love instinctively to tread the giddy edge of a precipice, or, holding by some frail twig, to stoop forward over the abyss into which the dark torrent discharges itself. Or it may be that these disguises were assumed capriciously as a man might chuse the cloak, poniard, and dark-lantern of a bravo, for his disguise at a masquerade. Or feeling his own powers in painting the sombre and the horrible, Lord Byron assumed in his fervour

fervour the very semblance of the characters he describes, like an actor who presents on the stage at once his own person and the tragic character with which for the time he is invested. Nor is it altogether incompatible with his character to believe that, in contempt of the criticisms which on this account had attended *Childe Harold*, he was determined to shew to the public how little he was affected by them, and how effectually it was in his power to compel attention and respect, even when imparting a portion of his own likeness and his own peculiarities to pirates, and outlaws.

But although we do not pretend to ascertain the motive on which Lord Byron acted in bringing the peculiarities of his own sentiments and feeling so frequently before his readers, it is with no little admiration that we regard these extraordinary powers, which, amidst this seeming uniformity, could continue to rivet the public attention, and secure general and continued applause. The versatility of authors who have been able to draw and support characters as different from each other as from their own, has given to their productions the inexpressible charm of variety, and has often secured them against that neglect which in general attends what is technically called mannerism. But it was reserved to Lord Byron to present the same character on the public stage again and again, varied only by the exertions of that powerful genius, which searching the springs of passion and of feeling in their innermost recesses, knew how to combine their operations, so that the interest was eternally varying, and never abated, although the most important personage of the drama retained the same lineaments. It will one day be considered as not the least remarkable literary phenomenon of this age, that during a period of four years, notwithstanding the quantity of distinguished poetical talent of which we may be permitted to boast, a single author, and he managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality, and chusing for his theme subjects so very similar, and personages bearing so close a resemblance to each other,—did, in despite of these circumstances, of the unamiable attributes with which he usually invested his heroes, and of the proverbial fickleness of the public, maintain the ascendancy in their favour, which he had acquired by his first matured production. So however it indisputably has been; and those comparatively small circles of admirers excepted, which assemble naturally around individual poets of eminence, Lord Byron has been for that time, and may for some time continue to be, the Champion of the English Parnassus. If his empire over the public mind be in any measure diminished, it arises from no literary failure of his own, and from no triumph of his competitors, but from other circumstances so frequently

frequently alluded to in the publications before us, that they cannot pass without some notice, which we will study to render as brief as it is impartial.

The poet thus gifted, thus honoured, thus admired, no longer entitled to regard himself as one defrauded of his just fame, and expelled with derision from the lists in which he had stood forward a candidate for honour, but crowned with all which the public could bestow, was now in a situation apparently as enviable as could be attained through mere literary celebrity. The sequel may be given in the words in which the author, adopting here more distinctly the character of *Childe Harold* than in the original poem, has chosen to present it to us, and to assign the cause why *Childe Harold* has resumed his pilgrim's staff when it was hoped he had sat down for life a denizen of his native country. The length of the quotation will be pardoned by those who can feel at once the moral interest and poetical beauty with which it abounds.

VIII.

' Something too much of this :—but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last ;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal ;
Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age : years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb ;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

IX.

' His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood ; but he fill'd again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deem'd its spring perpetual ; but in vain !
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clank'd not ; worn with pain,
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step, he took, through many a scene.

X.

' Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind ;
And he, as one, might midst the many stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
Fit speculation ! such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

' But

XI.

‘ But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek
 To wear it? who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty’s cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
 The star which rises o’er her steep, nor climb?
 Harold, once more within the vortex, roll’d
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth’s fond prime.

XII.

‘ But soon he knew himself the most unfit
 Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
 Little in common; untaught to submit
 His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell’d
 In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell’d,
 He would not yield dominion of his mind
 To spirits against whom his own rebell’d;
 Proud though in desolation; which could find
 A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII.

‘ Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
 Where roll’d the ocean, thereon was his home;
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
 He had the passion and the power to roam;
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker’s foam,
 Were unto him companionship; they spake
 A mutual language, clearer than the tone
 Of his land’s tongue, which he would oft forsake
 For Nature’s pages glass’d by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV.

‘ Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
 Till he had peopled them with beings bright
 As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
 And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
 Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
 He had been happy; but this clay will sink
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light
 To which it mounts, as if to break the link
 That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

XV.

‘ But in Man’s dwellings he became a thing
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
 Droop’d as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
 To whom the boundless air alone were home;
 Then came his fit again, which to o’ercome,
 As eagerly the barr’d-up bird will beat
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome

Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

XVI.

'Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plundered wreck
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.'

Canto III.—p. 7—11.

The commentary through which the meaning of this melancholy tale is rendered obvious, has been long before the public, and is still in vivid remembrance; for the errors of those who excel their fellows in gifts and accomplishments are not soon forgotten. Those scenes, ever most painful to the bosom, were rendered yet more so by public discussion; and it is at least possible that amongst those who exclaimed most loudly on this unhappy occasion, were some in whose eyes literary superiority exaggerated Lord Byron's offence. The scene may be described in a few words:—the wise condemned—the good regretted—the multitude, idly or maliciously inquisitive, rushed from place to place, gathering gossip, which they mangled and exaggerated while they repeated it; and impudence, ever ready to hitch itself into notoriety, *hooked on*, as Falstaff enjoins Bardolph, blustered, bullied, and talked of 'pleading a cause' and 'taking a side.'

The family misfortunes which have for a time lost Lord Byron to his native land have neither chilled his poetical fire, nor deprived England of its benefit. The Third Canto of *Childe Harold* exhibits, in all its strength and in all its peculiarity, the wild, powerful and original vein of poetry which, in the preceding cantos, first fixed the public attention upon the author. If there is any difference, the former seem to us to have been rather more sedulously corrected and revised for publication, and the present work to have been dashed from the author's pen with less regard to the subordinate points of expression and versification. Yet such is the deep and powerful strain of passion, such the original tone and colouring of description, that the want of polish in some of its minute parts rather adds to than deprives the poem of its energy. It seems, occasionally, as if the consideration of mere grace was beneath the care of the poet, in his ardour to hurry upon the reader the 'thoughts that glow and words that burn;' and that the occasional roughness of the verse corresponded with the stern tone of thought, and of mental suffering which it expresses. We have remarked

remarked the same effect produced by the action of Mrs. Siddons, when, to give emphasis to some passage of overwhelming passion, she has seemed wilfully to assume a position constrained, stiffened, violent, diametrically contrary to the rules of grace, in order, as it were, to concentrate herself for the utterance of grief, or passion which disdained embellishment. In the same manner, versification, in the hands of a master-bard, is as frequently correspondent to the thoughts it expresses as to the action it describes, and the 'line labours and the words move slow' under the heavy and painful thought; wrung, as it were, from the bosom, as when Ajax is heaving his massy rock. It is proper, however, to give some account of the plan of the poem before we pursue these observations.

The subject is the same as in the preceding Cantos of the 'Pilgrimage.' Harold wanders over other fields and amid other scenery, and gives vent to the various thoughts and meditations which they excite in his breast. The poem opens with a beautiful and pathetic, though abrupt, invocation to the infant daughter of the author, and bespeaks at once our interest and our sympathy for the self-exiled Pilgrim.

I.

'Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

II.

'Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome, to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.'

Canto III. pp. 3, 4.

The theme of *Childe Harold* is then resumed, and the stanzas follow which we have already quoted, and which, it must be allowed, identify the noble author with the creature of his imagination more intimately than in the former Cantos. We do not mean to say that all *Childe Harold's* feelings and adventures must be considered

as those of Lord Byron, but merely that there is much of Lord Byron in the supposed Pilgrim.

On the plan itself we may briefly remark, that the localities of which it necessarily treats connect it with the *real* as well as the beautiful. An ingenious friend has well observed, that the plain, the rock, the hillock, which marks the scene of some distinguished event, has frequently an effect more powerful upon the mind than even the monuments of art designed expressly to preserve its memory. These localities have also the merit of imperishability, and carry back their associations to periods far more remote than art can refer to. Pictures fade and statues moulder and temples decay, and cities perish: but the sod of Marathon is immortal—and he who has trod it has identified himself with Athenian story in a manner which neither painter, nor poet, nor sculptor could have accomplished for him. Shakspeare, whom nothing escaped, hints, in the celebrated passage already quoted, that it is one of the highest offices of poetry to connect our ideas with some ‘local habitation.’ In this respect, poetry has been falsely characterized as dealing in fiction. History may do so perhaps too often; but poetry, at least good poetry, is connected only with the realities either of visible or of moral nature. It is therefore with no ordinary pleasure that we follow the Pilgrim through scenes to which his poetry gives new interest, while it recalls that attached to them by historical or moral associations.

He arrives on Waterloo,—a scene where all men, where a poet especially, and a poet such as Lord Byron, must needs pause, and amid the quiet simplicity of whose scenery is excited a moral interest, deeper and more potent even than that which is produced by gazing upon the sublimest efforts of Nature in her most romantic recesses.

That Lord Byron’s sentiments do not correspond with ours is obvious, and we are sorry for both our sakes. For our own,—because we have lost that note of triumph with which his harp would otherwise have rung over a field of glory such as Britain never reaped before; and on Lord Byron’s account,—because it is melancholy to see a man of genius duped by the mere cant of words and phrases, even when facts are most broadly confronted with them. If the poet has mixed with original, wild, and magnificent creations of his imagination, prejudices which he could only have caught by the contagion which he most professes to despise, it is he himself must be the loser. If his lofty muse has soared in all her brilliancy over the field of Waterloo without dropping even one leaf of laurel on the head of Wellington, his merit can dispense even with the praise of Lord Byron. And as, when the images of Brutus were excluded from the triumphal procession, his memory became only the

the more powerfully imprinted on the souls of the Romans,—the name of the British hero will be but more eagerly recalled to remembrance by the very lines in which his praise is forgotten.

We would willingly avoid mention of the political opinions hinted at by Childe Harold, and more distinctly expressed in other poems of Lord Byron;—the more willingly, as we strongly suspect that these effusions are rather the sport of whim and singularity, or at best the suggestion of sudden starts of feeling and passion, than the expressions of any serious or fixed opinion. A French author, (*Le Censeur du Dictionnaire des Girouettes*,) who has undertaken the hardy task of vindicating the consistency of the actors in the late revolutions and counter-revolutions of his country, gives it as his decided opinion, that poets in particular are not amenable to censure whatever political opinions they may express, or however frequently these opinions may exhibit marks of inconsistency.—
'Le cerveau d'un poète est une cire molle et flexible où s'imprime naturellement tout ce qui le flatte, le séduit et l'alimente. La Muse du chant n'a pas de parti : c'est une étourdie sans conséquence, qui folâtre également et sur de riches gazons et sur d'arides bruyères. Un poète en délire chante indifféremment Titus et Thamaspe, Louis XII. et Cromwell, Christine de Suède et Fanchon la Vieilleuse.'

We suspect that Lord Byron will not feel much flattered by the opportunity we have given him of sheltering himself under the insignificance which this Frenchman attaches to the political opinions of poets. But if he renounces the defence arising from the difficulty of resisting a tempting subject, and the pleasure of maintaining a paradox, it will be difficult for him to escape from the charge of inconsistency. For to compare Waterloo to the battle of Cannæ, and speak of the blood which flowed on the side of the vanquished as lost in the cause of freedom, is contrary not only to plain sense and general opinion, but to Lord Byron's own experience, and to the testimony of that experience which he has laid before the public. Childe Harold, in his former Pilgrimage, beheld in Spain the course of the 'tyrant and of the tyrant's slaves.' He saw 'Gaul's vulture with her wings unfurled,' and indignantly expostulated with Fate on the impending destruction of the patriotic Spaniards.

'And must they fall,—the young, the proud, the brave,
 To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign,
 No step between submission and a grave,
 The rise of rapine, and the fall of Spain!'

Childe Harold saw the scenes which he celebrates,—and does he now compare to the field of Cannæ the plain of Waterloo, and mourn over the fall of the tyrant and the military satraps and slaves whose arms built his power, as over the fall of the cause of liberty?

liberty? We know the ready answer which will be offered by the few who soothe their own prejudices, or seek to carry their own purposes by maintaining this extravagant proposition. They take a distinction: Buonaparte, according to their creed, fell a tyrant in 1814, and revived a deliverer in 1815. A few months' residence in the Isle of Elba had given him time for better thoughts, and had mortified within his mind that gorging ambition for which, Russia was not too great, nor Hamburgh too small a morsel; which neither evaporated under the burning sun of Egypt nor was chilled by the polar snows; which survived the loss of millions of soldiers and an incalculable tract of territory, and burned as fiercely during the conferences of Chatillon, when the despot's fate was trembling in the scales, as at those of Tilsit, when that of his adversary had kicked the beam. All the experience which Europe had bought by oceans of blood and years of degradation ought, according to these gentlemen, to have been forgotten upon the empty professions of one whose word, whensoever or wheresoever pledged, never bound him an instant when interest or ambition required a breach of it. Buonaparte assured the world he was changed in temper, mind and disposition; and his old agent and minister (Fouché of Nantes) was as ready to give his security as Bardolph was to engage for Falstaff. When Gil Blas found his old comrades in knavery, Don Raphael and Ambrose de Lamela, administering the revenues of a Carthusian convent, he shrewdly conjectured that the treasure of the holy fathers was in no small danger, and grounded his suspicion on the old adage 'Il ne faut pas mettre à la cave un ivrogne qui a renoncé au vin.' But Europe—when France had given the strongest proof of her desire to recover what she termed her glory, by expelling a king whose reign was incompatible with foreign wars, and recalling Napoleon to whom conquest was as the very breath of his nostrils—Europe, most deserving, had she yielded to such arguments, to have been crowned with 'the diadem, hight foolscap,' is censured for having exerted her strength to fix her security, and confuting with her own warlike weapons those whose only law was arms, and only argument battle. We do not believe there lives any one who can seriously doubt the truth of what we have said. If, however, there were any simple enough to expect to hail Freedom restored by the victorious arms of Buonaparte, their mistake (had Lord Wellington not saved them from its consequences) would have resembled that of poor Slender, who, rushing to the embraces of Anne Page, found himself unexpectedly in the gripe of a lubberly post-master's boy. But probably no one was foolish enough to nourish such hopes, though there are some—their number is few—whose general opinions concerning the policy of Europe are so closely and habitually linked with their party prejudices

dices at home, that they see in the victory of Waterloo only the triumph of Lord Castlereagh; and could the event have been reversed, would have thought rather of the possible change of seats in St. Stephen's, than of the probable subjugation of Europe. Such were those who, hiding perhaps secret hopes with affected despondence, lamented the madness which endeavoured to make a stand against the Irresistible whose military calculations were formed on plans far beyond the comprehension of all other minds; and such are they who, confuted by stubborn facts, now affect to mourn over the consequences of a victory which they had pronounced impossible. But, as we have already hinted, we cannot trace in Lord Byron's writings any systematic attachment to a particular creed of politics, and he appears to us to seize the subjects of public interest upon the side in which they happen to present themselves for the moment, with this qualification, that he usually paints them on the shaded aspect, perhaps that their tints may harmonize with the sombre colours of his landscape. Dangerous as prophecies are, we could almost hazard a prediction that, if Lord Byron enjoys that length of life which we desire for his sake and our own, his future writings may probably shew that he thinks better of the morals, religion, and constitution of his country, than his poems have hitherto indicated. Should we fail in a hope which we cherish fondly, the disgrace of false prophecy must rest with us, but the loss will be with Lord Byron himself.

Childe Harold, though he shuns to celebrate the victory of Waterloo, gives us a most beautiful description of the evening which preceded the battle of Quatre Bras, the alarm which called out the troops, and the hurry and confusion which preceded their march. We are not sure that any verses in our language surpass the following in vigour and in feeling. The quotation is again a long one, but we must not and dare not curtail it.

XXI.

'There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

XXII.

'Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;

No

No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

XXIII.

' Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught it's tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV.

' Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

XXV.

' And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come!
they come!"

XXVI.

' And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

XXVII.

‘ And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature’s tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e’er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

XXVIII.

‘ Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty’s circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle’s magnificently-sterne array!
 The thunder-clouds close o’er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!’

A beautiful elegiac stanza on the Honourable Major Howard, a relation of Lord Byron; and several verses in which the author contemplates the character and fall of Napoleon, close the meditations suggested by the field of Waterloo. The present situation of Buonaparte ought to exempt him (unless when, as in the following pages, he is brought officially before us) from such petty warfare as we can wage. But if Lord Byron supposes that Napoleon’s fall was occasioned, or even precipitated by a ‘just habitual scorn of men and their thoughts,’ too publicly and rashly expressed, or as he has termed it in a note, ‘the continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling with or for them,’—we conceive him to be under a material error. Far from being deficient in that necessary branch of the politician’s art, which soothes the passions and conciliates the prejudices of those whom they wish to employ as instruments, Buonaparte possessed it in exquisite perfection. He seldom missed finding the very man that was fittest for his immediate purpose; and he had, in a peculiar degree, the art of moulding him to it. It was not, then, because he despised the means necessary to gain his end that he finally fell short of attaining it, but because confiding in his stars, his fortune, and his strength, the ends which he proposed were unattainable even by the gigantic means which he possessed. But if we are to understand that the projects of Napoleon intimated, too plainly for the subsistence of his power, how little he regarded human life or human happiness in the accomplishment of his personal views, and that this conviction heated

heated his enemies and cooled his friends, his indeed may be called a *scorn*, but surely not a *just scorn* of his fellow-mortals.

But bidding adieu to politics, that extensive gulph whose eddies draw every thing that is British into their vortex, we follow with pleasure Childe Harold's wanderings up the enchanting valley of the Rhine :—

' There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties, streams, and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray, but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.'

These ruins, once the abodes of the robber-chivalry of the German frontier, where each free count and knight exercised within his petty domain the power of a feudal sovereign, call forth from the poet an appropriate commemoration of the exploits and character of their former owners. In a softer mood, the Pilgrim pours forth his greetings to one kind breast, in whom he can yet repose his sorrows, and hope for responsive feelings. The fall of Marceau is next commemorated; and Harold, passing with a fond adieu from the Rhin-thal, plunges into the Alps, to find among their recesses scenery yet wilder, and better suited to one who sought for loneliness in order to renew

' Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd "him" in their fold.'

The next theme on which the poet rushes is the character of the enthusiastic and, as Lord Byron well terms him, 'self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,' a subject naturally suggested by the scenes in which that unhappy visionary dwelt, at war with all others, and by no means at peace with himself; an affected contemner of polished society, for whose applause he secretly panted, and a waster of eloquence in praise of the savage state in which his paradoxical reasoning, and studied, if not affected declamation, would never have procured him an instant's notice. In the following stanza his character and foibles are happily treated.

LXXX.

' His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was phrenzied,—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was phrenzied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.'

In another part of the poem this subject is renewed, where the traveller visits the scenery of La Noevelle Eloise.

‘Clarens, sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought,
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought,
By rays which sleep there lovingly.’

There is much more of beautiful and animated description, from which it appears that the impassioned parts of Rousseau’s romance have made a deep impression upon the feelings of the noble poet. The enthusiasm expressed by Lord Byron is no small tribute to the power possessed by Jean Jaques over the passions: and to say truth, we needed some such evidence, for, though almost ashamed to avow the truth, which is probably very much to our own discredit,—still, like the barber of Midas, we must speak or die—we have never been able to feel the interest or discover the merit of this far-famed performance. That there is much eloquence in the letters we readily admit; there lay Rousseau’s strength. But his lovers, the celebrated St. Preux and Julie, have, from the earliest moment we have heard the tale (which we well remember) down to the present hour, totally failed to interest us. There might be some constitutional hardness of heart; but like Lance’s pebble-hearted cur, Crab, we remained dry-eyed while all wept around us. And still, on resuming the volume, even now, we can see little in the loves of these two tiresome pedants to interest our feelings for either of them; we are by no means flattered by the character of Lord Edward Bomston, produced as the representative of the English nation,—and, upon the whole, consider the dullness of the story as the best apology for its exquisite immorality. To state our opinion in language much better than our own, we are unfortunate enough to regard this far-famed history of philosophical gallantry as an ‘unfashioned, indelicate, sour, gloomy, ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness; of metaphysical speculations, blended with the coarsest sensuality.*’ Neither does Rousseau claim a higher rank with us on account of that Pythian and frenetic inspiration which vented

‘Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more.’

We agree with Lord Byron that this frenzied sophist, reasoning upon false principles, or rather presenting that show of reasoning

* Letter to a Member of the National Assembly.

which is the worst pitch of madness, was a primary apostle of the French Revolution; nor do we differ greatly from his lordship's conclusion that good and evil were together overthrown in that volcanic explosion. But when Lord Byron assures us, that after the successive changes of government by which the French legislators have attempted to reach a theoretic perfection of constitution, mankind must and will begin the same work anew, in order to do it better and more effectually,—we devoutly hope the experiment, however *hopeful*, may not be renewed in our time, and that the 'fixed passion' which Childe Harold describes as 'holding his breath,' and waiting the 'atoning hour,' will choke in his purpose ere that hour arrives. Surely the voice of dear-bought experience should now at length silence, even in France, the clamour of empirical philosophy. Who would listen a moment to the blundering mechanic who should say, 'I have burned your house down ten times in the attempt, but let me once more disturb your old-fashioned chimnies and vents, in order to make another trial, and I will pledge myself to succeed in heating it upon the newest and most approved principle'?

The poem proceeds to describe, in a tone of great beauty and feeling, a night-scene witnessed on the Lake of Geneva; and each natural object, from the evening grasshopper to the stars, 'the poetry of heaven,' suggests the contemplation of the connection between the Creator and his works. The scene is varied by the 'fierce and fair delight' of a thunder-storm, described in verse almost as vivid as its lightnings. We had marked it for transcript, as one of the most beautiful passages of the poem; but quotation must have bounds, and we have been already liberal. But the 'live thunder leaping among the rattling crags'—the voice of mountains, as if shouting to each other—the plashing of the big rain—the gleaming of the wide lake, lighted like a phosphoric sea,—present a picture of sublime terror, yet of enjoyment, often attempted, but never so well, certainly never better, brought out in poetry. The Pilgrim reviews the characters of Gibbon and Voltaire, suggested by their residences on the lake of Geneva, and concludes by reverting to the same melancholy tone of feeling with which the poem commenced. Childe Harold, though not formally dismissed, glides from our observation; and the poet, in his own person, renews the affecting address to his infant daughter:—

CXV.

'My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end.
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend

To whom the shadows of far years extend :
 Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
 My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
 And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
 A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.'

He proceeds in the same tone for several stanzas, and then concludes with this paternal benediction :—

' Sweet be thy cradled slumbers o'er the sea,
 And from the mountains where I now respire,
 Fain would I waft such blessings upon thee,
 As with a sigh I deem thou might'st have been to me.'

Having finished the analysis of this beautiful poem, we have the difficult and delicate task before us, of offering some remarks on the tone and feeling in which it is composed. But before discharging this part of our duty, we must give some account of the other fasciculus with which the fertile genius of Lord Byron has supplied us.

The collection to which the Prisoner of Chillon gives name, inferior in interest to the continuation of *Childe Harold*, is marked, nevertheless, by the peculiar force of Lord Byron's genius. It consists of a series of detached pieces, some of them fragments, and rather poetical prolusions, than finished and perfect poems.

Some of our readers may require to be informed, that Chillon, which gives name to the first poem, is a castle on the lake of Geneva, belonging of old to the dukes of Savoy, employed by them during the dark ages, as a state prison, and furnished of course with a tremendous range of subterranean dungeons, with a chamber dedicated to the purpose of torture, and all the apparatus of feudal tyranny. Here the earlier champions of the Reformation were frequently doomed to expiate their heretical opinions. Among the hardest of these was Bonnivard, whom Lord Byron has selected as the hero of his poem. He was imprisoned in Chillon for nearly six years, from 1530, namely, to 1536, and underwent all the rigour of the closest captivity. But it has not been the purpose of Lord Byron to paint the peculiar character of Bonnivard, nor do we find any thing to remind us of the steady firmness and patient endurance of one suffering for conscience-sake. The object of the poem, like that of Sterne's celebrated sketch of the prisoner, is to consider captivity in the abstract, and to mark its effects in gradually chilling the mental powers as it benumbs and freezes the animal frame, until the unfortunate victim becomes, as it were, a part of his dungeon, and identified with his chains. This transmutation we believe to be founded on fact : at least, in the Low Countries, where capital punishments

punishments are never inflicted, and where solitary confinement for life is substituted in the case of enormous crimes, something like it may be witnessed. On particular days in the course of the year, these victims of a jurisprudence which calls itself humane, are presented to the public eye upon a stage erected in the open market-place, apparently to prevent their guilt and their punishment from being forgotten. It is scarcely possible to witness a sight more degrading to humanity than this exhibition:—with matted hair, wild looks and haggard features, with eyes dazzled by the unwonted light of the sun, and ears deafened and astounded by the sudden exchange of the silence of a dungeon for the busy hum of men, the wretches sit more like rude images fashioned to a fantastic imitation of humanity, than like living and reflecting beings. In the course of time we are assured they generally become either madmen or idiots, as mind or matter happens to predominate, when the mysterious balance between them is destroyed. But they who are subjected to such a dreadful punishment are generally, like most perpetrators of gross crimes, men of feeble internal resources. Men of talents like Trenck have been known, in the deepest seclusion, and most severe confinement, to battle the foul fiend melancholy, and to come off conquerors, during a captivity of years. Those who suffer imprisonment for the sake of their country or their religion have yet a stronger support, and may exclaim, though in a different sense from that of Othello—

‘It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul.’

And hence the early history of the church is filled with martyrs, who, confident in the justice of their cause, and the certainty of their future reward, endured with patience the rigour of protracted and solitary captivity, as well as the bitterness of torture, and of death itself. This, however, is not the view which Lord Byron has taken of the character and captivity of Bonnivard, for which he has offered an apology in the following passage in the notes. ‘When the foregoing poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I would have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues.’ The theme of the poem is therefore the gradual effect of protracted captivity upon a man of powerful mind, tried at the same time by the successive deaths of his two brethren.

Bonnivard is represented as imprisoned with his brothers in a terrific dungeon in the Castle of Chillon. The second—

‘————— pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind,’

first

first drooped under the effects of protracted imprisonment, more bitter to one bred a warrior and a huntsman. The sickness and pining of the other, a youth of a milder and more affectionate character, is feelingly described.

VIII.

‘But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish’d since his natal hour,
His mother’s image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father’s dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.’

The effects of the survivor’s sorrow succeed. At first, furious and frantic at feeling himself the only being ‘in this black spot,’ and every link burst which bound him to humanity, he gradually falls into the stupor of despair and of apathy, the loss of sensation of light, air, and even of darkness.

‘I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank and bleak and grey.
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime;
But silence, and a stirless breath,
Which neither was of life or death,
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute and motionless!’

The effects produced on the mind of the captive, by the casual visit of a bird, and by the view of the lake from the loop-hole of his prison, are next described. An extract from the latter shall form our last specimen of the poem.

‘I heard the torrents leap and gush
O’er channell’d rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall’d distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem’d no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,

And

And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.'

Freedom at length comes when the captive of Chillon, reconciled to his prison, had learned to consider it as 'a hermitage all his own,' and had become friends with the very shackles which he wore.

It will readily be allowed that this singular poem is more powerful than pleasing. The dungeon of Bonnivard is, like that of Ugolino, a subject too dismal for even the power of the painter or poet to counteract its horrors. It is the more disagreeable as affording human hope no anchor to rest upon, and describing the sufferer, though a man of talents and virtues, as altogether inert and powerless under his accumulated sufferings. Yet as a picture, however gloomy the colouring, it may rival any which Lord Byron has drawn, nor is it possible to read it without a sinking of the heart, corresponding with that which he describes the victim to have suffered.

We have said that Lord Byron occasionally, though without concealing his own original features, assumes the manner and style of his contemporaries. Of these we have more than one instance in the present collection. It is impossible to read the Prisoner of Chillon without finding several passages—that last quoted, for example,—which strongly remind us of Wordsworth. There is another, called 'Churchill's Grave,' for which Southey seems to afford the model, not in his epic strains, but in his English eclogues, in which moral truths are expressed, to use the poet's own language in 'an almost colloquial plainness of language,' and an air of quaint and original expression, assumed to render the sentiment at once impressive and *piquant*. The grave of Churchill, however, might have called from Lord Byron a deeper commemoration; for though they generally differed in character and genius, there was a resemblance between their history and character. The satire of Churchill flowed with a more profuse, though not a more embittered stream; while, on the other hand, he cannot be compared to Lord Byron in point of tenderness or imagination. But both these poets held themselves above the opinion of the world, and both were followed by the fame and popularity which they seemed to despise. The writings of both exhibit an inborn, though sometimes ill regulated generosity of mind, and a spirit of proud independence, frequently pushed to extremes. Both carried their hatred of hypocrisy beyond the verge of prudence, and indulged their vein of satire to the borders of licentiousness. In the flower of his age Churchill died in a foreign land,—

land,—here we trust the parallel will cease, and that the subject of our criticism will long survive to honour his own.

Two other pieces in this miscellany recal to our mind the wild, unbridled, and fiery imagination of Coleridge. To this poet's high poetical genius we have always paid deference; though not uniformly perhaps, he has, too frequently for his own popularity, wandered into the wild and mystic, and left the reader at a loss accurately to determine his meaning. Perhaps in that called the 'Spell' the resemblance may be fanciful, but we cannot allow it to be so in the singular poem called 'Darkness,' well entitled

'A dream which is not all a dream.'

In this case our author has abandoned the art, so peculiarly his own, of shewing the reader where his purpose tends, and has contented himself with presenting a mass of powerful ideas unarranged, and the meaning of which we certainly confess ourselves not always able to attain. A succession of terrible images is placed before us flitting and mixing, and disengaging themselves as in the dream of a feverish man—Chimeras dire, to whose existence the mind refuses credit, which confound and weary the ordinary reader, and baffle the comprehension even of those more accustomed to the flights of a poetic muse. The subject is the progress of utter darkness, until it becomes, in Shakspeare's phrase, the 'burier of the dead,' and the assemblage of terrific ideas which the poet has placed before us only fail in exciting our terror from the extravagance of the plan. These mystical productions do indeed produce upon us the effect described in Henry Mur's lines quoted in Southey's *Omniana*—

'A lecture strange he seem'd to read to me;
And though I did not rightly understand
His meaning, yet I deem'd it to be
Some goodly thing.'

But the feeling of reverence which we entertain for that which is difficult of comprehension, gives way to weariness whenever we begin to suspect that it cannot be distinctly comprehended by any one.

To speak plainly, the framing of such phantasms is a dangerous employment for the exalted and teeming imagination of such a poet as Lord Byron, whose Pegasus has ever required rather a bridle than a spur. The waste of boundless space into which they lead the poet, the neglect of precision which such themes may render habitual, make them, in respect to poetry, what mysticism is to religion. The meaning of the poet as he ascends upon cloudy wing becomes the shadow only of a thought, and having eluded the comprehension of others, necessarily ends
by

by escaping from that of the author himself. The strength of poetical conception, and beauty of diction, bestowed upon such prolusions, is as much thrown away as the colours of a painter, could he take a cloud of mist, or a wreath of smoke for his canvass.

Omitting one or two compositions of less interest we cannot but notice the 'Dream,' which, if we do not misconstrue it, has a covert and mysterious relation to the tale of *Childe Harold*. It is written with the same power of poetry, nor have we here to complain of obscurity in the mode of narrating the vision, though we pretend not to the skill or information necessary to its interpretation. It is difficult, however, to mistake who or what is meant in the conclusion, and more especially as the tone too well agrees with similar passages in the continuation of *Childe Harold*.

'The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention.

————— he lived

Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.'—pp. 44, 45.

The reader is requested to contrast these lines with the stern and solemn passage in which *Childe Harold* seems to bid a long and lasting farewell to social intercourse, and, with exceptions so cautiously restricted and guarded as to be almost none, brands the mass of humanity whom he leaves behind him as false and treacherous.

CXIII.

'I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered it's rank breath, nor bow'd
To it's idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,

Though

Though I have found them not, that there may be
 Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
 Snares for the failing: I would also deem
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
 That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.'—pp. 61, 62.

Though the last of these stanzas has something in it mystic and enigmatical, yet with the passage already quoted from the 'Dream,' and some other poems which are already before the public, they remove the scrupulous delicacy with which otherwise we would have avoided allusion to the mental sufferings of the noble poet. But to uncover a wound is to demand a surgeon's hand to tent it. With kinder feelings to Lord Byron in person and reputation no one could approach him than ourselves: we owe it to the pleasure which he has bestowed upon us, and to the honour he has done to our literature. We have paid our warmest tribute to his talents—it is their due. We will touch on the uses for which he was invested with them—it is our duty; and happy, most happy, should we be, if, in discharging it, we could render this distinguished author a real service. We do not assume the office of harsh censors;—we are entitled at no time to do so towards genius, least of all in its hour of adversity; and we are prepared to make full allowance for the natural effect of misfortune upon a bold and haughty spirit.

————— When the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knee of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, the Thing of Courage
 As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
 And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.'——

But this mode of defiance may last too long, and hurry him who indulges it into further evils; and to this point our observations tend. The advice ought not to be condemned on account of the obscurity of those by whom it is given:—the roughest fisherman is a useful pilot when a gallant vessel is near the breakers; the meanest shepherd may be a sure guide over a pathless heath, and the admonition which is given in well meant kindness should not be despised, even were it tendered with a frankness which may resemble a want of courtesy.

If the conclusion of Lord Byron's literary career were to be such as these mournful verses have anticipated—if this darkness of the spirit, this scepticism concerning the existence of worth, of friendship, of sincerity, were really and permanently to sink like a gulph between this distinguished poet and society, another name

will

will be added to the illustrious list to whom Preston's caution refers.

'Still wouldst thou write?—to tame thy youthful fire

Recall to life the masters of the lyre ;

Lo every brow the shade of sorrow wears,

And every wreath is stained with dropping tears !

But this is an unfair picture. It is not the temper and talents of the poet, but the use to which he puts them, on which his happiness or misery is grounded. A powerful and unbridled imagination is, we have already said, the author and architect of its own disappointments. Its fascinations, its exaggerated pictures of good and evil, and the mental distress to which they give rise, are the natural and necessary evils attending on that quick susceptibility of feeling and fancy incident to the poetical temperament. But the Giver of all talents, while he has qualified them each with its separate and peculiar alloy, has endowed the owner with the power of purifying and refining them. But, as if to moderate the arrogance of genius, it is justly and wisely made requisite, that he must regulate and tame the fire of his fancy, and descend from the heights to which she exalts him, in order to obtain ease of mind and tranquillity. The materials of happiness, that is of such degree of happiness as is consistent with our present state, lie around us in profusion. But the man of talents must stoop to gather them, otherwise they would be beyond the reach of the mass of society, for whose benefit, as well as for his, Providence has created them. There is no royal and no poetical path to contentment and heart's-ease : that by which they are attained is open to all classes of mankind, and lies within the most limited range of intellect. To narrow our wishes and desires within the scope of our powers of attainment ; to consider our misfortunes, however peculiar in their character, as our inevitable share in the patrimony of Adam ; to bridle those irritable feelings, which ungoverned are sure to become governors ; to shun that intensity of galling and self-wounding reflection which our poet has so forcibly described in his own burning language :

————— I have thought

Too long and darkly, till my brain became,

In its own eddy, boiling and o'erwrought,

A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame—

—to stoop, in short, to the realities of life ; repent if we have offended, and pardon if we have been trespassed against ; to look on the world less as our foe than as a doubtful and capricious friend, whose applause we ought as far as possible to deserve, but neither to court nor contemn—such seem the most obvious and certain means of keeping or regaining mental tranquillity.

'Semita

Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

We are compelled to dwell upon this subject: for future ages, while our language is remembered, will demand of this why Lord Byron was unhappy? We retort this query on the noble poet himself while it is called 'to-day.' He does injustice to the world, if he imagines he has left it exclusively filled with those who rejoice in his sufferings. If the voice of consolation be in cases like his less loudly heard than that of reproach or upbraiding, it is because those who long to conciliate, to advise, to mediate, to console, are timid in thrusting forward their sentiments, and fear to exasperate where they most seek to soothe; while the busy and officious intrude, without shame or sympathy, and embitter the privacy of affliction by their rude gaze and importunate clamour. But the pain which such insects can give only lasts while the wound is raw. Let the patient submit to the discipline of the soul enjoined by religion, and recommended by philosophy, and the scar will become speedily insensible to their stings. Lord Byron may not have loved the world, but the world has loved him, not perhaps with a wise or discriminating affection, but as well as it is capable of loving any one. And many who do not belong to the world, as the word is generally understood, have their thoughts fixed on Lord Byron, with the anxious wish and eager hope that he will bring his powerful understanding to combat with his irritated feelings, and that his next efforts will shew that he has acquired the peace of mind necessary for the free and useful exercise of his splendid talents.

'I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fatis.'

ART. X. *Letters written on Board His Majesty's Ship the Northumberland, and at Saint Helena; in which the Conduct and Conversations of Napoleon Buonaparte, and his Suite, during the Voyage, and the first months of his Residence in that Island, are faithfully described and related.* By William Warden, Surgeon on Board the Northumberland. London: Published for the Author. No date. 8vo.

ANECDOTES of the private life of remarkable persons are one of the most amusing and not least valuable departments of history; they bring the reader more intimately acquainted with the character of the individual than public events can do. The latter are never entirely a man's own; a thousand circumstances generally influence or contribute to them; it is in familiar life alone that a man is himself; there his character exhibits all its various shades, and thence we become best acquainted with the familiar chivalry of Henry the Fourth—the ingenuous and simple magnanimity of

Turenne—

Turenne—the flegmatic temper, and fiery courage of William the Third—and the mean and audacious spirit of Buonaparte. But of this species of history, minute truth and accuracy ought to be, more than of any other, the essential characteristics: because the portraits are painted by faint and scattered touches, the falsehood of any one of which tends to destroy the value of the whole; and because the most important anecdote may depend on the single testimony of an individual; and we know, in the most ordinary occurrence of life, how much men are in the habit of colouring their report of any particular event.

It has been under these impressions that we have hitherto* traced the course of Buonaparte, from the Russian campaign down to his seclusion in St. Helena. While we have admitted all those interesting and authenticated facts, which displayed his real character, we have rejected all that was apocryphal, and have not condescended to repeat even the minutest circumstance, of the truth of which an accurate inquiry had not previously satisfied us. Of the necessity for this precision, Mr. Warden is so convinced, that of the Letters before us, he says, ‘every fact related in them is true; and the purport of every conversation correct. It will not, I trust, be thought necessary for me to say more, and the justice I owe to myself will not allow me to say less.’—*Int.* vii.

Now we are constrained to say, that, notwithstanding this pompous asseveration, we shall be able to prove that this work is *founded* in falsehood, and that Mr. Warden’s profession of scrupulous accuracy is only the first of the many fictions which he has spread over his pages. ‘It will not, we trust, be thought necessary for us to say more, and the justice which we owe to our readers will not allow us to say less.’

Our first proof will astound our readers, and, perhaps, decide the affair.

Mr. Warden’s first letter is dated *at sea*; he has indeed cautiously omitted to prefix to any of his letters the day or the month, the latitude or the longitude; but this prudence will not save him from detection. In this he announces to his correspondent the *surprise* he must feel ‘at receiving a letter which, *instead* of the common topics of a sea voyage, should contain an account of the conduct and information respecting the character of Napoleon Buonaparte, from the personal opportunities which Mr. Warden’s situation so *unexpectedly* afforded him.’—(p. 2.) And again he says, ‘such has been the *general* curiosity about Buonaparte, that he feels himself more than justified in *supposing* that particulars relative to him and his suite, will be *welcome* to the correspondent, and

* Art. X. Vol. X.—Art. XI. Vol. XII.—Art. XXIII. Vol. XIV.

those of their common friends to whom he may chuse to communicate the letters.'—p. 3.

From this it is evident that Mr. Warden is addressing a person who had *not* expected such a communication, and he accounts to him for his motive in commencing a series of letters *so different* from what might have been *expected*. All this is very well: but when the second letter, also dated *at sea*, came to be fabricated, Mr. Warden had forgot his first professions, and writes as if he were answering the *inquiries* of a person who had *entreated* him to give a daily journal of Buonaparte's proceedings:

'My dear —

'I renew my desultory occupation—*la tache journaliere, telle que vous la voulez*,' (p. 27)—'the daily task which you enjoin me.' Mr. Warden did not recollect that between the first letter *at sea* and the second letter *at sea*, he could not possibly have had an answer from his correspondent 'enjoining the daily task.' In a subsequent letter he falls into the same blunder, by calling Buonaparte the *object* of his friend's '*inquisitive spirit*,' (p. 93)—and he in consequence gives a description of his person.

In another letter, dated from St. Helena, but without a date of time, there is this passage;

'I answered Buonaparte, that there was not, I thought, a person in England who received Sir Robert Wilson, or his companions, with a diminution of regard for the part they had taken in La Valette's business.'—p. 165.

Now this answer to Buonaparte must have been made some time prior to the 10th of May, 1816, for a *subsequent* letter stated itself to be written after the arrival of the fleet from India in which Lady Loudon was embarked, and this fleet arrived at St. Helena at the time we have just mentioned; when Sir R. Wilson, so far from being in London, enjoying the congratulations of his acquaintance for his success in La Valette's escape, was still a prisoner in the Conciergerie; his sentence was pronounced only on the 24th April; and could not, of course, have been known at St. Helena prior to the 10th of May; so that all Mr. Warden's statement, and Buonaparte's subsequent reply, (which conveys an infamous imputation against Sir Robert,) must be wholly and gratuitously false; nay, what makes the matter quite ridiculous, is that Sir Robert did not, we believe, return to England till after the return of Mr. Warden—he returned indeed before these precious letters from St. Helena were concocted; and Mr. Warden, or the person employed by him to forge the Correspondence, mistook the period at which he wrote for that at which he affected to write.

These are minute circumstances, but it is only by such that imposition can be detected; a liar arranges all the great course

of his story, and it is only by dates which he omits, and trifles which he records, that he is ever detected. This original imposture throws a general discredit over Mr. Warden's subsequent relations; some of them may be, and we know are, well-founded; but they are to be credited on better grounds than those of Mr. Warden's veracity. In fact we have heard, and we believe, that he brought to England a few sheets of notes, gleaned for the most part from the conversation of his better informed fellow-officers, and that he applied to some manufacturer of correspondence in London to spin them out into '*Letters from St. Helena*;' a task which, it must be allowed, the writer has executed with some talent, and for which we hope (as the labourer is worthy of his hire) Mr. Warden has handsomely rewarded him.

Mr. Warden says, that in publishing these Letters 'he has yielded, rather *reluctantly*, to become an author, from persuasion he scarce knew how to resist, and to which he had some reasons to suspect resistance might be vain.' (p. vi.) He consented *reluctantly to become an author!*—if the letters had been written, he was already an author, though his work was unpublished; the fact is, no such Letters existed. We have also reason to believe that he did not yield *reluctantly*, but that he had, from the first moment, resolved to publish, and that he received with great dissatisfaction some advice which was given him to the contrary. How he could be forced by an irresistible power to publish, is more than we can comprehend, unless, as we shrewdly suspect, that irresistible power was a talismanic paper inscribed with certain figures of pounds, shillings, and pence, which were at once the object and reward of the imposture.

He affects to write colloquial French, and relates with great effrontery his *direct* conversations with Napoleon and his suite. The fact is, the surgeon is wholly ignorant of that language; and of this we find positive proof in his own book.

In the first place, no man who understood French could have written the words *tâche journalière* as he has done; in his mode they mean a *spot*, and not a *task*.

In the next place, Mr. Warden lets slip the avowal, (page 130,) that he spoke to Buonaparte by an interpreter, and that this interpreter was the veracious Count de las Cases, a kind of secretary and *ame damnée* of the Ex-emperor, (who is now said to be under arrest for attempting a secret correspondence,) and who seems to be, of the whole suite, the person who is the most careless of truth, and the most ready to say, not what he believes or knows, but what he thinks most convenient at the moment. 'This worthy person,' says Mr. Warden, '*interpreted with great aptitude and perspicuity, and afforded me time to arrange my answers.*' Notwithstanding

this avowal, Mr. Warden describes himself as conversing with ease and *volubility* with Buonaparte, whom he represents as speaking English.

'The moment his eye met mine, he started up and exclaimed *in English*, "Ah, Warden, how do you do?" I bowed in return, when he stretched out his hand, saying, "I've got a fever." I expressed,' &c. (page 131.) And so on for a long conversation, in which the interpreter is entirely sunk. When the Doctor replies, he replies, not like a person who wanted 'time to arrange his answer,' but '*rather quickly*,' p. 135.—and is so far encouraged by the *easy communicative* manners of the Ex-emperor, (not a word of the interpreter,) that he continues to make his observations *without reserve*. (page 142.) I was resolved (he says) to speak my sentiments with *freedom*; and you may think I did not balk my resolution.'

Again,

'Here Napoleon became very animated, and often raised himself on the sofa where he had hitherto remained in a reclining posture. The interest attached to the subject, and the energy of his delivery, combined to impress the tenor of his narrative so strongly on my mind, that you need not doubt the accuracy of this repetition of it.'—p. 144. and what follows for four pages is placed within inverted commas, as if Mr. Warden wished us to suppose that he gave the very words of the man.

All these are, we admit, only insinuations and equivocations; but in the second letter there is a direct and palpable falsehood.

Buonaparte is represented as inquiring after the health of Madame de Montholon, and attributing her illness to her horror of the idea of St. Helena—Mr. Warden says he repeated to his doctor the quotation of Macbeth in the following manner:—

'Can a physician minister to a mind diseased,
Or pluck from memory a rooted sorrow?'

At this time Buonaparte could not have pronounced the three first words of this quotation; he could as well have written Macbeth. Nay, in one of his *last* interviews, Mr. Warden represents his utmost efforts in English to be a stammering attempt to call Madam Bertrand his *love*, or his *friend*.—p. 161.

Mr. Warden says, 'that the British Government proscribed Bertrand from accompanying Buonaparte,' and 'that Lord Keith took on himself the responsibility of including such an attached friend in the number of his attendants.'—p. 20.—This is notoriously false.

Again he says,

'A delicacy was maintained in communicating to Buonaparte the contents of the English Journals. That truth is not to be spoken, or in any way imparted at all times, is a proverb which was now faithfully adhered to on board the Northumberland.'—p. 26.

Mr.

Mr. Warden here speaks truly as of himself and his French friends; but it is well known that Sir George Cockburn is as much above any such paltry deceit as is here imputed to him, as he is above giving a person in Buonaparte's situation any intentional offence.—The truth, we believe, is, that the newspapers, both English and French, were freely sent to Buonaparte; and if the contents of the former were ever kept from him, it must have been by Las Cases, who was his usual interpreter; and upon whose veracity in this office, so much of Mr. Warden's own credit unfortunately depends.

Mr. Warden affects to relate to us the Abbé de Pradt's famous* account of the interview at Warsaw, and lo! the tall figure who enters the Abbé-Ambassador's hotel wrapped up in fur is—not Caulaincourt—but Cambacérès, poor old gentleman! He cannot even write the name of one of Buonaparte's followers, whom he attended in a dangerous illness, and who studied English under him; he an hundred times calls General Gourgaud, General Gourgond; and lest this should appear an error of the press, he varies his orthography and calls him General Gourgon! (p. 46); but never does he call him by his proper name; *Maret*, Duke of Bassano, he confounds with *Marat*, (p. 209); Count Erlon he calls *Erelon*; and Colonel Prontowski is always Piontowski; Doctor Corvisart is Corvesart (pp. 184. 190), and sometimes Covisart (p. 80); the Baron de Kolli, a Swiss, is metamorphosed into the Baron de Colai (p. 70), a Pole; Morbihan is Morbeau; the Duke of Frioul becomes the Duke of Friuli:—in short, there is no end to these errors, which prove Mr. Warden to be very ignorant or very inaccurate, or, what we believe to be the real state of the case—both.

Such is the blundering, presumptuous and falsifying scribbler, who has dared to speak of the sensible and modest pamphlet of Lieutenant Bowerbank, as 'trash which he is ashamed to repeat, and which he wonders that this Review' (which we are sorry to find he calls a respectable work) 'should condescend to notice.'

He takes upon himself even to assert, that some of the facts quoted in our XXVIIth Number from that pamphlet and other authentic sources, are mere silly falsehoods, and he endeavours to represent Buonaparte as concurring in this assertion.—We rather wonder that Buonaparte did not; it would have been but a lie the more, an additional drop to the waters, another grain of sand to the shores of the ocean; but unluckily for Mr. Warden, the ex-emperor did not take his bait, and only said, with that kind of equivocation which is his nearest advance to truth, 'Your editors are extremely amusing; but is it to be supposed that they believe what they write?'

* Vide Vol. XIV. Art. XXVII. p. 63.

After this detailed exposure of Mr. Warden's ignorance and inaccuracy, it now becomes our duty to say, that though his letters are a clumsy fabrication, and therefore unworthy of credit, yet there are some of his reports which are substantially correct, and which, as we before said, Mr. Warden may have heard from those who had at once the opportunities and the means of holding a conversation with Buonaparte, and who were not obliged to put up, like Mr. Warden, with second-hand stories from M. de Bertrand, General Gourgaud, and the Count de las Cases, who seem, in their conversations with Mr. Warden, to have given a more than usual career to their disposition for fabling; and the simplicity with which this *gobemouche* seems to have swallowed all those fables must have been at once amusing and encouraging to the worthy trio. They evidently saw that the Doctor was a credulous gossip, who would not fail to repeat, if he did not print, all his conversations with them; and they therefore took care to tell him only what they wished to have known—so that even when he means to speak truth, and does actually repeat what he heard, the substance of his story is generally and often grossly false. A few instances of this we shall now offer to our readers.

Count Bertrand is represented as making very pathetic complaints to Mr. Warden on 'the needless cruelty of their allotment' (lot). He stated 'that the ex-emperor had thrown himself on the mercy of England, from a *full and consoling* confidence that he should there find a place of refuge.'

'He asked, what worse fate could have befallen him, had he been taken a prisoner on board an American ship, *in which he might have endeavoured to make his escape*. He reasoned, for some time, on the *probability of success* in such an attempt; and they might now, he added, have cause to repent that he had not risked it.—He then proceeded.—

'Could not my royal master, think you, have placed himself at the head of the army of the Loire? and can you persuade yourself that it would not have been proud to range itself under his command? And is it not possible—nay, more than probable, that he would have been joined by numerous adherents from the North, the South, and the East? Nor can it be denied that he might have placed himself in such a position, as to have made far better terms for himself than have now been imposed upon him. It was to save the further effusion of blood that he threw himself into your arms; that he trusted to the honour of a nation famed for its generosity and love of justice; nor would it have been a disgrace to England to have acknowledged Napoleon Buonaparte as a citizen. He demanded to be enrolled among the humblest of them; and wished for little more than the Heavens as a covering, and the soil of England, on which he might tread in safety. Was this too much for such a man to ask?—surely not,'—pp. 13, 14.

Now as this is a point which affects the national character, and relates

relates to an event which will be considerable in history, we do not think we should be justified in omitting to repeat the contradiction and refutation which, in a former number, we gave in detail, of this impudent charge. We request our readers to turn to the 82d page of our Fourteenth Volume, and they will there see it proved beyond doubt, that Buonaparte had no intention of coming to England—no hopes from the generosity of England—no confidence in English laws:—that General Beker, who was his *keeper*, would have prevented him from joining the army of the Loire, even if he had been inclined to do so; that he left Paris, and arrived and remained ten days at Rochfort, in the intention of escaping to America; and that it was only when he found escape to be impossible, that he reluctantly surrendered to the British navy;—that he attempted to surrender *upon terms*; that these terms were absolutely rejected, and that he had no alternative but to surrender at discretion. But this is not all—for, strange to say, Mr. Warden, who admits this impudent lie of Bertrand's into his book, with a strong intimation of his believing it, allows that Bertrand himself declined to advise Buonaparte to come to England, because 'he thought it not impossible that his *liberty* might be *endangered*.'—(p. 16.)—How does this tally with 'the *full and consoling* confidence?' And, again, Mr. Warden gives in another place a complete denial to Bertrand, and a full corroboration of all we have stated, from the lips of the Count de las Cases.

'I shall now proceed to give the account of an interesting conversation which I had with the Count de las Cases on the final resolution of Napoleon to throw himself on the generosity of the English government. He prefaced his narrative with this assurance: "No page of Ancient History will give you a more faithful detail of any extraordinary event, than I am about to offer of our departure from France, and the circumstances connected with it. The future Historian will certainly attempt to describe it; and you will then be able to judge of the authenticity of his materials and the correctness of his narration."

'From the time the Emperor quitted the capital, it was his fixed determination to proceed to America, and establish himself on the banks of one of the great rivers in America, where he had, no doubt, a number of his friends from France would gather round him; and, as he had been finally baffled in the career of his ambition, he determined to retire from the world, and beneath the branches of his own fig-tree in that sequestered spot, tranquilly and philosophically observe the agitations of Europe.

'On our arrival at Rochfort, the difficulty of reaching the *Land of Promise* appeared to be much greater than had been conjectured. Every inquiry was made, and various projects proposed; but, after all, no very practicable scheme offered itself to our acceptance. At length, as a *dernier resort*, two *chasse-marées* (small one-masted vessels) were procured; and it was in actual contemplation to attempt a voyage

across the Atlantic in them. Sixteen midshipmen engaged most willingly to direct their course; and, during the night, it was thought they might effect the meditated escape.—We met," continued Las Cases, "in a small room, to discuss and come to a final determination on this momentous subject; nor shall I attempt to describe the anxiety visible on the countenances of our small assembly.—The Emperor alone retained an unembarrassed look, when he calmly demanded the opinions of his chosen band of followers, as to his future conduct. The majority were in favour of his returning to the army, as in the South of France his cause still appeared to wear a favourable aspect.—This proposition the Emperor instantly rejected, with a declaration delivered in a most decided tone and with a peremptory gesture,—that he never would be the instrument of a *Civil War* in France.—He declared, in the words which he had for some time frequently repeated, that his political career was terminated; and he only wished for the secure asylum which he had promised himself in America, and, till that hour, had no doubt of attaining.—He then asked me, as a naval officer, whether I thought that a voyage across the Atlantic was practicable in the small vessels, in which alone it then appeared that the attempt could be made.—I had my doubts," added Las Cases, "and I had my wishes: The latter urged me to encourage the enterprize; and the former made me hesitate in engaging for the probability of its being crowned with success.—My reply indicated the influence of them both.—I answered, that I had long quitted the maritime profession, and was altogether unacquainted with the kind of vessels in question, as to their strength and capacity, for such a navigation as was proposed to be undertaken in them; but as the young midshipmen who had volunteered their services, must be competent judges of the subject, and had offered to risk their lives in navigating these vessels, no small confidence, I thought, might be placed in their probable security.—This project, however, was soon abandoned, and no alternative appeared but to throw ourselves on the generosity of England."

'In the midst of this midnight council, but, without the least appearance of dejection at the varying and rather irresolute opinions of his friends, Napoleon ordered one of them to act as secretary, and a letter to the Prince Regent of England was dictated.—On the following day, I was employed in making the necessary arrangements with Captain Maitland on board the *Bellerophon*. That officer conducted himself with the utmost politeness and gentlemanly courtesy, but would not enter into any engagements on the part of his government.'—pp. 60—64.

This avowal of Las Cases is quite sufficient to oppose to the falsehoods which Bertrand related to Mr. Warden, and which Buonaparte recorded in the famous protest which we gave in the Article before mentioned. Why, it will be asked, do we, on this occasion, give that credit to Las Cases which we deny him in every other?—We answer, because his account tallies with undisputed facts, and because Buonaparte's and Bertrand's story is irreconcilable with those facts.

Marshal

Marshal Bertrand is a great favourite with Mr. Warden, and he therefore endeavours to exculpate him from the charge of having, while at Elba, made overtures to the King. On this point Mr. Warden thinks Count Bertrand himself the best witness he could adduce, and he represents him as saying,—‘the report of my having taken the oath of fidelity to Louis XVIII. is groundless; for, I never beheld a single individual of the Bourbon family of France.’—(p. 45.)—Admirable logic! but M. Bertrand misstates the charge—he was not charged with having *sworn allegiance*, but with writing a letter to the Duke of Fitzjames, *promising allegiance* on the honour of a gentleman, and soliciting permission to return to France, where he intended to live as a faithful subject of the King, and under his protection: and it is further charged, that this letter was written at a time when Buonaparte’s return was in preparation, and it is therefore reasonably supposed that this profession of honour and high-minded loyalty was a cloak to cover the conspiracy which was hatching and an insidious attempt to deceive the King and his ministers. This letter, written to the Duke of Fitzjames, (who has the misfortune to be Bertrand’s brother-in-law,) cannot be denied; it was at the time communicated by the Duke to the King, and it has been since verified and officially published in France, and in half the journals of Europe.

The contempt in which these folks must have held poor Mr. Warden, is evident from the absurdities with which they crammed his credulity.

Thus, Bertrand says that ‘Buonaparte was never sensual, never gross.’—(p. 212.) His manners and language were gross in the extreme, and his habits scandalously sensual. We need only recal to our readers’ recollection the anecdote slightly alluded to in our XXVIIth Number, page 96, the authenticity of which (filthy and disgraceful to Buonaparte as it is) is established by the testimony of the Commissioners that attended him to Elba, and his own confessions.

Las Cases completes the picture—

“He never speaks of himself; he never mentions his achievements. Of money he is totally regardless; and he was not known to express a regret for any part of his treasure but the diamond necklace, which he wore constantly in his neckcloth, because it was the gift of his sister, the Princess Hortense, whom he tenderly loved.” This he lost, after the battle of Waterloo.—p. 212.

This is no bad instance of Las Cases’s veracity:—the necklace in question was stolen or forced from his sister previously to his leaving Paris, when the generous Buonaparte, contemplating the chances of a reverse, determined to collect about *his own person* as much wealth as possible; he accordingly, as the most portable, took

took all the jewels he could lay his hands on, and, amongst the rest, this necklace of the Princess Hortense; who wished her brother's anxiety for a *keep-sake* had been contented with a lock of her hair, or a bracelet, or a ring, or any thing, in short, rather than her best diamond necklace, of the value of 20,000*l*.

But there are four topics connected with the character of Buonaparte, on which, above all others, a good deal of interest is naturally excited—we mean the murders of Captain Wright and the Duke d'Enghien, the poisoning of his own sick at Jaffa, and the massacre of the garrison of that place; and as Mr. Warden professes to have heard from Buonaparte himself explanations of each of these events, we shall give them as shortly as we can, but always in his own words; stating, however, that Mr. Warden's reports may be in these instances substantially correct, because we have understood that Buonaparte was forward to give similar explanations to other persons.

“The English brig of war, commanded by Captain Wright, was employed by your government in landing traitors and spies on the West coast of France. Seventy of the number had actually reached Paris; and, so mysterious were their proceedings, *so veiled in impenetrable concealment*, that although General Ryal, of the Police, gave me this information, the name or place of their resort could not be discovered. I received daily assurances that my life would be attempted, and though I did not give entire credit to them, I took every precaution for my preservation. The Brig was afterwards taken near L'Orient, with Captain Wright, its commander, who was carried before the Prefect of the Department of Morbeau, (Morbihan,) at Vannes: General Julian, then Prefect, had accompanied me in the expedition to Egypt, and recognised Captain Wright on the first view of him. Intelligence of this circumstance was *instantly* transmitted to Paris; and instructions were *expeditiously* returned to *interrogate* the crew, *separately*, and transfer their testimonies to the Minister of Police. The purport of their examination was at first very unsatisfactory; but, *at length*, on the examination of *one of the crew*, some light was thrown on the subject. He stated that the Brig had landed several Frenchmen, and among them he particularly remembered one, a very merry fellow who was called *Pichegru*. Thus a *clue* was found that led to the discovery of a plot, which, had it succeeded, would have thrown the French nation, a second time, into a state of revolution.—Captain Wright was accordingly conveyed to Paris, and *confined in the Temple*; there to remain till it was found convenient to bring the formidable accessories of this treasonable design to trial. The law of France would have subjected Wright to the punishment of death: but he was of minor consideration. My grand object was to secure the principals, and I considered the English Captain's evidence of the utmost consequence towards completing my object.”—Buonaparte again and again, most solemnly asserted, that Captain Wright died, in the Temple, by his own hand, as described in the *Moniteur*, and at a much earlier period than has been generally believed.—p. 139—141.

We beg leave to postpone making any observation on this story till we have quoted the Ex-Emperor's denial of the murder of Pichegru, and his defence of that of the Duke d'Enghien.

'Here Napoleon became very animated, and often raised himself on the sofa where he had hitherto remained in a reclining posture. The interest attached to the subject, and the energy of his delivery, combined to impress the tenor of his narrative so strongly on my mind, that you need not doubt the accuracy of this repetition of it. —He began as follows.

"At this time, reports were every night brought me," (I think, he said, by General Ryal,) "that conspiracies were in agitation; that meetings were held in particular houses in Paris, and names even were mentioned; at the same time, no satisfactory proofs could be obtained, and the utmost vigilance and ceaseless pursuit of the Police was evaded. General Moreau, indeed, became suspected, and I was seriously importuned to issue an order for his arrest; but his character was such, his name stood so high, and the estimation of him so great in the public mind, that, as it appeared, to me, he had nothing to gain, and every thing to lose, by becoming a conspirator against me: I, therefore, could not but exonerate him from such a suspicion. —I accordingly refused an order for the proposed arrest, by the following intimation to the Minister of Police. You have named Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau: convince me that the former is in Paris, and I will immediately cause the latter to be arrested. —Another and a very singular circumstance led to the development of the plot. One night, as I lay agitated and wakeful, I rose from my bed, and examined the list of suspected traitors; and Chance, which rules the world, occasioned my stumbling, as it were, on the name of a surgeon, who had lately returned from an English prison. This man's age, education, and experience in life, induced me to believe, that his conduct must be attributed to any other motive than that of youthful fanaticism in favour of a Bourbon: as far as circumstances qualified me to judge, *money* appeared to be his object. —I accordingly gave orders for this man to be arrested; when a *summary mock trial* was instituted, by which he was found guilty, sentenced to die, and *informed he had but six hours to live*. This stratagem had the desired effect: *he was terrified into confession*. It was now known that Pichegru had a brother, a monastic Priest, then residing in Paris. I ordered a party of gendarmes to visit this man, and if he had quitted his house, I conceived there would be good ground for suspicion. The old Monk was secured, and, in the act of his arrest, his fears betrayed what I most wanted to know, — 'Is it,' he exclaimed, 'because I afforded shelter to a brother that I am thus treated!' —The object of the plot was to destroy me; and the success of it would, of course, have been my destruction. It emanated from the capital of your country, with the Count d'Artois at the head of it. To the West he sent the Duke de Berri, and to the East the Duke d'Enghien. To France your vessels conveyed underlings of the plot, and Moreau became a convert to the cause. The moment was big with evil: I felt myself on a tottering eminence, and I resolved to *hurl the thunder back upon the Bourbons even in the metropolis of the British empire*. My

Minister

Minister vehemently urged the seizure of the Duke though in a neutral territory. But I still hesitated, and Prince Benevento brought the order twice, and urged the measure with all his powers of persuasion: It was not, however, till I was fully convinced of its necessity, that I sanctioned it by my signature. The matter could be easily arranged between me and the Duke of Baden. Why, indeed, should I suffer a man residing on the very confines of my kingdom, to commit a crime which, within the distance of a mile, by the ordinary course of law, Justice herself would condemn to the scaffold? And now answer me;—Did I do more than adopt the principle of your government, when it ordered the capture of the Danish fleet, which was thought to threaten mischief to your country? It had been urged to me again and again, as a sound political opinion, that the new dynasty could not be secure, while the Bourbons remained. Talleyrand never deviated from this principle: it was a fixed, unchangeable article in his political creed.—But I did not become a ready or a willing convert. I examined the opinion with care and with caution: and the result was a perfect conviction of its necessity.—The Duke d'Enghien was accessory to the confederacy; and although the resident of a neutral territory, *the urgency of the case*, in which my safety and the public tranquillity, to use no stronger expression, were involved, JUSTIFIED THE PROCEEDING. I accordingly ordered him to be seized and tried: He was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot.—The sentence was immediately executed; and the same fate would have followed had it been *Louis the Eighteenth*. For I again declare that I found it necessary to roll the thunder back on the metropolis of England, as from thence, with the Count d'Artois at their head, did the assassins assail me.”—pp. 144—149.

Now we have here, from this most interested witness, some admissions which, so far from exculpating him, increase the presumption against him.

Let it be recollected that the charge relative to Captain Wright was not that Buonaparte had wantonly murdered him, but that he had at first caused him to be *tortured*, in order to obtain the clue of the conspiracy, and afterwards to be murdered to prevent this atrocity from being discovered.

From Buonaparte's own account, it is evident how great his anxiety was to trace this plot.—His police, he says, were in an ignorant perplexity—his life was supposed to be in imminent danger—seventy conspirators were at Paris, but neither their names, persons, nor haunts can be discovered: fortunately in *this moment of perplexity*, Captain Wright is taken—the intelligence is *instantly* transmitted to Paris—instructions *immediately* returned to *interrogate* the crew *separately*, i. e. *secretly*, and by the *police*. These examinations, however, produced nothing at first; but at length one of the crew threw some light on the subject: he stated that the brig had landed several Frenchmen on the coast, and, among others, a merry fellow called Pichegru. To all those who

knew

knew any thing of General Pichegru's mind and manners—to all those who have been accustomed to weigh probabilities, and to reason on evidence, it will be evident that this particular must be false. Pichegru was, by character and habit, sedate—he could never have been the buffoon of the seamen—he could never have betrayed his name to the gossiping merriment of a ship's crew, who would have repeated it on their return to England, where it would have soon found its way into the newspapers, and through them into France. No—Buonaparte knew mankind too well, and he was well aware that the only *one of the crew* who was worth interrogating was Captain Wright. The conclusion then to be drawn from all this is inevitable, that the Captain, to be made of use, must be *forced* to speak. It would be too much to assert positively that Captain Wright would have resisted all the extremities of torture. We must not reckon so confidently on the firmness of human nature; but at least the generous character of that gallant officer induces us to think him as capable as any other man of a noble resistance:—yet, to prove how uncertain are all deductions of this kind, Buonaparte afterwards tells us that he found Pichegru was in France, not by *one of the crew*, but by a surgeon to whom he was miraculously directed, and from whom, because he was *avaricious*, he contrives to obtain a confession, not by *money*, but by *terror*! These contradictory statements prove, at least, one thing,—that Buonaparte was not telling truth, and that there was some part of the transaction which he chose to involve in obscurity. We have seen his anxiety for information, the vast importance he attached to the capture of Captain Wright, and the necessity in which he was to obtain his evidence: let us now see whether there is reason to suppose he was a man to be deterred from endeavouring to obtain this evidence by torture.

In the first place, he does not deny that, contrary to the laws of nations, he subjected the English crew to secret interrogatories before the Police—this is the first step towards torture. In the second place, it is admitted that Captain Wright was placed in solitary confinement in a state prison—this is the next—nay, it is of itself a species of torture. Thirdly, he confesses that he employed the direct and overwhelming terror of immediate death upon the mind of the surgeon. And, finally, he avows and boasts, that—for the purpose of defeating the very plot in which Captain Wright was implicated—he seized a prince, no subject of his, in a neutral territory, hurried him from his bed before a military midnight tribunal, and thence to a sudden and ignominious death—Nay, says this monster, ‘the same fate should have followed had it been Louis XVIII.’ And he justifies this atrocious violence ‘because he found it necessary to roll the thunder back on the metropolis of England.’

England.' This excuse, it is evident, would be as good, for torturing Captain Wright, as for the seizure and murder of the Duke d'Enghien.

For our own parts we had never *much* doubt that Captain Wright had been tortured and subsequently murdered; now—if we are to believe that Mr. Warden gives an accurate report of Buonaparte's explanation—we can have *none* at all.

Our opinion of the natural atrocity of Buonaparte's mind is confirmed by the avowal which he makes to Mr. Warden, and, what is of more importance, which he has made to others, in whose veracity we place more faith than in the Doctor's—that he suggested the poisoning of his own sick, and the massacre of the garrison of Jaffa. The charge of perpetrating these crimes (which was first made by Sir Robert Wilson, on what we have always thought very sufficient authority) had been vehemently denied by Buonaparte's admirers: they are now set at rest by the confession of Buonaparte himself; a confession accompanied with explanations which take little or nothing from the guilt of the wretch who proposed the one, and executed the other of these atrocities.

'On raising the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, the army retired upon Jaffa. It had become a matter of urgent necessity. The occupation of this town for any length of time was totally impracticable, from the force that Jezza Pacha was enabled to bring forward. The sick and wounded were numerous; and their removal was my first consideration. Carriages the most convenient that could be formed were appropriated to the purpose. Some of them were sent by water to Damietta, and the rest were accommodated, in the best possible manner, to accompany their comrades in their march across the Desert. *Seven* men, however, occupied a quarantine hospital, who were infected with the plague; whose report was made me by the chief of the medical staff; (I think it was Degenette). He further added, that the disease had gained such a stage of malignancy, there was not the least probability of their continuing alive beyond forty-eight hours.

'“I said, tell me what is to be done! He hesitated for some time, and then repeated, that these men, who were the objects of my very painful solicitude, could not survive forty-eight hours.—*I then suggested*, (what appeared to be his opinion, though he might not chuse to declare it, but wait with the trembling hope to receive it from me,) the propriety, because I felt it would be humanity, *of shortening the sufferings of these seven men by administering Opium*. Such a relief, I added, in a similar situation, I should anxiously solicit for myself. But, *rather contrary to my expectation*, the proposition was opposed, and consequently abandoned.”—p. 156—159.

It is thus put out of all doubt that, of this crime, as far as first suggesting, and being *anxious to execute it*—which, in fact, are the real constituents of a crime—Buonaparte is guilty. If the men were not poisoned, or, as he and the Doctor gently express it, if
opium

opium was not administered, it was no merit of his. With respect to Buonaparte's cowardly insinuation that the mind of the chief physician anticipated his determination, and waited, with trembling hope, for orders to poison his fellow creatures—it is clear, from his own account, that he suggested, that he pressed, that he insisted on this abomination, and that it was only prevented (if it was prevented) by the courageous and humane resistance of the medical staff of the army.

The massacre of part of the garrison of Jaffa is thus related :

' At the period in question General Desaix was left in Upper Egypt; and Kleber in the vicinity of Damietta. I left Cairo, and traversed the Arabian Desert in order to unite my force with that of the latter at El Arish. The town was attacked, and a capitulation succeeded. Many of the prisoners were found, on examination, to be natives of the Mountains, and inhabitants of Mount Tabor, but chiefly from Nazareth. They were immediately released, on their engaging to return quietly to their homes, children and wives: at the same time, they were recommended to acquaint their countrymen the Napolese, that the French were no longer their enemies, unless they were found in arms assisting the Pacha. When this ceremony was concluded, the army proceeded on its march towards Jaffa.—That city, on the first view of it, bore a formidable appearance, and the garrison was considerable. It was summoned to surrender: when the officer, who bore my flag of truce, no sooner passed the city wall, than his head was inhumanly struck off, instantly fixed upon a pole, and insultingly exposed to the view of the French army. At the sight of this horrid and unexpected object, the indignation of the soldiers knew no bounds: they were perfectly infuriated; and, with the most eager impatience, demanded to be led on to the storm. I did not hesitate, under such circumstances, to command it. The attack was dreadful; and the carnage exceeded any action I had then witnessed. We carried the place, and it required all my efforts and influence to restrain the fury of the enraged soldiers. At length, I succeeded, and night closed the sanguinary scene. At the dawn of the following morning, a report was brought me, that five hundred men, chiefly Napolese, who had lately formed a part of the garrison of El Arish, and to whom I had a few days before given liberty, on condition that they should return to their homes, were actually found and recognized amongst the prisoners. On this fact being indubitably ascertained, I ordered the five hundred men to be drawn out and instantly shot.'—p. 161—163.

Here again we have two or three remarks to make on the palliative circumstances adduced by Buonaparte.

We will say nothing of the perfidy of the war which he was himself waging;—we will not attempt to shew that the poor peasants of Mount Tabor might be supposed to be ignorant of the etiquette of European capitulations and paroles;—we shall not insist on the impossibility of the French recognizing the men found in
Jaffa

Jaffa as the very individuals who capitulated in El Arish;—we shall not state, as Sir Robert Wilson states; the massacre to have been of more than as many thousands as Buonaparte confesses hundreds;—we shall not urge against Buonaparte that he actually obliged officers to serve against us who had been released from England, on parole, not to serve:—we shall give up all these topics, and only insist upon the plain facts of the case which prove this transaction to be one of the foulest and most inexcusable massacres that was ever perpetrated.

These poor people were taken at El Arish; their homes were Nazareth and Mount Tabor; they were bound to return thither; from El Arish to Nazareth, the high road passes through Jaffa. Buonaparte describes himself as having lost no time in marching to Jaffa; he could not, therefore, be far behind the Nazarenes; and must, indeed, have arrived before the town almost as soon as they entered it: the place was summoned—an atrocity is committed—the assault is *immediately* given—and Jaffa is taken; but in it, on their way home, were found the garrison of El Arish; and, because they were found *there*—*where* Buonaparte must have known them to be, if they adhered to the capitulation—he ordered 500 of his fellow-creatures to be drawn out and instantly shot!—and this too the next morning after a carnage which exceeded all that this tiger had ever before witnessed. If Jaffa had been ever so little out of the way, or if it had been besieged long enough to allow the poor people to get away from it, or if they had been found in it after a lapse of time which ought to have carried them beyond it, something, though, God knows, but little, might be said in defence of Buonaparte; but as the fact is stated by himself the bloody perfidy is clear, and the whole of Buonaparte's conduct is proved, by his own confession, to have been detestably and infamously base.

We have now done with the 'Letters from St. Helena!'—We have felt it on this occasion necessary to enter into minute, and often, we fear, tedious details, because Mr. Warden's pretences and falsehoods, if not detected on the spot and at the moment when the means of detection happen to be at hand, might hereafter tend to deceive other writers, and poison the sources of history. And for the honour of our country, and for the dignity of human nature, we are unwilling that it should be supposed that the falsehood and flatteries of Buonaparte and his followers could obliterate from the minds of Englishmen the atrocities with which he had for twenty years ensanguined and desolated the civilized world.

ART. XI. 1. *An Inquiry into the Causes of the General Poverty and Dependence of Mankind; including a full Investigation of the Corn Laws.* By William Dawson. Edinburgh. 1814.

2. *A Plan for the Reform of Parliament, on Constitutional Principles.* Pamphleteer. No. 14.

3. *Observations on the Scarcity of Money, and its effects upon the Public.* By Edward Tatham, D.D. Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. 1816.

4. *On the State of the Country, in December, 1816.* By the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

5. *Christian Policy, the Salvation of the Empire. Being a clear and concise Examination into the Causes that have produced the impending, unavoidable National Bankruptcy; and the Effects that must ensue, unless averted by the Adoption of this only real and desirable Remedy, which would elevate these Realms to a pitch of Greatness hitherto unattained by any Nation that ever existed.* By Thomas Evans, Librarian to the Society of Spencean Philanthropists. Second Edition. London. 1816.

6. *The Monthly Magazine.*

7. *Cobbett's Political Register.*

IF the opinions of profligate and of mistaken men may be thought to reflect disgrace upon the nation, of which they constitute a part, it might verily be said that England was never so much disgraced as at this time. Never before had the country been engaged in so long or so arduous a struggle; never had any country, in ancient or in modern times, made such great and persevering exertions; never had any country displayed more perfect magnanimity, and scarcely ever had any contest been terminated with such consummate and transcendent glory:—this at least is universally acknowledged;—it is confessed as much by the rage and astonishment of the ferocious revolutionist, and the ill-disguised regret of a party whom the events of the war have stultified as well as soured, as by the gratitude and admiration of all true Britons, and of the wise and the good throughout the civilized world. Yet at this time, when the plans of government have been successful beyond all former example—when the object of a twenty years war—the legitimate object of a just and necessary war—has been attained, and England, enjoying the peace which she has thus bravely won, should be left at leisure to pursue with undistracted attention those measures, which, by mitigating present evils and preventing crimes in future, may, as far as human means can be effectual, provide for an increasing and stable prosperity;—at this time a cry of discontent

is gone forth, the apostles of anarchy take advantage of a temporary and partial distress, and by imposing upon the ignorance of the multitude, flattering their errors and inflaming their passions, are exciting them to sedition and rebellion.

During the great struggle between Charles I. and his parliament, the people required an appearance at least of devotion and morality in their leaders; no man could obtain their confidence unless he observed the decencies of life, and conformed in his outward deportment to the laws of God and man. There was much hypocrisy among them as well as much fanaticism, but the great body of the nation were sincerely religious, and strict in the performance of their ordinary duties; and to this cause, more than to any other, is it owing that no civil war was ever carried on with so few excesses and so little cruelty, so that the conduct of the struggle was as honourable to the nation as the ultimate consequences have been beneficial. It is a melancholy, and in some respects an alarming thing, to observe the contrast at the present crisis, when the populace look for no other qualification in their heroes than effrontery and a voluble tongue. Easily deluded they have always been; but evil-minded and insidious men, who in former times endeavoured to deceive the moral feelings of the multitude, have now laboured more wickedly and more successfully in corrupting them. Their favourite shall have a plenary dispensation for as many vices as he can afford to entertain, and as many crimes as he may venture to commit. Among them sedition stands in the place of charity and covereth a multitude of sins.

Were it not that the present state of popular knowledge is a necessary part of the process of society, a stage through which it must pass in its progress toward something better, it might reasonably be questioned whether the misinformation of these times be not worse than the ignorance of former ages. For a people who are ignorant and know themselves to be so, will often judge rightly when they are called upon to think at all, acting from common sense, and the unperverted instinct of equity. But there is a kind of half knowledge which seems to disable men even from forming a just opinion of the facts before them—a sort of squint in the understanding which prevents it from seeing straightforward, and by which all objects are distorted. Men in this state soon begin to confound the distinctions between right and wrong—farewell then to simplicity of heart, and with it farewell to rectitude of judgment! The demonstrations of geometry indeed retain their force with them, for they are gross and tangible:—but to all moral propositions, to all finer truths they are insensible—the part of their nature which should correspond with these is stricken with dead palsy. Give men a smattering of law, and they become litigious; give them a smatter-

smattering of physic, and they become hypochondriacs or quacks, disordering themselves by the strength of imagination, or poisoning others in the presumptuousness of conceited ignorance. But of all men, the smatterer in philosophy is the most intolerable and the most dangerous; he begins by unlearning his Creed and his Commandments, and in the process of eradicating what it is the business of all sound education to implant, his duty to God is discarded first, and his duty to his neighbour presently afterwards. As long as he confines himself to private practice the mischief does not extend beyond his private circle,—his neighbour's wife may be in some danger, and his neighbour's property also, if the distinctions between *meum* and *tuum* should be practically inconvenient to the man of free opinions. But when he commences professor of moral and political philosophy for the benefit of the public,—the fables of old credulity are then verified—his very breath becomes venomous, and every page which he sends abroad carries with it poison to the unsuspecting reader.

We have shewn, on a former occasion,* how men of this description are acting upon the public, and have explained in what manner a large part of the people have been prepared for the *virus* with which they inoculate them. The dangers arising from such a state of things are now fully apparent, and the designs of the incendiaries, which have for some years been proclaimed so plainly, that they ought, long ere this, to have been prevented, are now manifested by overt acts. On this point, therefore, it cannot be necessary to enlarge. But there is a class of political reformers who profess, according to Horne Tooke's expression, that they mean to *stop at Brentford*; and as these gentlemen, as far as they go, use the same arguments by which their more eager allies are stimulated to go the whole way and push forward for the Bank and the Tower, it may not be a useless task to detect their fallacies and expose their falsehood.

It is boldly asserted that the late war was undertaken and carried on against the wishes of the people, and in support of despotic governments against the liberties of mankind; that it is the cause of the existing distress, being itself a consequence of the corrupt state of the representation; and that the remedy for all our evils is a Reform in Parliament. The first of these assertions is in direct opposition to the truth. The second imputes the evil to a cause in itself inevitable, and which has only incidentally and partially operated in producing it. The third recommends a remedy which could no more mitigate the disease, than the demolition of Tenterden Steeple could remove Goodwin Sands.

* No. XVI. Inquiry into the Poor Laws.

If ever there was a war begun and carried to its close with the hearty concurrence of the nation, it was the late war with France. We appeal to every person who remembers the beginning of the French Revolution, whether, if the question of peace or war had been referred to the people of England and decided by universal suffrage, Mr. Pitt would have found one dissentient voice in a thousand? The question completely broke up an opposition, which, till then, had nearly equipoised the weight of the ministry; the few who remained with Mr. Fox sunk at once from the rank and character of a party to that of a faction as feeble as they were unpopular,—so feeble, indeed, and so utterly insignificant in the scale, that they took the memorable step of seceding from Parliament. The principle of loyalty was triumphant even to intolerance; in most parts of England the appellations of republican and jacobin were sufficient to mark a man for public odium, perhaps for personal danger, persecution and ruin: government was supported and even impelled by public opinion; and there is perhaps no instance in history wherein a nation has been more unanimous than the British nation in the great and decisive measure of declaring war against the French republic. The records of parliament, the addresses and associations are unanswerable proofs of this. None but they who are entirely unacquainted with the transactions of those times can believe that the war was undertaken against the opinion of the people; and the writers and orators who assert it, make the impudent assertion either in utter ignorance or in utter contempt of truth.

Thus much concerning the commencement of hostilities, at which time, if the government of England had been a pure democracy, and the people had given their votes by themselves instead of their representatives, the majority in favour of that measure would have been even more apparent than it was. As for the justice of the war, had it been undertaken for no other purpose than that of weakening France, by dismembering it, England would have been justified by the conduct of France in the struggle with America. But it rests upon better ground. It has been asserted, with reference to this subject, that one nation has no right to interfere with the internal arrangements of another; and this assertion is to this day repeated, as if it were an axiom in political morality. But as M. de Puisaye, who demolishes the arguments built upon this sandy foundation, has well observed—it is with the independence of nations as with the liberty of individuals—they have a right to do every thing which involves no wrong to others. So long as my neighbour demeans himself conformably to the laws his conduct is no concern of mine: but if he convert his house into a brothel, or commence a manufactory there which should poison my family with

with its unwholesome stench, I prosecute him for a nuisance. If he should think proper to take an air-bath in the street before my windows, his natural liberty would be restrained by the wholesome discipline of Bedlam or of the beadle; and if he were to set his house on fire, the services of the finisher of the law would be required. Just such are the relations of one country to another. With the internal arrangements of any neighbouring people we have nothing to do, as long as their arrangements have nothing to do with us. Should they be seized with madness, bite one another, and turn the whole land into one miserable Bedlam, God restore them to their senses, we cannot. But if this Bedlam breaks loose, and its inhabitants insist upon biting us, there is no alternative but that of resorting to those measures which unhappily are the only substitute for law between nations when they differ; wars, as Lord Bacon says, being 'suits of appeal to the tribunal of God's justice, when there is none on earth to decide the cause.' That the French were in a state of madness, is what all Frenchmen of every party have confessed since they came to their senses after the reign of terror,—or of cowardice, as one of their own countrymen has more properly called it: and that they invited other nations to follow their example by a decree, promising assistance to any people who should rise to vindicate the rights of men, can be no matter of dispute, for the fact is recorded in history.

There may be some who question the policy of the war, however just the motives for which it was commenced, and there may be some ground for criticizing the manner in which it was conducted, with a view to what was, or ought to have been its main, or rather exclusive object; but only those persons who set truth at defiance and are incapable of shame will assert that it was unpopular. It was a war by acclamation, in which the people went with the government heart and hand. In its progress many errors were committed; so that if men had looked to the conduct of the allies, their discordant views and their deplorable counsels, they might, without hesitation, have pronounced the contest hopeless, had they not perceived on the other hand a constant and reasonable cause for hope in the condition of France itself. For in the course of the French revolution one excess succeeded another, each more extravagant than that which went before it; follies were generated by follies, crimes begot crimes, and horrors were produced by the monstrous intermixture of both, such as former times had never seen, not in the most barbarous countries, not in the fiercest ages of superstition, not under the most execrable tyrannies. If depletion be a remedy for raging madness, it might have been thought that blood enough was let by their own executioners to restore this frantic nation to its senses. It was impossible that so unnatural a

state should be permanent, certain that the great body of the people must desire rest and security above all other things, more than probable that when they were wearied with sufferings and with changes they would look to a restoration of the exiled family as the easiest and surest means of putting an end to them. Many occasions offered in which this object might have been effected had there been less treachery and less imbecility in the councils of the emigrant princes, and more wisdom and more decision in the allied cabinets. These opportunities were lost; and when in the tenth year of the war, the spirit of jacobinism was burnt out in France, and in the regular progress of revolutions a military government had been established upon the wreck of principles and institutions, the peace of Amiens was made.

As the war had been eminently popular at its commencement, so was the peace of Amiens made in entire concurrence with the general wishes of the people. Not that the great majority believed it would be permanent, but because they thought it on every account proper that the experiment should be made. The minority which followed Lord Grenville and Mr. Windham in condemning it, was even smaller than that which had sided with Mr. Fox in reprobating the war: but the weight of their arguments was felt, and they manifested a sensibility for the honour of the country, and a warmth for its interests which sunk deep in the public mind. The danger from jacobinism seemed to be gone by; there remained no other vestige of it in France than the wreck which it had brought about: the French nation was returning to its old fondness for tinsel and gold chains; the Eternal Republic had already past from the despotism of many to the despotism of one; it was evident that the First Consul might exchange his mongrel title whenever he thought fit for that of *Grand Monarque*, Emperor, or Arch-emperor, if it liked him better; and there was good reason for supposing, or rather no reason to doubt, that his inclinations were taking that course. There was therefore nothing to apprehend from France on the score of political contagion; the practical lectures which had been read upon jacobinism in that country might have been thought sufficient to undeceive mankind till the very end of time. But a new danger had grown out of the war to which that principle had given rise. What was the position in which France was left at its termination? What were the views of the French government, and what was the personal character of the individual by whose sole will it was directed?

The political system of Europe had been fearfully dislocated by the war. France had accomplished that which for a century and a half it had been the great object of English policy to prevent. She had obtained possession of the Netherlands, extended her frontier

tier to the Rhine, and held Holland on one side and Italy on the other, in actual dependance. Switzerland also—unoffending and happy Switzerland, the asylum of literature, liberty and peace, which during three centuries of contention had been respected as the sacred territory of Christendom—Switzerland also had been added, by an act of atrocious aggression, to the dependencies of France. All or more than all that Louis XIV. attempted had been effected. Was it likely, was it in the nature of things that France should stop here? Ambition is one of those passions which are stimulated, not satiated by indulgence. And this nation was habitually ambitious, habitually fond of war, politic in council, acting fervently and perseveringly amid all internal changes upon one system of aggrandizement, and pursuing its purposes, even in the best ages of its history, equally without faith and without remorse. The French were now surrounded with their trophies and intoxicated with their triumphs; had there been no other cause, their national character and the known policy which had so long actuated all their governments, must have made reflecting persons doubt the continuance of a peace concluded under such circumstances with such a people. But to increase these apprehensions France possessed a portentous military force, the greatest which had ever been seen in the civilized world, perfectly organized, in the highest state of discipline, and under generals whose talents were believed to be incomparable, and who were at the very height of military renown. ‘If the clouds be full of rain,’ says Solomon, ‘they empty themselves upon the earth.’ War, to which the French, more than any other people, had always been inclined, had become the national passion, the preferable—or rather the only road to wealth, honour and distinction: and there no longer existed upon the continent any counterpoise to the power of this restless, politic and elated people. Austria had come out of the struggle with loss of territory, diminished reputation, and exhausted resources. But the contest which had impoverished Austria and loaded England with an enormous debt, had been to France a source of revenue as well as power; for the French, beginning with bankruptcy at home, had proceeded abroad upon the maxim of Machiavelli, that men and arms will find money and provide for themselves. And as the officers and soldiers had been trained in the revolution, the principles which they had learnt in that ferocious school might render them as dangerous at home to the adventurer for monarchy as they would be powerful instruments for carrying into effect his wider plans of foreign usurpation. It was to be apprehended then, that both from motives of political and personal prudence the First Consul would employ these turbulent spirits in their vocation. Louis XVI. the most benevolent, the most truly religious, the most

conscientious of the Bourbon kings, engaged in hostilities against this country for no other reason than that the contest in America offered an opportunity for aggrandizing France by weakening England. Could we suppose that the First Consul would be more scrupulous, and let pass any occasion of gratifying the old enmity of France, and avenging himself upon the only people by whom he had ever been baffled in his career? Was he so just, so pious, so humane, that we might rely upon his faithful observance of treaties, and his love of peace?

Sir William Temple, a man of great sagacity and much political experience, observes that he 'never could find a better way of judging the resolutions of a state, than by the personal temper and understanding, or passions and humours of the princes or chief ministers that were for the time at the head of affairs.' This observation holds good even in free governments: with how much greater force must it apply to a country where every thing is decided by the will and pleasure of an individual! In such a country the course of its politics can be inferred solely from the character of that individual. How far then had the character of Buonaparte been developed at this time?

The English are a generous people. However much they might regret the course of adverse fortune in which they had been engaged, they did not regard the First Consul with any invidious feeling because he had been their successful enemy. They had rendered full justice to Washington under more humiliating circumstances: even those persons who disapproved in principle the cause in which he triumphed, regarded this excellent man with admiration and reverence. There were causes also which might make men of opposite parties agree in the wish that Buonaparte should not be found wanting in the scale; so that when they weighed him in their own judgment, there was a bias given, perhaps unconsciously, to the balance in his favour. The disciples of the revolution reconciled themselves to the disappointment of their republican hopes, by considering that the First Consul was a child of the revolution—the Jupiter of that Saturn which had devoured its elder children—that he prevented the restoration of the Bourbons, governed in the name, at least, of the people, and still talked of liberty and philosophy. The enemies of the Revolution saw more accurately that Buonaparte had destroyed republicanism in France, and as they had now given up the Bourbons, whose cause indeed they had never supported either wisely or consistently, it would be some consolation for the failure of their plans, if the man with whom they had treated should prove worthy of the rank in which they had recognized him as legitimately established. But with what aspects had this Lucifer of the age risen above the horizon? His career
had

had been not more remarkable for boldness in enterprize than for audacity in crimes. His conduct in Italy had been alike distinguished by perfidy, rapacity, insolent usurpation, and cold calculating systematic inhumanity. Here he began that system of military murder which before his time was unknown in civilized Europe. Three * of the most honourable inhabitants of Verona were condemned by one of his military tribunals, and executed in sight of the whole city, because their countrymen had been provoked to resist the intolerable exactions and outrages of the French. One of these victims was in his hands upon the faith of a treaty, another as an ambassador, and the third had received a solemn assurance of security. So far from having acted as enemies towards the French, one of them had saved Frenchmen during the insurrection, and another had many times removed their wounded soldiers from the field, when their brutal comrades, and more brutal generals, had left them there to perish. With the same contempt of the law of nations, the usages of war, and the common feelings of humanity, Buonaparte put the municipal officers of Pavia to death. Military executions were inflicted without remorse upon the slightest pretext; and giving full scope to the brutal passions and corrupted principles of his soldiers, he suffered them to perpetrate every kind of havoc, cruelty, and abomination.

Such had been Buonaparte's conduct in Italy. His Egyptian expedition was characterized by deeper horrors. The massacre at Jaffa, and the poisoning of his own wounded men have frequently been denied, and there have been authors who with felicitous ingenuity have attempted upon these charges to prove a negative in his behalf. Both charges are now established beyond all possibility of further denial, by the avowal of the criminal himself, and by the full testimony of eye-witnesses to the massacres, and of men who were in the camp. These had been his actions before the peace of Amiens; they proved him to be alike destitute of truth, honour, religion, and humanity. 'That which is crooked cannot be made straight'—Was peace likely to be durable when it depended upon this man's faith? Was it reasonable to suppose that we should gather olives from this upas tree?

During the short continuance of peace, Buonaparte annexed Piedmont to France; he made himself president of the Italian republic; he formed a new constitution for Switzerland, and

* The names of these victims were Emili, Verità, and Malenza.—A monument should be erected to them on the spot where they suffered. For the history of these transactions, and a view of Buonaparte's character as it was developed during his first Italian war, the reader is referred to an Account of the Fall of Venice, translated from the Italian by Mr. Hinckley. It is to be regretted that so interesting a story should be so ill told.

marched

marched an overpowering force into the country to establish it. The nominal independence of Holland was as little respected; troops were kept there to hold it in subjection, and exact such loans as he thought proper to demand. When England remonstrated against these acts of aggrandizement, and declared her intention of retaining Malta as some counterpoise, inadequate as it was, he replied that England had nothing to do with any arrangements of France; she was *hors du continent*,—excluded from continental affairs; and so she must remain—for this was now to be the first principle of European policy. The relations between France and England were the Treaty of Amiens, the whole Treaty of Amiens, and nothing but the Treaty of Amiens: and as for her retaining Malta, he said, he would rather see her in possession of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ—

he has lived to see her in possession of both. Little dreaming of such an issue, he threatened us with immediate invasion, and the vengeance which five hundred thousand men were ready to inflict. As a mercantile power, supposing, he said, that those words (*puissance marchande*) were ever again to be allied, England was prosperous, but those Englishmen who knew that a nation never can lose its glory with impunity, had good reason to perceive nothing but disasters before them. He required the British government to send the members of the Bourbon family, and all such emigrants as wore their orders, out of the country; and to put a stop to the unbecoming and seditious publications with which the newspapers and other works printed in * England were filled. The answer of the British government to this latter demand is well worthy of being held in remembrance,—for the honour of those ministers by whom it was dictated, and the instruction of those simple men who are taught to believe that the war against Buonaparte was a war against liberty. ‘His Majesty cannot and never will, in consequence of any representation, or any menace from a foreign power, make any concession which can be in the smallest degree dangerous to the liberty of the press, as secured by the constitution of this country.’ The laws, they stated, were as open to the French government as to themselves. They neither had, nor wanted, any other protection than what those laws afforded; and never would they

* Among the improvements which the French government at that time was obliging enough to suggest in our constitution, one was, that all ministers, upon going out of office, should be disqualified for sitting in parliament during the next seven years: another proposed that any member of parliament who should insult an allied power (or, in other words, who should express an unfavourable opinion of the designs of the First Consul) should be debarred from speaking for two years.

consent

consent to new model them, or change their constitution, to gratify the wishes of any foreign power. His Majesty, it was added, expected that the French government would not interfere in the manner in which the government of his dominions was conducted, or call for any change in those laws with which his people were perfectly satisfied.—Is it to be imputed to an entire ignorance of the state of England, or to an insolent belief that every thing must be subservient to his pleasure, that after this decisive reply Buonaparte returned to the subject, and formally proposed that ‘ means should be adopted to prevent in future any mention being made, either in official discussions, or in polemical writings, in England, of what was passing in France; as in like manner in the French official discussions and polemical writings, no mention whatever should be made of what was passing in England?’ England desired no such reciprocity. There was no part of her history, no part of her conduct, no part of her intentions, which required concealment. Was she to put out her eyes, because Buonaparte wished to keep France in darkness?

It is not unseasonable to recall these facts to remembrance, as also the appointment of military spies in our seaports, under the character of commercial agents—Sebastiani’s report upon Egypt, indicating clearly a design of repeating the attempt upon that country,—the declaration of Buonaparte that Egypt sooner or later must belong to France, either by an arrangement with the Porte, or by a partition of the Turkish empire,—and finally the memorable assertion that England was not able to contend single handed with France. Were we indeed so fallen, so changed? Were we actually, according to the new public law which was now enunciated, excluded from all concern in the affairs of the continent? Had we lost not only our rank, but even our place, among the powers of Europe; and were we to be thankful for the moderation which permitted us still to exist as a mercantile community? If so, it behoved us to demolish Blenheim, to prohibit all books of English history, and teach the whole rising generation the use of French as their common speech, that they might be prepared for the decree which should include Great Britain among the dependent provinces of France,—and London among the ‘good cities’ of the Great Empire!—The alternative proposed to us was war, or such submission as, if it were not necessitated by utter helplessness, could be imputed only to cowardice or fatuity; a submission which would have given Buonaparte time to create a navy, and make invasion practicable; which would have delayed the war for no longer a time than suited his convenience—that is—till that navy should have been completed, and which would have rendered the war infinitely more formidable when the hour was come. Nor would the interval

interval have been peace;* it could only have been an armed truce; a state of feverish suspicion, harassed insecurity, and exhausting vigilance. This the people understood; they had been desirous that the experiment of peace should be tried, they saw plainly that the experiment had failed; that no danger could be so great and certain as that of continuing on such terms with such an enemy: when, therefore, the government, in perfect accordance with the sound judgment, the common sense, and the honest honourable feelings of the nation, determined upon renewing hostilities, the news was welcomed in the city of London with huzzas.

There were writers and speakers at the time who affected to regard this manifestation of public opinion with horror, and represented it as proceeding from a brutal insensibility to the evils of war, or a more brutal delight in anticipating its gains. They libelled their countrymen because party-feeling made them incapable of understanding the right English spirit which looked danger in the face, and thus cheerfully defied it in reliance upon God and a good cause. But had the city statesmen forgotten this memorable and notorious fact when they *resolved* that the war had been undertaken in opposition to the wishes of the people? We have heard of the omnipotence of Parliament, but the town and country petitioners in their omnipotence attempt to go beyond it; they enact for the past as well as the future, and vote unanimous resolutions which are to alter what *has been*. A French historian was one day relating some circumstances which had recently occurred, when a person, better informed of the transaction, told him that the facts were not as he represented them: '*Ah Monsieur!*' he replied, '*tant pis pour les faits,*' so much the worse for the facts! It was honestly said,—and is characteristic of French historians: but when men either in public or private assert things in opposition to the truth, and their assertions are disproved, the common consent of mankind has determined that it is so much the worse for the assertors:—a loss of character and of credit is incurred;—they are convicted either of ignorance, or of wilful misrepresentation, and in such cases ignorance is as poor a plea in morals and in politics, as in law.

The little opposition which was made to the renewal of the war was of a very different character from that which had been manifested at its commencement. There was a deep, though mistaken

* 'War,' says Hobbes, 'consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting, but is a tract of time wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known; and therefore the notion of time is to be considered in the nature of war, as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of good weather lyeth not in a shower or two of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together, so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto, during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary.'

principle in the opposers of the anti-jacobine war,—a passionate persuasion that England was engaged in a bad cause. They who thought thus, believed the declarations of the French, overlooking their actions, or regarding them through a false medium, and being, for the most part, ill-read in history and ignorant of human nature. But after the peace of Amiens there was nothing of this delusion; no man dreamt that the liberties of France were invaded, or the rights of men in danger. They who had wished most sincerely for the triumph of those rights, desired now with equal sincerity that the adventurer might be overthrown, who, having it in his power to establish free governments in France and Italy, had chosen to erect a military tyranny for himself. They who loved liberty, knowing what they loved and wherefore they loved it, could have no other wish: experience had shewn them how widely their principle had been misled, and that very principle having rubbed off the rust of its error, pointed to the true north, and directed them in the right course. The few who opposed the war; opposed it upon the score of its inexpediency, and the inadequacy of the plea which had been assigned to indicate the approaching rupture. That plea however was a mere official form, like a fiction in law, in no degree affecting the merits of the cause. The question was placed by the minister upon its true grounds, when he said we were at war because we could not be at peace:—and it is absurd to call that inexpedient which is inevitable.

The popular character of the war was further manifested by the numbers who immediately enrolled themselves as volunteers. Buonaparte had expected no such unanimity, no such enthusiasm. His generals from Egypt had informed him of what materials the British army was composed, and he had himself received a memorable lesson from the navy at Aboukir and at Acre. Loudly therefore as he had threatened to invade us, the spirit which was displayed upon our shores intimidated him from attempting to put the threat in execution; and he turned away to the easier course of continental aggrandizement; hoping to effect the overthrow of England by excluding her merchandise from Europe, and thus ruining her finances. His operations were now carried on upon a greater scale than had ever before been witnessed in European warfare; his victories were more decisive, his successes more rapid; for having men at command, and being his own general, his progress was never retarded for want of an adequate force, or embarrassed by vacillating counsels; and as for means,—being troubled with no scruples of any kind, he not only supported his troops upon the countries in which they were quartered, but exacted contributions from his allies as well as his enemies. One campaign was followed by another, each more destructive than the last; till the

the peace of Tilsit left him undisputed master of the continent from the Elbe to the Adriatic, with Spain in vassalage, Denmark for his ally, and Russia moving like a puppet as he pulled the wires. That he aspired at universal empire was now scarcely disguised; it even seemed as if some drama of religious imposture was in preparation, and that he meant to enact the part of Mahomed as well as of Charlemagne. As in Egypt he had proclaimed that Destiny directed all his actions, and had decreed from the beginning of the world that *after beating down the Cross* he should come into that country to fulfil the task assigned him; so now he was addressed as the anointed Cyrus of the Lord—the living image of the Divinity—the mortal after God's own heart, to whom the fate of nations was entrusted;—and in a catechism, which was to be the first thing taught throughout the French empire, it was inculcated in direct terms, that to honour and serve the Emperor was the same thing as to honour and serve God himself! Under these circumstances peace appeared more remote than ever. An attempt was made to obtain it under the motley administration of Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox, but even the Foxites while they were in power felt that peace was impossible. And on this occasion the opinion of the citizens of London was again manifested, as at the beginning of the war; for when the Lord Mayor communicated, on the Royal Exchange, the failure of the negotiations, the persons who were present gave three cheers, expressing their preference of open war to an insidious peace, as any peace with Buonaparte must have been, and their approbation of the only course which was consistent with the safety and honour of the country. The usurpation of Portugal followed, and at the close of the year 1807, every state upon the continent had declared war against Great Britain, with the single exception of Sweden. The enemy was undisputed master of the land, but England retained the empire of the seas, and two mighty powers were thus opposed to each other which could not be brought in contact. There was no other hope at this time than what wise men derived from a conviction, that such a system of tyranny as that which Buonaparte had established could not possibly be permanent; but nothing like dismay was felt, nothing like despondency; the people were convinced that the continuance of the war was inevitable, and they knew that while it continued the country was safe.

Things were in this state when Buonaparte kidnapped the royal family of Spain, and appointed his brother Joseph to reign in their stead. If error and guilt may be compared, the political blunder in this nefarious transaction was not inferior to the moral wickedness: it gave us the most persevering nation in Europe for our ally, and it gave us also a fair field. From that time the war assumed

sumed a new character. They who were acquainted with the country which was now to become the scene of war, and the people with whom we were thus connected by no ordinary bond of alliance, but by inseparable interest as well as by the lofliest sympathy, felt a calm and settled assurance, that to whatever time the struggle might be prolonged it could only end in the full and entire deliverance of Spain. An impulse of the most generous, the most animating, the most inextinguishable hope was excited in every heart which was not withered by faction, or corrupted by a false and foul philosophy even to rottenness. There were such among us, but they were not numerous; and for a while the general and ebullient feeling with which all Britain overflowed imposed silence upon the lying lips. Even now it is delightful to look back upon that exhilarating time, when after so long and unmitigated a season, hope came upon us like the first breath of summer;—when we met with gladness in every countenance, congratulation in every voice, sympathy in every heart, and every man felt prouder than in all former times of the name of Englishman, of the part which his country had acted, and was still called upon to act. These very men who now tell us that the present distress is the effect of wars unjustly commenced and pertinaciously persisted in, when no rational object was to be obtained—these very men who tell us that the war was not popular, that it was the work of a corrupt Parliament and not of the people,—these very men belie themselves as well as their country. They knew that no object could be more rational than that for which the war was persisted in, no object more just, more necessary, more popular; they were not such idiots as to think otherwise, not such traitors to human nature, not such stocks or stones as to be unmoved: they partook the popular joy, the popular enthusiasm; they joined in the unanimous expression of public opinion, which called upon Government to assist the Spaniards with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the strength of England.

It would be superfluous to retrace, however briefly, the course of the Peninsular war, fresh as it is in recollection, and recorded for everlasting remembrance, as the noblest portion of British history. During its progress we had indeed our ‘battle critics’ at home, who in ‘their deliriums of dissatisfaction upon any advantage obtained by their country,’ as Steele says of their predecessors in Marlborough’s day, fought every action over again as the enemy’s allies, represented our victories as defeats, and triumphantly proved that Lord Wellington was no general. And we had our wise men of the North, who came forward, like the son of Beor, to take up their prophecy in behalf of the Moabite; but the voice of the country

country was in accord with its own honour and its duty; with its own dearest interests and with those of mankind.

If the character of the enemy against whom we were contending had been any ways doubtful before the peace of Amiens, subsequent events had now cleared it from all ambiguity. Having touched upon the former part of Buonaparte's conduct, we will here complete the delineation; and for the benefit of those eminent patriots among us who look upon the Emperor Napoleon as the model of an enlightened prince, in as summary a manner as possible, enumerate some of the acts of this their *beau idéal* of a philosophical sovereign,—this Perfect Emperor of the British *Liberates*. It shall be no counterfeit likeness, nor heightened by any false colours; the man is depicted in his actions and in those of the government which was directed by his single will. There is no necessity for insisting upon the murder of Pichegru and of Captain Wright; faith depends in no little degree upon volition,—these things were done in a corner, and damning as the proofs are, the *Liberates* do not chuse to believe them. Letting therefore these counts of the indictment pass among other acts of supererogatory wickedness, we will enumerate only some of those deeds of individual cruelty and guilt which were committed in the face of the world, in open defiance of God and man, and which no person except an English mob-orator has ever dared either to deny or to defend:—the detention of the English travellers in France; the betrayal and imprisonment of Toussaint; the murder of the Duc d'Enghien; the murder of Palm; the murder of Hofer. These were the individual deeds of Buonaparte, his own peculiar acts, the cold and cowardly crimes of a heart incapable in its very nature of magnanimity, and malignant upon settled system. The tyranny of his home government extended to every thing. His merciless conscription placed all the youth of France at his disposal, and so largely did he draw upon this fund, and so lavishly did he squander it, that great as the population of France is, it was at length unable to answer the demand, and support his enormous expenditure of blood. The system of education was determined by law, and conducted upon the explicit maxim that all public education ought to be regulated on the principle of—military discipline. The plan was framed partly in imitation of the Jesuits, partly of the Mamelukes; and as no person was permitted to act as tutor to another, except upon this plan of instruction, the study of Greek, the mother-tongue of liberty, was so far proscribed throughout France, that no person could acquire it by any other means than self-tuition. Every servant in Paris was registered, that the police might have a spy in every house. The number of printers was limited; only four newspapers in the capital were per-

permitted to touch on political events, and no newspaper or writing of any kind could be published without the inspection and approbation of the government.* To complete the tyranny, as the Bastille had been demolished at the beginning of the Revolution, Buonaparte appointed eight Bastilles in different parts of France, for the reception of persons whom it was convenient to hold in durance, and not convenient to bring to trial. Such was the system of government established in France by the Perfect Emperor of the Ultra-Whigs and Extra-Reformers.

The foreign policy of Buonaparte united falsehood, treachery, frantic pride, and remorseless barbarity. Witness the *noyades* at St. Domingo; witness the commandant at † Cerigo, who in his official correspondence with his superior, informed him that being inconvenienced with about 600 Albanian refugees, he had disembarrassed himself of them by poisoning their wells. Witness Holland, impoverished, deceived, oppressed, and finally usurped! Witness Germany, partitioned and re-partitioned, plundered, ravaged, and insulted, her children forced into the service of their enemy, and sacrificed by myriads to his insatiable lust of conquest! Witness Prussia, her wrongs, her long sufferings, her holy hatred, her glorious resurrection and revenge! Witness the black tragedy of the Tyrol! Witness Portugal, where, when the French entered professedly in peace and without the slightest opposition, they exacted a contribution, the amount of which was equal to a poll-tax of a guinea and a half per head, upon the whole population; and where, when they left it, they committed crimes and cruelties of so hellish a character, that it might almost be deemed criminal to recite them. Witness Spain! A certain great authority, indeed, to whose predictions we have before alluded, has said that 'the hatred of the name of a Frenchman in Spain has been such as the reality would by no means justify;' and that 'the detestation of the French government had, among the inferior orders, been carried to a pitch wholly unauthorized by its proceedings towards them.' The treacherous seizure of their fortresses, the kidnapping of their royal family, to whom, whatever might be the merits of that family, the Spaniards were devotedly attached, and the usurpation of their throne and their country, might in the judgment of ordinary men be thought to authorize a considerable degree of detestation for the government by which such acts had been committed: so it should appear at first sight:—to politicians gifted with the faculty of second sight, it may

* Incredible as the fact may appear, for its absurdity as well as the perverse disposition which it discovers, proposals were circulated in 1813 for reprinting the French *Moniteur* in London, because 'the English press was nearly in the same state of degradation as the press of Russia, and because important facts were often suppressed, coloured, and distorted in the English papers!'—Thus it is that faction makes men fools.

† The evidence for this atrocious fact may be seen in our Third Volume, p. 204.

appear differently. But if to these wrongs we add the details of this struggle so inexpiably and ineffaceably disgraceful for France, practised as these advocates may be in the defence of bad causes, this would not be found one of those cases which can be 'tolerably plastered over with light cost of rough-cast rhetoric.' Let us not, however, lacerate the feelings of the reader with particularizing the horrors of that most atrocious warfare,—suffice it to mention as public, notorious, undeniable and official acts, the wholesale murders committed by the military tribunal at Madrid, under that General Grouchy whom the friends of liberty are now honouring with public dinners in America; the cruelties of Marshal Ney in Galicia; the forepurposed massacres of Marshal Suchet; the decree of Marshal Soult for putting to death all persons who should be taken in arms against the intrusive government; and the decree of General Kellerman by which, after all horses of a certain standard were seized for the use of the French, the owners of those which were left, as being below the standard, or as being mares pregnant for more than three months, were ordered to put out the left eye of their beasts, or render them by other proper means unfit for military service!—Such was the system carried on in foreign countries by the Perfect Emperor of the Ultra Whigs, and Extra Reformers. That any man should raise his voice in behalf of such a tyranny and such a tyrant is wonderful,—that any Englishman should do so is monstrous. The distinctions between right and wrong are broad and legible, and all men who have sufficient use of reason to be moral and accountable beings, are enabled by God to read them. But society has its idiots as well as nature: and the poor natural of the village workhouse who excites the mockery of brutal boys is less pitiable, in the eyes of thoughtful humanity, than he who, drunk with faction and inflamed with discontent, renders himself a fool at heart.

It was against the tyrant by whom these infernal measures were enjoined, and against the atrocious army by which they were enforced in full rigour, that our war was waged, not against the French people. We and our allies fought, as the Common Council truly expressed it in their address to the Emperor of Russia, 'not to subdue but to deliver a misguided people;' and our efforts were crowned (to use the language of the same address) by 'the deliverance of the afflicted nations of Europe from the most galling oppression and unprecedented tyranny that ever visited the human race.' Who does not remember the universal joy which the overthrow of that tyranny produced? The sense of the country cannot be more faithfully expressed than it was by the same Common Council of London in their address to the Prince Regent.

'We cannot, Royal Sir,' said they, 'upon such an occasion, but look back with the highest admiration at the firmness, the wisdom, and the energy

energy which have been exercised by our beloved country during this long and arduous struggle. Had not Britain persevered, the liberties of Europe might have been lost. Had not her valiant sons been foremost in victory both by sea and land, it is too probable that the glorious emulation exhibited by her great allies would have been still dormant. Had not her triumphant armies under the immortal Wellington co-operated with the brave inhabitants in rescuing the Peninsula from the grasp of an unprincipled invader, Germany and Holland might yet have groaned under the iron despotism of the oppressor, and the efforts of the magnanimous Alexander been ineffectual to relieve them. These astonishing energies we believe to have been called forth by that admirable constitution of government which Britons possess as the best inheritance derived from their fathers, and which with proud satisfaction we observe is considered as affording the true basis of civil liberty by surrounding nations.

Here the Common Council unequivocally and in the strongest terms deliver their opinion that the policy of the war was wise; that the object was in the highest degree important and desirable, being nothing less than the liberties of Europe; that that object had been accomplished through the exertions of this country, and that its happy accomplishment was owing to the firmness and wisdom with which the contest had been pursued, and to the advantages which we derived from the possession of a free constitution. And in thus saying they spoke the genuine sentiments of the people of England. But lo—this very Common Council of London, before the shoes were old in which they followed their former address, make their appearance at court with another, in which they tell the Prince Regent, that the war was ‘rash and ruinous, unjustly commenced and pertinaciously persisted in, when no rational object was to be obtained;’ and that this as well as sundry other evils has arisen from the corrupt state of the representation by which the people had been deprived of their just share and weight in the legislature. If the Prince had been, like Charles II., disposed to jest with men of this stamp, in what a situation might he have placed them by desiring that the first address might have been read for their edification, as the second had been read for his; and then requesting them to reconcile the two!—The invention of printing in parallel columns was a happy one for consistency like this—e. g.

PHILIP SOBER.

1814.

‘We cannot but look back with the highest admiration at the firmness, the wisdom, and the energy which have been exercised by our beloved country during this long and arduous struggle.

PHILIP DRUNK.

1816.

‘Our grievances are the natural effect of rash and ruinous wars, unjustly commenced and pertinaciously persisted in.

'Had not Britain persevered, the liberties of Europe might have been lost.'

'No rational object was to be obtained.'

'These astonishing energies we believe to have been called forth by that admirable constitution of government which Britons possess.'

'All constitutional controul over the servants of the crown has been lost, and parliaments have become subservient to the will of ministers.'

It may be proper to shew cause why we should have affirmed that Philip was sober in 1814, and drunk in 1816, when Philip himself might chuse to reverse the statement, and plead drunk on the former occasion, having, at that time, been dining with kings and emperors. But Philip himself cannot be admitted as a fair judge of his own condition; and as persons, who, when in possession of their reason, are sensible, well-disposed, and decently behaved, will, when in liquor, talk nonsense, and become mischievous, quarrelsome, and insulting, it is clear, that Philip was sober when the first address was composed, and *non compos mentis* on the latter occasion.

In reality, as Great Britain never before had been engaged in so long or so arduous a war, so never was any war so constantly approved by the great body of the people, because none was ever more unequivocally just. It was a cause to which the strong language of old Tom Tell-troth might be applied, at being 'so just and so religious in all humane and divine respects, that if the noble army of martyrs were sent down upon earth to make their fortunes anew, they would chuse no other quarrel to die in, nor hope for a surer way to recover again the crown of glory.'

While the war continued, the large expenditure which it occasioned at home* kept all things in activity, the landlord raised his rents as the government increased its imposts, the farmer demanded higher prices for his produce, and every man who had any thing to sell advanced the price of his commodities in like manner and in full proportion. Upon annuitants, and other persons,

* There is a passage in Bishop Burnet which is strikingly applicable to recent times. He is speaking of Marlborough's war, and shewing how the nation abounded both in money and zeal. 'Our armies as well as our allies were every where punctually paid: the credit of the nation was never raised so high in any age, nor so sacredly maintained: the treasury was as exact and as regular in all payments as any private banker could be. It is true a great deal of money went out of the kingdom in specie; that which maintained the war in Spain was to be sent thither in that manner:—by this means there grew to be a sensible want of money in our nation; this was in a great measure supplied by the currency of Exchequer bills and bank notes; and this lay so obvious to the disaffected party, that they were often attempting to blast, at least to disparage this paper credit; but it was still kept up. It bred a just indignation in all who had a true love to their country, to see some using all possible methods to shake the administration, which, notwithstanding the difficulties at home and abroad, was much the best that had been in the memory of man: and was certainly not only easy to the subjects in general, but gentle even towards those who were endeavouring to undermine it.'

who,

who, from their sex or age and habits, had no way of improving their limited fortunes, the burthen bore with its whole weight;—a most respectable class, who suffered severely, but without complaining. It was shewn in our last Number, in what manner the transition from a state of war to a state of peace produced, inevitably, great embarrassment and extensive distress. The war, a customer to the amount of more than fifty millions annually, left the markets—it would be absurd to ask whether or not this must affect the innumerable persons who were employed in providing the articles which it required. The extent to which machinery has been carried has thrown many hands out of employment at home; and the use of that machinery, which was at one time almost exclusively our own, and most of which is of our invention, has been introduced abroad; both inevitable consequences of the improved state of knowledge. The continental nations have learnt to manufacture many articles of necessity for themselves, for which they formerly were, in a great degree, dependant upon us; and they have no money to spare for articles of luxury:—they have suffered too much during twenty years of warfare and oppression. To these causes must be added, what is perpetually operating as a cause of partial distress, the fluctuation of our own capricious fashions, which, as they vary from muslins to silks, and from silks to stuffs, injure alternately the looms of Glasgow and Manchester, of Spitalfields and of Norwich. Add also the consequences of a season which has been more unfavourable to agricultural produce of every kind than any within the memory of man; and whatever difficulties and distresses may exist either in the agricultural or manufacturing part of the people, may be explained without referring them to corrupt parliaments, profligate ministers, and the Prince Regent.

We have before us the resolutions of sundry meetings held in the city of London, to consider the propriety of petitioning the Prince Regent and the Legislature for a reform in Parliament.—The resolutions from Bishopsgate assert, that the people are ‘goaded with an army of remorseless tax-gatherers, urged on by the cravings of a rapacious, oppressive, and imbecile administration:’ they remind us that our history exhibits the patriotic sons of England as ‘dismissing and chastising those kings and counsellors, whose profligacy and arbitrary attempts had rendered them obnoxious;’ they say that ‘the most profligate expenditure among the people’s servants, from the lowest to the highest rank, and an unfeeling disregard of the people’s wants and miseries, are among the lightest subjects of complaint.’ They tell us, that ‘statesmen, living upon the public spoil and holding places of high trust, are found in this day to advocate the accursed doctrine of legitimacy:’ in

other words, the Divine right of kings. They tell us, that the British Government have employed 'their base engine, the standing army,' to assist in establishing the Inquisition. They say, the said resolutions of Bishopsgate-ward,—'We claim, we demand and insist that we may have a constitutional voice in the House of the people. A full, fair, and free representation of the people and parliaments of short duration will immediately tend to restore the country to health, happiness, and vigour.' And then they say, they 'shall no longer hear of Habeas-corpus suspension bills, of gagging and treason bills ;—measures, be it observed, which they seem very naturally and properly to apprehend. The resolutions from Farringdon-without complain of 'the long, desolating and profligate war against the French people, a war whose object, character, and consequences, they both reprobate and deplore.' They complain also of 'a standing army, wholly unnecessary and dangerous : ' and an 'intolerable horde of state and of parish paupers.' They require a 'complete and radical reform,' assuring us however that they wish it to be 'peaceable and tranquil,' and they are 'convinced that corruption will not dare refuse, or policy misunderstand the prayers and wishes of an united people.' Mr. Coates was the mover of these resolutions,—not Mr. Romeo Coates, the amateur of fashion,—but Mr. Coates, the amateur of gin, who recommends his gin as a wholesome and strengthening beverage, and inveighs in his advertisements against those cautioning moralists who represent gin-drinking as a vice ! Mr. Coates is strong in his resolutions,—strong and fiery,—they smack indeed of the still,—but certainly not of the right British spirit. Mr. Hitchins of Cripple-gate-without is even stronger. He tells us that 'the causes which blight all the hopes of the merchant, the manufacturer, the agriculturist, the peasant and the artist, are principally if not altogether to be traced to a system alike hostile to the interests of this country, the progress of freedom, and the welfare of the human race ; a system first directed to crush the rising energies of freedom in France, and since employed as fatally in eradicating almost every trace of comfort, and every spark of independence at home.' He tells us 'it is in vain to expect that the friends and parties of abuses who now disgrace the honourable House of Commons will ever be brought to sit in judgment upon their own iniquities, or pass the sentence of condemnation upon their own misdeeds.' The inhabitants of this ward disclaim all party-feeling, all violent ebullitions of personal resentment,—they wish to avoid all excesses and disturbances ; but they are convinced that nothing short of a radical reform will be effectual, and they recommend this measure as the only one which can save the state or satisfy the people :—'as the only means to prevent the country from experiencing the danger of
anarchy

anarchy and the horrors of civil war, which appear to be the inevitable tendency and result of a further neglect of that constitutional method of restoring lost confidence.—Cripplegate has outdone Bishopsgate,—and Billingsgate may not be able to go beyond it.

'We asked bread,' says an orator at one of the mob-meetings in the country, 'and they gave us a stone, by voting so many thousands for a monument to commemorate *that fatal day Waterloo.*' At the same meeting, a man asserted, that 'the horrors of the Inquisition had been restored at the point of the British bayonet.' He, perhaps, in his ignorance, believed, upon the authority of Bishopsgate-ward, the infamous and detestable falsehood which he thus repeated. Truth, says a Jewish proverb, stands upon two legs, and a lie upon one;—but this lie has not a leg to stand on. The British government has, on one occasion—the only occasion in its power—interfered respecting the Inquisition, and it was to stipulate in solemn treaty with its ally, the Prince of Brazil, that he would take measures for abolishing it in his dominions. But the men who invent or repeat every kind of calumny against their country have neither ears to hear, nor understanding to comprehend, nor hearts to feel any thing to its honour. With them Buonaparte is no tyrant, Marshal Ney no traitor, and Waterloo a fatal day. The Monthly Magazine tells us that this country has occasioned the death of 5,800,000 persons, in Calabria, Russia, Poland, Germany, France, Spain and Portugal. Not Buonaparte—but this country, reader, England!—our country,—our great, our glorious, our beloved country, according to this Magazine, has been the guilty cause of all this carnage! And the worthy editor bawls out for condign punishment upon the authors of the war;—not meaning Buonaparte—he, injured man! being, in the opinion of the Pythagorean knight,* innocent of this blood! The said Sir Pythagoras has founded a society for preventing war—he should apply to his friend, the Ex-emperor, to become the patron of the society.

More than a century has elapsed since Steele expressed his wonder 'that men should be malecontents in the only nation which suffers professed enemies to breathe in open air;' and he observed, that the newspapers were as pernicious to weak heads in England, as ever books of chivalry had been in Spain: would that the madness which they engender was as harmless in its kind! What

* Mr.—we beg his pardon, Sir Richard Philips, Knight, informs us, that he is a follower of the Pythagorean school, and has an utter aversion to all *animal* food. So had his fellow-disciple Oswald, the most ferocious and bloody agent of the French Revolution. So had the Egyptians:—

*animalibus abstinet omnis
Mensa, nefas illic fœtum jugulare capellæ;
Carnibus humanis vesci licet!*

would he have said, had he seen the fearful humour of these distempered times, when men, 'who, of all styles, most affect and strive to imitate Aretine's,' are continually addressing the worst passions of the worst part of the community for the purpose of bringing the worst of all imaginable calamities upon their country?

Among the infirmities to which a state is liable, Hobbes reckons the agitations produced 'by pretenders to political prudence, who though bred for the most part in the lees of the people, yet animated by false doctrines, are perpetually meddling with the fundamental laws to the molestation of the commonwealth, like the little worms which physicians call ascarides'—an odd but congruent similitude! Of publications similar to the venomous diatribes which these men send abroad, Mr. Burke has truly said that—'if we estimated the danger by the value of the writings, it would be little worthy of our attention: contemptible these writings are in every respect. But they are not the cause; they are the disgusting symptoms of a frightful distemper. They are not otherwise of consequence than as they show the evil habit of the bodies from whence they come. *In that light the meanest of them is a serious thing.* If, however, he adds, 'I should underrate them, and if the truth is that they are not the result but the cause of the disorders,—surely those who circulate operative poisons are to be censured, watched, and, if possible, repressed.' This great statesman has cautioned us also against despising the leaders of factious societies as being too wild to succeed in their undertakings. 'Supposing them wild and absurd,' he says, 'is there no danger but from wise and reflecting men? Perhaps the greatest mischiefs that have happened in the world have happened from persons as wild as those we think the wildest. *In truth they are the fittest beginners of all great changes.*'

This also should be remembered, that men of real talents, when those talents are erroneously or wickedly directed, prepare the way for men of no talents, but of intrepid guilt, and more intrepid ignorance. Marat and Hebert followed in the train of Voltaire and Rousseau; and Mr. Examiner Hunt does but blow the trumpet to usher in Mr. Orator Hunt in his tandem, with the tri-color flag before him and his servant in livery behind.

We are assured that many 'intelligent men',—by which term is meant persons who can see farther than others into a mill-stone,—believe that the late attempt at insurrection was planned and directed by Ministers. In what manner they explain this curious plot has not been clearly stated; whether Lord Sidmouth hired persons to shoot at the Lord Mayor in order to revenge himself upon that magistrate for having ridden in triumph through the streets of Westminster; or whether, as appears more probable from the subsequent proceedings and correspondence between them, the Lord

Mayor

Mayor has acted in collusion with Lord Sidmouth, and agreed to be shot at.—Upon this politic speculation, the hand-bills which instructed the mob to break open the gunsmiths shops were printed and circulated by order of Government, and young Watson is no doubt at this time concealed in the Secretary of State's Office. In sad and sober truth such absurdities are gravely advanced,—and no absurdities are too gross to be believed by men who are thoroughly possessed with the spirit of faction.

Is it then our opinion that there was a plan for overthrowing the Government by force? It might suffice to reply that those who ordered the flags, that those who circulated the hand-bills, that those who went to the meeting provided with arms, and they who broke open the gunsmiths shops in order to seize arms, as the hand-bills directed—acted as if they thought so, and as if there was. This we infer—

‘That many things having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows loosed several ways
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions once afoot
End in one purpose.’

The circumstances which render the multitude more dangerous and more apt instruments for madmen and villains to work with than they ever were in other ages, have been indicated in this Journal on more than one occasion. We are treading upon gunpowder, and if we suffer the insane or the desperate to scatter fire-brands,—it will be but a miserable consolation to know that the explosion by which we perish, will bury them also in the ruin which they produce. It would be a perilous inference, that because the design, of overthrowing the British Government would be to the last degree extravagant as well as wicked, therefore no such design can have been formed. Men who are under the influence either of political or religious fanaticism are not to be deterred from their purpose either by reason or remorse. What could be more absurd and at the same time more atrocious than the Gunpowder Plot? There were Papists in that day who spoke of it, some as of an accident, others as an extravagance of juvenile zeal, others as a ministerial plot, just as the anarchists reason at present. But the history of that conspiracy is authenticated beyond all future controversy;—the mine was made ready, and the train was laid. We had an able and vigilant administration—England has never produced greater statesmen than those who directed her counsels at that

that time, and yet when the intended victims were preserved it was by the providence of God, for the vigilance of man had been effectually eluded.

Are we then actually in danger of rebellion and revolution? What say the Bishopsgate statesmen to this question? They tell us that Englishmen are accustomed to *dismiss and chastise obnoxious kings and counsellors*:—whether they conceive the Prince Regent and his counsellors to be in this predicament may be readily understood from the whole tenour of their resolutions; and they *claim, demand and insist* upon such a reform as may seem good to the sages of Bishopsgate-ward who moved and voted them. What says Mr. Coates of Farringdon-without and the gin-shop? Mr. Coates informs us that corruption *will not dare refuse*, or policy misunderstand the prayers and wishes of an united people. What say the statesmen of Cripplegate-without?—they declare that Parliamentary Reform is the only means to *prevent anarchy and civil war*. A speaker at one of the Westminster meetings said, he trusted 'that under the guidance of Lord Cochrane, they would not scruple, if the load of taxation was still continued, to imitate the example of Hampden, *and refuse to pay it*':—and this speech, it is added, was received with loud applauses. It is not for a court of criticism to take cognizance of such language as this, nor for us to say to what penal statute the men who have uttered it have made themselves amenable. Yet it was by mere accident that the Lord Mayor, who presided at one of these meetings, did not sanction its language in person as well as by deputy: and he with the aldermen and commons of the City of London in Common Council assembled, asserted in that address which called forth so well deserved and dignified a reproof from the Prince—that nothing but reform could allay the irritated feelings of the people:—'the corrupt and inadequate state of the representation' being, they said, the cause of all these evils:—all,—the war,—the progress of manufactures abroad,—the fluctuations of fashion at home,—and the unkindly season which has been experienced every where,—the state of the representation has occasioned them all.

Let us here transcribe an apposite tale to which we have before alluded,—it was related by Bishop Latimer in the last sermon which he preached before Edward VI. An assertion as logical as that the state of the representation has been the cause of the late war and the present embarrassments in trade, had been made against this father of the English Church. 'Here now,' said he, 'I remember an argument of Master More's which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney; and here by the way I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to try out (if it might be) what was the cause of Goodwin-sands, and
the

the shelves that stopt up Sandwich-haven. Thither cometh Master More and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stoppage of Sandwich-haven. Among others came in afore him an old man with a white head; and one that was thought to be little less than an hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter, for being so old a man it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him and said, 'Father, said he, 'tell me if ye can, what is the cause of this great arising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most in it, or at least wise more than any other man here assembled.' "Yea forsooth, good master, (quod this old man,) for I am well nigh an hundred years old, and no man here in this company any thing near unto mine age." "Well then, quod Master More, how say you in this matter? What think ye to the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich-haven?" "Forsooth, sir, quoth he, I am an old man. I think that Tenterton steeple is the cause of Goodwin-sands. For I am an old man, sir, (quod he,) and I may remember the building of Tenterton steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterton steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenterton steeple is the cause of the destroying and decaying of Sandwich haven."

How often in private and in public transactions may this anecdote be recollected! Just so the corrupt state of the British Parliament has occasioned the events of the last six and twenty years, and produced the distress in Spitalfields, Birmingham, Staffordshire and wherever else it exists. Who does not see that when the French abolished monarchy and the christian religion, expelled their nobles, persecuted their priests, murdered their king and queen, guillotined more than 18,000 of their countrymen, and invited the people of other countries to follow their example, by promising to support them in the attempt,—who does not see that all this proceeded from the corrupt state of the British Parliament! This also is the secret clue to Buonaparte's policy,—the *cause causative* of all his measures. If he went to war with Mr. Addington's administration and refused peace from Mr. Fox's,—it was in consequence of the state of representation in England. He detained the British travellers, he proscribed our manufactures, he enslaved the Dutch, he oppressed the Germans, he plundered the Portugeze, he massacred the Spaniards,

Spaniards, he aspired openly and avowedly at universal empire, he spread havoc and misery from Lisbon to Mosco, and from the Elbe to the Adriatic because—'it has been offered to be proved that the great body of the people of England are excluded from all share in the election of members.'—The men who ascribe the war and all its consequences to the corrupt state of Parliament, should take their text from Rousseau, and say as he did, when advancing an opinion not more absurd and destitute of truth, 'let us begin by throwing all the facts aside, for they do not at all concern the question.'

All the reasoners, or rather the no-reasoners in favour of parliamentary reform, proceed upon the belief of Mr. Dunning's or Mr. Burke's famous motion, that the influence of the crown has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished. Whether that position was true when the motion was made and carried, might with great justice be controverted. That it had ceased to be so at the beginning of the French revolution in Mr. Burke's judgment, we know; he himself having recorded his opinion in works which will endure as long as the language in which they are written; and the converse of that proposition is now distinctly and decidedly to be maintained. The three possible forms of government, each of which, when existing simply, is liable to great abuses, and naturally tends towards them, have been in this country, and only in this country, blended in one harmonious system, alike conducive to the safety, welfare and happiness of all. That safety, welfare and happiness depends upon the equipoise of the three component powers, and is endangered when any one begins to preponderate. At present it is the influence of the democracy which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Whatever additional influence the crown has obtained by the increased establishments which the circumstances of the age have rendered necessary, is but as a feather in the scale, compared to the weight which the popular branch of the constitution has acquired by the publication of the parliamentary debates.

But what is meant by Parliamentary Reform? Whenever this question has been propounded among the reformists at their meetings, it has operated like the apple of discord—the confusion of Babel has been renewed,—with this difference, that the modern castle-builders are confounded in their understandings and not in their speech. One is for triennial parliaments, another for annual; and one, more simple than honest, proposes to petition for triennial only as a step toward obtaining annual. One will have a qualification for voters, another demands universal suffrage. Mr. Orator Hunt proposes voting by ballot, and one of the Penny Orators says, that if Magna Charta were made the bulwark of a General Re-

forma

form the country would be speedily relieved. He knows as much about Magna Charta as about bulwarks,—and as much about the philosopher's stone as of either. They talk of restoring the constitution;—what constitution? Every one must have seen a print of the mill for grinding old women young;—these state-menders might as reasonably take poor old Major Cartwright to a mill, and expect to see him come out as green in years as he is in judgment, as think that any country can go back to its former state. There are things which are not possible even by miracle. But if the impossible miracle were conceded, at what age would the restorers have their renovated constitution? Would they prefer that of the Norman kings, or of the Plantagenets with all its feudal grievances? Or the golden days of Elizabeth, when parliament trembled as the virago asserted her prerogative? Or would they have it as under James I. when the Commons 'did on their hearts' knees agnize' his condescension in making his royal pleasure known? Or as under William the Deliverer, and his successor Queen Anne, with all the corruption and treason which arrested Marlborough's victories, and betrayed Europe at Utrecht? Or would they accept it as it was even at the commencement of the present reign, when the debates were published in a mutilated and fictitious form, confessedly by sufferance? The multitude being ignorant are at all times easily deceived, and therefore sin through simplicity. But if any man who possesses the slightest knowledge of English history, asserts that the people of England, at any former time, possessed so much influence as during the present reign, and more especially during the last twenty years, he asserts what is grossly and palpably false, and what he himself must know to be so.

The British constitution is not the creature of theory. It is not as a garment which we can deliver over to the tailors to cut and slash at pleasure, lengthen it or curtail, embroider it or strip off all the trimmings, and which we can at any moment cast aside for something in a newer fashion. It is the skin of the body politic in which is the form and the beauty and the life,—or rather it is the life itself. Our constitution has arisen out of our habits and necessities; it has grown with our growth, and been gradually modified by the changes through which society is always passing in its progress. Under it we are free as our own thoughts; second to no people in arts, arms and enterprize; during prosperous times exceeding all in prosperity, and in this season of contingent, partial and temporary distress suffering less than any others, abounding in resources, abounding in charity, in knowledge, in piety and in virtue. The constitution is our Ark of the Covenant;—woe to the sacrilegious hand that would profane it,—and woe be to us if we suffer the profanation! Our only danger arises from the abuse of freedom,

freedom, and the supineness with which that abuse is tolerated by those whose first duty it is to see that no evil befall the commonwealth. Accusations are heaped upon them with as little sense as truth, and as little moderation and decency as either; let them, however, take heed lest posterity have bitter reason for ratifying the charge of imbecility, which it will have, if they do not take effectual means for silencing those demagogues who are exciting the people to rebellion. Insects, that only 'stink and sting,' may safely be despised,—but when the termites are making their regular approaches it is no time to sit idle; they must be defeated by efficacious measures, or the fabric which they attack will fall.

But it has been offered to be proved at the bar of the House of Commons 'that the great body of the people are excluded from all share in the election of members, and that the majority of that House are returned by the proprietors of rotten boroughs, the influence of the Treasury, and a few powerful families.' This has been said by all the reformers since Mr. Grey presented his memorable petition, and the Lord Mayor, with the Aldermen and Commons of his party, have repeated it in their addresses to the Prince Regent. Supposing that the assertion had been proved, instead of 'offered to be proved'—does the Lord Mayor—or would the Lord Mayor's fool, if that ancient officer were still a part of the city establishment, suppose that in a country like this it would be possible to deprive wealth and power of their influence, if it were desirable? or desirable, if it were possible? That the great landholders have great influence is certain; that any practical evil arises from it is not so obvious. The great borough-interests have been as often on the side of opposition as with the government; Sir Francis Burdett even makes use of this notorious fact as an argument for reform, and talks of the strength which the crown would derive from diminishing the power of the aristocracy. But that influence has been greatly diminished in the natural course of things. A great division of landed property has been a necessary consequence from the increase of commercial wealth. Large estates produce much more when sold in portions than in the whole, and many have been divided in this way, owing to the high price which land bore during the war, more especially in the manufacturing and thickly peopled counties. Thus the number of voters has increased, and the influence of the great landholders has in an equal degree been lessened. In Norfolk, for instance, though chiefly an agricultural county, the voters have been nearly doubled; in Yorkshire they have more than doubled; and in Lancashire the increase has been more than three-fold. This is mentioned not for the purpose of laying any stress upon it, but to shew that such a change is going on; and that in more ways than one the wealth of the country lessens

lessens the power of the landed interest. It ought thus to do : and that purchase of seats, which is complained of as the most scandalous abuse in parliament, is one means whereby it effects this desirable object.

If the reformers will shew in any age of history, and in any part of the world, or in this country at any former time, a body of representatives better constituted than the British House of Commons—among whom more individual worth and integrity can be found, and more collective wisdom ; or who have more truly represented the complicated and various interests of the community, and more thoroughly understood them, then indeed it may be yielded that an alteration would be expedient, if such an alteration were likely to produce an amendment. But in a state of society so infinitely complicated as that wherein we exist, where so many different interests are to be represented, and such various knowledge is required in the collected body, no system of representation could be more suitable than that which circumstances have gradually and insensibly established. Of the revolutionist, secret or avowed, adventurer or fanatic, knave or dupe, (for there are of all kinds,) we shall say nothing here but address ourselves to the well-meaning reformer, who has no intention farther than what he openly professes. What alteration would he propose in our county elections—to begin with these as being of most apparent importance. He would neither alter the basis nor the superstructure ;—the means nor the end. He would desire, perhaps, to improve the manner of election, to extend the qualification for voters in some respects, and limit it in others—things which might be desirable, if in reality they were not very unimportant. It might be well that copyhold estates, as is frequently proposed, should confer the same right as freeholds ;—that the qualification should be raised from forty shillings to as many pounds, or at least to half as many ; and that persons leasing lands to a certain amount, or assessed in direct taxes to a given sum, should be entitled to vote. It might be well also if the votes were taken in the respective parishes. Nothing is so easy as to propose slight alterations of this kind ; and in times of perfect tranquillity when they are not demanded with insults and menaces of civil war, it is exceedingly probable that such things may be taken into consideration among the numerous plans for promoting the public good, in which parliament, by means of its committees, is continually employed. They might be conceded for the sake of those who fancy them of importance. The representatives would still be what they are and what they ought to be—men of large landed property, whose families are as old in the country as the oaks upon their estates, having hereditary claims to the confidence of their constituents,—in a word, true English gentlemen,

tle men, well acquainted with local interests, liable to error like other men, but above all suspicion of sinister motives; perfectly independent, and, unless they are stricken with fatuity, sincerely attached to the existing institutions of their country. Such are the men whom the counties must always return upon any plan of representation: unless the frantic scheme of universal suffrage were adopted, which would inevitably and immediately lead to universal anarchy.

As men of family and large estates are the natural representatives of the counties, so are the great towns, with equal fitness, represented by men of eminence in the commercial world, or persons distinguished for ability in the senate, or for their services in the fleets and armies of their country; the first class well known on the spot, and therefore possessing that local influence which wealth and respectability properly confer—the two latter standing upon the high ground of honourable popularity. When county elections are contested, it is usually, as far as the great body of the freeholders are concerned, less a struggle between parties than between families, the colours of the candidates serve as sufficient distinction, and cause enough for as hearty an animosity while it lasts as that between Moor and Christian, or Portuguese and Jew. Unbounded license is given to libels in which truth and decorum are disregarded on both sides, and there is a plentiful expenditure of ale, ribbands and small wit. But in those large towns, where elections, strictly speaking, are popular, the fever is of a more malignant type. Here the contest is between parties, and is frequently carried on in a manner not unlike those private wars which are sometimes waged in London on successive Sundays, between the county of Cork men and the county of Tipperary men, or other tribes of the same nation, till heads and *shillelahs* enough have been broken on both sides to satisfy the point of honour, or till peace is concluded under the mediation of the constables and the magistrates. These elections are more passionate and infinitely more corrupt than those for the counties—in proportion as influence has less power, direct bribery has more; nor is there an imaginable device by which it can be performed, nor an imaginable form of deceit and perjury which is not put in practice. In one of the largest cities of England, the man who marries a freeman's daughter becomes free in right of his wife. When that city was contested, it was a common thing for one woman to marry half a dozen men during the election. The parties adjourned from the church to the church-yard, shook hands across a grave, and pronounced a summary form of divorce, by saying 'now death do us part;' away went the man to give his vote, and the woman remained in readiness to confer the same privilege in different parishes upon as many more husbands as the

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committee thought it prudent to provide;—receiving her fee for each. In that same city, before the act which limited the duration of elections, (a measure of real reform,) we remember a contest which continued for more than six weeks, and not a day past without bludgeon work in the streets. But the ferocious spirit of a mob election has never been manifested so strongly in any other place as at Nottingham; and it has been asserted that the present state of that city, so ruinous to itself, and so inexpressibly disgraceful to the country, is attributable, in no slight degree, to the manner in which the excesses and outrages of party spirit have been tolerated, and even encouraged at such times.

It is exceedingly proper that the mode of election should be purely popular in some places, and that the populace and the ultra-liberty men should return such representatives as Wilkes and Sir Francis Burdett—or even Paul, if they will degrade themselves so far:—remembering what Lord Cochrane has been, we will speak of what he is in no other terms than those of undissembled compassion and regret. As for Mr. Orator Hunt, there is no likelihood that any place should return such a representative—unless Garratt were chartered to chuse a member as well as a mayor. It is not undesirable, in ordinary times, that we should hear exaggerated notions of liberty from men of ready language and warm heads, and in perilous seasons the gallery may always be cleared when harangues are made for the manifest purpose of circulating sedition through the country and inflaming discontent. But there is quite enough of this mixture in the House.

Money and faction bear about an equal share in great popular elections; it is in the small open boroughs where bribery and corruption have full play; where guineas during the golden age were served out of a punch-bowl; and where the voters paid their apothecaries' bill according to received custom after an election, from the thirty pounds which were the price of a vote. The law has provided pains and penalties against such practices; and why should government be reproached with a *corruption which exists wholly and exclusively among the people themselves? It is a transaction between Mr. Goldworthy the giver, and Mr. Freeman Bull the taker, of whom the former may be a staunch whig, and the latter a staunch patriot and honest Englishman, though the one is ready to pay thirty pounds for a vote, and the other to sell it at that price; and Mr. Goldworthy is just as likely to be found in the list of the opposition, or of the reformers, as of the ministerial members. There are indeed very few who sanction the silly question of

* As far as any good can be derived from counteracting false and pernicious doctrines by exposing them, it could not be done better than by circulating Mr. Windham's masterly speech upon this subject.

Reform; but few as they are the number would be lessened, if those among them who have come into parliament by means which that question attempts to stigmatize, were to abstain from voting upon it. Undoubtedly such practices are scandalous, as being legally and therefore morally wrong; but it is false that any evil to the legislature arises from them. When Mr. Curwen brought in his bill for more effectually preventing them, his main argument was that the bill would introduce a larger proportion of the landed interest into the House: that it would be an advantage to exclude all other influence from elections, except that of government, will not be admitted by the other branches of the community.

A laudable and useful ambition leads into parliament the opulent merchant and manufacturer; the lawyer high in his profession; the man who has returned with affluence from the East or West Indies, and is conversant with the customs, wants, and interests of our conquests and colonies; the military and naval officer, who in the course of their services have acquired a competent knowledge of affairs upon which the legislature must often be employed. It is for the advantage of the republic also that from a like ambition, men liberally educated, but more richly endowed with the gifts of nature than of fortune, should sometimes prefer the service of the state to that of the army or navy, or of the three professions, as an honourable path to distinction. These persons possess no landed or local interests; they owe their seats therefore to some one into whose hands such interests through the changes of time and circumstances have devolved, and with whom they coincide in political opinions. Agreeing thus upon the general principle, it is not likely that any difference should arise upon a great question; if it should, the member vacates his seat; and whether he who accepts a seat upon this implied condition, be not as unshackled, as independent, as conscientious, and as honourable a member, as the man who keeps away from the discussion of a question upon which his own opinion differs from that of the populace whose favour he courts, is a question which a child may answer. Others there are who have made a direct purchase of their seats, and these may thus far be said to be the most independent men in the House, as the mob-representatives are undoubtedly the least so. In one or other of these ways the House obtains some of its most useful, most distinguished, and most intelligent members.

The Ultra Whigs differ widely in the means of reform which they propose, the object however in which they generally agree, is that of rendering all elections popular. The principle that the representative must obey the instructions of his constituents, which many of the reformers profess, would follow as a necessary consequence; and the moment that principle is established, 'chaos is come again,'

anarchy

anarchy begins, or more truly an ochlocracy, a mob-government, which is as much worse than anarchy, as the vilest ruffians of a civilized country are more wicked than rude savages.

But supposing it were possible to avoid 'the great and broad bottomless ocean-sea-full of evils,' which popular reform would let in upon us, what is the good which it is expected to produce?—what are the proposed advantages for which we are to hazard the blessings we possess? First in the list the Common Council reckon the abolition of 'all useless places, pensions, and sinecures.' Supposing the whole abolished, to what might the public relief, or in other words, the diminution of taxes, amount?—not to a yearly tax of twopence-halfpenny a head upon the population! So groundless and so senseless is the clamour which would take away from the sovereign the power of reward, and from the government that of paying the public services. And the consequence would be, that every person who was not born to a large estate, would be excluded from political life, and the government must fall exclusively into the hands of the rich. These things may sometimes be unworthily bestowed, and some of them may be unreasonably great, though be it remembered that those which are so (the tellerships) expire with the lives of the present holders. But their existence is indispensable to the very frame of government. Those persons who tell the credulous and deluded people that taxes are levied for the good of administration, and who represent our statesmen as living and fattening upon the public spoil, must either be grossly ignorant, or wicked enough to employ arguments which they know to be false. The emoluments of office almost in every department of the state, and especially in all the highest, are notoriously inadequate to the expenditure which the situation requires. Mr. Pitt, who was no gambler, no prodigal, and too much a man of business to have expensive habits of any kind, died in debt, and the nation discharged his debts, not less as a mark of respect, than as an act of justice. But as it is impossible from the emoluments of office to make a provision for retirement, no man of talents, who is not likewise a man of fortune, could afford to accept of office, unless some reasonable chance (and it is no more than a chance) of permanent provision were held out; and this is done in the cheapest manner by the existence of sinecures. Mr. Perceval, for instance, could not have abandoned his profession to take that part in political affairs which has secured for him so high a place in the affections of his countrymen and in the history of his country, if a sinecure had not been given him to indemnify him in case he should be driven from office,—an event which might so probably have occurred in the struggle of parties. In this instance there was an immediate possession; but in general the

prospect of succeeding to one when it may become vacant suffices; and in no other way could men of talents be tempted so frugally into the service of the state. Whether it would be an improvement upon the government to have it administered only by the rich, is a question which needs no discussion.

'A delusive paper currency' is enumerated by the Lord Mayor and Common Council, in their unfortunate petition, as one cause of our 'grievances.' What! is the ghost of Bullion abroad?—buried as it was 'full fathom five' beneath reams of forgotten disquisitions, colder and heavier than any marble monument, what conjuror hath raised it from the grave? No fitter person could be called upon to lay a ghost than the Rector of Lincoln, who could talk Greek to it if necessary. He truly tells us, that the difficulty does not consist in there being *too much*, but *too little* money; that the sudden subtraction of so much paper currency has been a direct and obvious cause of the stagnation of industry; and he recommends an increase of the circulating medium to a great amount as the first measure necessary for meeting the exigency of the times.

The main objects then which it is proposed to effect by Parliamentary Reform are these: the abolition either of all influence in elections, (which is just as possible as it would be to abolish the east wind, or annul the law of gravitation by act of parliament;) or of all monied influence, (which would take away all counterpoise from the landed interest in the legislature;) the abolition of pensions and sinecures, whereby every man who is not born to a large fortune would be excluded from state affairs, and the government must necessarily become an oligarchy of the rich; and a further subtraction of currency, (too much having already been subtracted). As far as a Reform in Parliament could effect any of these objects, (supposing it were possible that it should stop here,) it would aggravate every ill which it pretends to cure; and instead of relieving the distress of any one branch of the community bring infinite distress upon all. How indeed is it possible that it could relieve them? Could it increase the consumption of iron, and thereby set the foundries at work, and give activity to the collieries? Could it compel the continental nations to purchase more of our goods, and encourage English manufacturers while their own are starving? If experience has failed to teach our manufacturers and merchants the ruinous folly of making the supply exceed the demand, and glutting those markets where they have no competition, would a Reform in Parliament make them wiser? Could it repair the ruin which has been extended over the whole continent by Buonaparte's frantic tyranny, and enable those customers who now are in want of necessities themselves to purchase from us those

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superfluities wherein, in better days, they were accustomed to indulge? Can it regulate the seasons, and ensure the growth of corn?—when we know to our cost how utterly unable it is to regulate even its price!

But the petitioners tell us that a Reform in Parliament will calm the apprehensions of the people, and allay their irritated feelings! Their apprehensions! Of what are they apprehensive? Are their liberties threatened? Is Parliament, then, about to be suspended or disused, and ship-money levied by virtue of the prerogative? Do they apprehend that arbitrary power is to be established by 'that base engine of our profligate statesmen, the standing army,' and the bayonets of the Hanoverians? Or do they apprehend that there is a design to bring back popery, and that the beautiful works of art with which England has recently been enriched, not from the plunder, but by the gratitude of Italy, may prove to be saints in disguise, to be installed each upon his altar as soon as the plot is perfect! Of this danger, at least, the Ultra Whigs stand in no fear.—Of what then are they apprehensive? This is a question for which the Caledonian Oracle has happily already uttered a response. That high and veracious authority affirms that there exists among us 'a servile tribe' composed of 'enemies of liberty,' 'cold-blooded sycophants of a court,' 'vulgar politicians,' 'impostors,' and persons of 'extreme bad faith,' all of whom the said Oracle designates by the apt and convenient name of Quietists, because they assert that the British people are at this time living under a free government, and that their freedom is in no danger, an opinion which, if it continues, to use the very oracular words, '*bids fair to naturalize among us even now the worst abuses of foreign despotisms.*'—Indeed! We have heard of nothing so alarming since the conspiracy between Dr. Bell and the Archbishop of Canterbury was revealed from the same infallible shrine. Yes, the Oracle tells us that it is our duty to keep alive a jealousy of royal encroachments:—that '*confidence in our rulers is as foolish as it is uncorthy of a free people.*' 'We may rest assured,' it says, 'that a sovereign will be too apt to exchange his duty for the very easiest and basest of employments—the sacrifice of all a nation's interests to his own.' It tells us that we have seen the Crown 'calling upon Parliament to support the expenses of the war, and withdrawing from Parliamentary controul and from all participation, *the whole profits of the victory.*' It says, 'this servile tribe (the Quietists) have contrived to borrow the authority of Mr. Burke for their bad cause, and to persuade the unthinking mass of mankind that they act in concert with that great man in their warfare (*the warfare of the Quietists*) against the rights of the people, and their mockery of the champions of the constitution. But it is fit to be remarked how unfairly he is

called in to their assistance.' If that great man could speak from the grave, with what a voice of thunder would he give the lie to this impostor who tells us that our danger at this time is from the Crown, not from the spirit of revolution and anarchy; and that he, were he living, would throw his weight into the popular scale! '*At home and abroad,*' the Oracle tells us, '*we are in profound peace;*' and it adds, 'now then let us, instead of *crouching before domestic oppression*, bethink us in good earnest of repairing in that constitution which our triumphs have saved, the breaches which the struggle itself has occasioned.' Who but must smile to find the Oracle, which *Philippized* during the contest, confessing now that the country has been 'saved' by that triumph which the cowardly counsels of the tripod would have rendered impossible!

But are we in such perfect peace at home as is thus gravely asserted?—If so, with what reason is it, that one set of City Resolutions 'contemplate with the deepest dismay and agony the too probable issue of such a state of things'—that others menace us with 'anarchy and the horrors of civil war, as the inevitable result if Parliamentary Reform be further neglected'—that tavern-orators and mob-orators tell us 'a crisis is at hand,' and that the demagogues, in their weekly and daily diatribes, are stimulating the people to bring into practice what the Oracle at this precise time, with its usual felicity, calls the *sacred principle of Resistance*? A provincial paper is before us, in which 'every mechanic in the county who has legs to carry him, is invited to a general meeting to embrace the glorious opportunity of manfully asserting his rights in a peaceable and constitutional manner, and to hoist the flag of general distress.' And the petitioners of the Common Council assert that 'nothing but Parliamentary Reform will allay the irritated feelings of the people.' By *the people*, of course, the discontented faction is meant—the deceivers and the deceived—according to that figure of speech by which a part is put for the whole—a political synecdoche. Upon the propriety of concession to a faction in this temper, Burleigh has left us his opinion, when in reference to the factions of his days, he asked Elizabeth whether she would 'suffer them to be strong to make them the better content, or discontent them by making them weaker,—for what the mixture of strength and discontent engenders,' says the veteran statesman, 'there needs no syllogism to prove.'

The Oracle would be satisfied with a simple change of situation between the Ins and the Outs. How much would satisfy the petitioners of all classes, the London citizens who prepare their own grievances, and the poor deluded mechanics in the country who receive them ready-made in one of Major Cartwright's three hundred circulars,—it would be difficult to say; nor can they themselves tell.

tell. And if all these parties were contented, (than which, the mind of man can imagine nothing more impossible,) there remain the Spencean Philanthropists,—a set of men not to be confounded with any of whom we have hitherto spoken;—men who know distinctly what they mean, and tell us honestly what they aim at,—infinitely more respectable than the shallow orators who declaim about Reform ‘with many words making nothing understood,’ and far more dangerous, inasmuch as great and important truths, half understood and misapplied, are of all means of mischief the most formidable. It is fit that our readers should have their political confession of faith before them.

SPENCE'S PLAN.

For Parochial Partnerships in the Land

Is the only effectual Remedy for the

Distresses and Oppressions of the People.

The Landholders are not Proprietors in Chief; they are but the

Stewards of the Public;

For the LAND is the PEOPLE'S FARM.

The Expenses of the Government do not cause the misery that

Surrounds us, but the enormous exactions of these

‘Unjust Stewards.’

Landed monopoly is indeed equally contrary to the benign

Spirit of Christianity, and destructive of

The Independence and Morality of Mankind.

‘The Profit of the Earth is for all;’

Yet how deplorably destitute are the great Mass of the People!

Nor is it possible for their situations to be radically amended, but

By the establishment of a system

Founded on the immutable basis of Nature and Justice.

Experience demonstrates its necessity; and the Rights of Mankind

Require it for their preservation.

To obtain this important object, by extending the knowledge of the above system, the society of Spencean Philanthropists has been instituted. Further information of its principles may be obtained by attending any of its sectional meetings, where subjects are discussed calculated to enlighten the human understanding; and where also the regulations of the Society may be procured, containing a complete development of the Spencean system. Every individual is admitted, free of expense, who will conduct himself with decorum.

The Meetings of the Society begin at a quarter after eight in the evening, as under:

First Section every Wednesday, at the Cock, Grafton-street, Soho.

Second, Thursday, Mulberry Tree, Mulberry-st. Moorfields.

Third, Monday, Nags Head, Carnaby-market.

Fourth, Tuesday, No. 8, Lumber-street, Mint, Borough.

In all the schemes which have been devised for a perfect society since men first began to speculate upon such subjects, the principle

of a community of goods has in some degree entered ; and certain approaches toward it, though under many modifications, have been made both in ancient and modern times, as in Crete and in Sparta,—among the Peruvians, and by the Jesuits in Paraguay. Such a community prevailed among some of the primitive Christians, though no law of the Gospel enjoined it ; the Moravians in Germany approach very nearly to it at this time. The mendicant orders were established on the same principle and have thriven upon it, *nihil habentes et omnia possidentes*—the Papal Church, with its usual wisdom, (for that church assuredly possesses the wisdom of the serpent,) having prevented the principle from becoming dangerous, by thus sanctioning, and taking it into its service. In America also it is acted upon by many obscure sects, living inoffensively and industriously in small communities. A religious influence has prevailed in all these instances,—Lycurgus could not have succeeded without the assistance of Apollo, and Mango Capac was the son of the sun. The doctrine becomes formidable when it is presented as a political dogma, with no such feeling to soften and sanctify it. Joel Barlow, the American republican, who died when lackeying the heels of Buonaparte on his expedition into Russia, perceived that the fashionable doctrines of liberty, of which he was so warm an advocate, tended this way, and must end there ; but he thought proper to adjourn *sine die* the time for carrying these ultimate principles into effect. There is reason for supposing that Robespierre at the time of his overthrow had formed some extravagant project of this kind ; he spoke of ‘ momentous secrets which a kind of pusillanimous prudence had induced him to conceal,’ and promised to disclose in his will, if he should be cut off prematurely, the object to which what he called the triumph of liberty tended. If Babœuf may be believed, this object was an equalization of property, an object which Babœuf* attempted by the most atrocious means to bring about, but perished in the attempt. Happily it was made too late ;—sick of horrors and satiated with blood, the people were weary of revolutions, and France escaped a convulsion more dreadful than any which it had experienced.

This, however, is not the theory of the Spencean philanthropists. These root-and-branch reformers take their name from a poor man, who, if he had unluckily lived in the days of the French Revolution, might have been a very inoffensive member of society, and remembered only, if he had been remembered at all, among those writers who have amused themselves by building constitutions in the air, instead of castles. ‘ When I began to study,’ says he, ‘ I found every thing erected on certain unalterable principles. I

* An account of this conspiracy, collected from the official documents, is in our seventh volume, p. 417—422. It is a curious part in the history of the French Revolution.

found every art and science a perfect whole. Nothing was in anarchy but language and politics. But both of these I reduced to order: the one by a new alphabet, and the other by a new constitution.' The new alphabet of this modest reformer we have not had the fortune to see; it seems, however, that the first edition either of his *New Constitution*, or his *Trial*, was printed in what he calls his 'natural or philosophical orthography.' His political opinions were first propounded in the form of a Lecture, read before the Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1775, and printed immediately afterwards; from which time, he says, 'he went on continually publishing them in one shape or other.' They are fully and harmlessly explained in his '*Constitution of Spensonia*, a country in Fairy Land; situated between Utopia and Oceana.' 'The Spensonian Commonwealth is one and indivisible;' and, 'the Sovereign People is the Universality of Spensonian citizens.' Divested of such nonsensical language, which was then in full vogue, and too much of which still passes current, his scheme is,—That the soil belongs to the state, and that individuals should rent their lands and tenements from their respective parishes; the rent being the revenue, and the surplus, after all public expenses are defrayed, to be divided equally among all the parishioners; every kind of property being permitted except in land. The larger estates are to be leased for one and twenty years, and at the expiration of that term re-let by public auction; the smaller ones by the year: and larger ones subdivided as the increase of population may require. The legislative power is vested in an annual parliament, elected by universal suffrage, women voting as well as men,—the executive is in the hands of a council of twenty-four, half of which is to be renewed annually. Every fifth day is a sabbath of rest,—not of religion; for though this constitution is proclaimed in the presence of the Supreme Being, no provision is made for worshipping Him. All the Spensonians are soldiers; and in the Spensonian Commonwealth, 'Nature and Justice know nothing of illegitimacy.' To the end of this Constitution an Epilogue is annexed, in decent verse, saying that the Golden Age will no longer be accounted fabulous, now that mankind are about to enjoy

—All that prophets e'er of bliss foretold,
And all that poets ever feigned of old.

And these verses,—to shew the strange humour of the man, and the vulgarity which adhered to him, are followed by a '*Chorus*,' to the tune of '*Sally in our Alley*':—

'Then let us all join heart in hand
Thro' country, town, and city,
Of every age and every sex,
Young men and maidens pretty;

To

To haste this Golden Age's reign
 On every hill and valley,—
 Then Paradise shall greet our eyes
 Thro' every street and alley.*

In any other age this might have gone quietly to the family vault. But the French Revolution made Spence suppose that the time for realizing his speculations was arrived; and the manner in which he proposed to do this, brought him under the cognizance of the Attorney-General,—how deservedly, a brief specimen of his philanthropical proposals will shew:—

'We must destroy,' he says, 'all private property in land. The Landholders are like a warlike enemy quartered upon us for the purpose of raising contributions, therefore any thing short of a total destruction of the power of these Samsons will not do; and that must be accomplished, not by *simple shaving*,—(look to it, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk!) 'not by simple shaving, which leaves the roots of their strength to grow again;—no: we must *scalp** them, or else they will soon recover, and pull our Temple of Liberty about our ears. Nothing less than a complete extermination of the present system of holding land will ever bring the world again to a state worth living in. But how is this mighty work to be done? I answer it must be done at once. For the public mind being suitably prepared by my little tracts, a few contiguous parishes have only to declare the land to be theirs, and form a Convention of parochial deputies: other adjacent parishes would immediately follow the example; and thus would a beautiful and powerful New Republic instantaneously arise in full vigour. In fact, it is like the Almighty saying, Let there be light, and it was so:—So the people have only to say, Let the land be ours, and it will be so. For who, pray, are to hinder the people of any nation from doing so, when they are inclined? Are the landlords more numerous in proportion to the people than the officers in our mutinous fleets were to their crews? Certainly not. Then landmen have nothing to fear more than the seamen, and indeed much less; for after such a mutiny on land, the masters of the people would never become their masters again.'

For this publication the Scalping Philanthropist was most deservedly prosecuted; having before richly entitled himself to this distinction by a periodical farrago called 'Pig's Meat,' wherein the same doctrines were promulgated, and circulated in the cheapest form among the lower classes of tradesmen and mechanics. We remember to have heard that he excited compassion at his trial

* This, as may be supposed, was a favourite passage with the author. He adds in a note, that 'the overbearing power of great men by their revenues, and the power of Samson by his hair, are strikingly similar, and shew such men to be dangerous companions in society, till scalped of their hair, or revenues. For it is plain, that if the Lords of the Philistines had scalped Samson, instead of only shaving him, they might have saved both their lives and their temple.' The Philistines in France were of this opinion; and to make short work as well as sure, they employed a machine which took off head and all.

by his wretched appearance, and the pitiable fanaticism with which he was possessed: for the man was honest; he was not one of those demagogues who, like Cobbett, make mischief their trade because they find it a gainful one; he asserted nothing but what he believed, and would have suffered martyrdom for his opinions. He called himself, in his defence, 'The unfeared advocate of the disinherited seed of Adam.'

'This, Gentlemen,' said he, is the Rights of Man! and upon this Rock of Nature have I built my Commonwealth, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.' 'I solemnly avow,' he continued, 'that what I have written and published has been done with as good a conscience, and as much philanthropy, as ever possessed the heart of any prophet, apostle, or philosopher, that ever existed. And indeed I could neither have lived or died in peace, having such important truths in my bosom unpublished.'

—A tough fellow: one that seemed to stand
Much on a resolute carelessness, and had
A spice of that unnecessary thing
Which the mysterious call Philosophy.

He stood alone, he said, unconnected with any party, and considered as a lunatic, except by a thinking few. Even the professed friends of liberty kept aloof from him, and would rather, if they could consistently, join in the suppression than the support of his opinions. He pleaded his own cause, being too poor to retain either attorney or counsel. And when he was brought up to judgment, the simple statement which he gave of his treatment in Newgate, ought to have produced some reform in the scandalous state of our prisons.

'Perhaps, my lords,' said he, 'I have entertained too high an opinion of Human Nature, for I do not find mankind very grateful clients. I have very small encouragement indeed to rush into a prison, on various accounts. For, in the first place, the people without treat me with the contempt due to a lunatic; and the people within treat me as bad, or worse, than the most notorious felon among them. And what with redeeming and ransoming my toes from being pulled off with a string while in bed, and paying heavy and manifold fees, there is no getting through the various impositions.'

But he excused the Keeper of Newgate, saying these things were unknown to him, because it was dangerous to complain; 'for nobody could conceive what dreadful work went on among such ruffians, but those who have had the misfortune to be locked up with them.'

It is fortunate that this man was not a religious as well as a political enthusiast. He was poor and despised, but not despicable; for he was sincere, stoical, persevering, single-minded, and approved; with means less powerful, doctrines less alluring,
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in far less favourable times, and under circumstances equally or more discouraging, Francis of Assissi and Loyola succeeded in establishing those orders which have born so great a part in the history, not only of the Romish Church, but of the world. No doctrine could be more directly subversive of the peace and welfare of society, than those which he was disseminating in the way which was most dangerous. The appropriate punishment (for they who can be blind to the danger, and who assert that such doctrines should be suffered to circulate unrestrained, are fitter inhabitants for Anticyra than for England) would have been transportation; at once doing justice to the community by preventing a repetition of the offence, and dealing mercifully with the offender by removing him to a country where he would be inoffensive, if not useful. He was sentenced to a fine of twenty pounds, and one year's imprisonment at Shrewsbury; a sentence so lenient as to shew that Lord Kenyon very properly regarded the individual with pity: the mildness of the sentence is honourable to the judge—its inadequacy is not so to the laws. Having suffered it, he became an itinerant vender of books and * pamphlets, chiefly his own works, and which he carried about in a vehicle constructed for the purpose, and he supported himself, whilst all his leisure was devoted to the promotion of his plan, till his death, which happened about two years ago. Thus it appears that for more than twelve years after the termination of his confinement, he was constantly employed in sowing the dragon's teeth! The harvest is now beginning to appear.

Let us hear the evidence of the Monthly Magazine upon this subject. This Journal asserts, that the late rioters were 'actuated by their convictions in favour of a plan published by one Spence, for the more equal occupation of land; *to introduce which plan societies seem to have been formed throughout the metropolis.*' It also claims for itself the merit of advancing the same principles as those of the Scalping Philanthropist: for these are its words:—

'Much curiosity being excited in regard to the Spencean Plan of Public Economy, it will be useful to state, that the details of the system may be found in a small pamphlet called *Christian Policy*, by Thomas Evans, Librarian to the Society of Spencean Philanthropists, at No. 8, Newcastle-street, Strand. Mr. Evans appears to have been most cruelly used by the Pitt administration: and having been drilled into the science of politics in the school of persecution, his pamphlet is written with considerable energy. We collect from it that the main object of the Society is a more equal occupation (not proprietorship) of

* The second edition of his Trial (now before us) was one of these pamphlets^{it} contains the whole of the work for which he was prosecuted.

land. A principle which has often been urged in the pages of this Magazine. Something must be radically wrong, if industry should suffer from want in a country in which there are but two and a half million of families to forty-two millions of acres of cultivated land, affording, under a wise policy, the produce of seventeen acres to every family, or four times as much as it could consume. Skillful labour in any branch of useful industry ought therefore to yield abundance, even though the proprietary in land should remain exactly as it does at present.'

Thus far the Magazine of Sir Richard Phillips, Knight and Ex-Sheriff, Buonapartist, Lamentor for the Battle of Waterloo, Chief-mourner for Marshal Ney, Member of the Society for Abolishing War, Pythagorean and Spencean Philanthropist.

There is however another person to be examined in this cause—Thomas Evans, the librarian, himself. And here, the first thing which appears is, that Mr. Evans, instead of having been drilled into the science of politics in the school of persecution, as the Pythagorean Journal asserts, was in reality sent to that school in consequence of being too forward as a volunteer in the said science; Mr. Evans telling us that he was arrested during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, as being at that time Secretary of the London Corresponding Society, and having given in his present pamphlet good reason for concluding that he was not arrested without good cause. Though this librarian has affixed the title of Christian Policy to his book, he makes no other pretension to the character of Christian himself than as a Spencean philanthropist, and informs us, that 'this man, Christ, was a Roman slave, crucified as a slave (the mode of execution peculiar to Roman slaves) for preaching the seditious doctrine that God was the proprietor of the earth, and not the Romans; that all men were equal in his sight, and and consequently ought not to be slaves to another, nor to the Romans, for which he was crucified by the Romans.' Mr. Evans is equally well read in history and in the Gospel! This is quite enough of his religion; let us look now at his political information. France, he says, at the beginning of the Revolution, supplicated peace upon bended knees, and would have conformed to just and reasonable restraints:—the authority for this important fact must be in the Spencean library, for it certainly exists no where else. England, however, went to war, and in the course of the war discovered that the export of grain was the most lucrative branch of trade. This produced the blockading system, and the orders in council; and this monopoly having been lost, all the means of greatness on which the empire depended are passed away as it were in a moment, never to return. Such has been the effect of the impolicy of putting down Napoleon to elevate Alexander.

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The connection of this reasoning is as clear as the facts themselves are original.—

‘Napoleon was a mere pigmy to Alexander; his boasting served to talk about, but he could have been managed and guarded against. Alexander is a still steady man of business, laying firm hold of all he can get and relinquishing nothing.—We are at present under the influence of the Vienna Congress of Kings. The annihilation of the Irish parliament, and the establishment of a military government, have obliged the Irish people to exist almost entirely upon potatoes (potatoes, of course, not having been known in that country before the Union.) Here, in England, we are even worse, expiring, writhing and agonizing at every pore under the torturing domination of the Pagan flesh-mongers of the Continent. Courts, and kings, and lords, and landlords, and priests, are all pagans: they adhere with pertinacity to Paganism at this time; for you find in their dwellings the pictures, the statues, the busts of their Jupiters, Junos, Apollos, Dianas, Venuses, &c. &c.

Such is the pamphlet which Sir Pythagoras recommends as being written with considerable energy; and such the science of politics into which Mr. Evans has been drilled.

Let us proceed to its practical part.—

‘Landlords, and landlords only, are the oppressors of the people:—The time is come that something must be done; then let that something be effectual; remember that had the French people established a partnership in the land, no imperial tyranny ever could have raised its head in that country, nor could the present Pagan restoration have taken place. Now is the time to cancel Domsday-book, and establish a partnership in the land; there is no other means to prevent the establishment of a military despotism, or all the horrors of a bloody revolution. Great as this undertaking is, it can be easily effected. The easy process is to declare that the territory of these realms shall be the people’s farm; thus transferring all the lands, waters, mines, houses, and all feudal permanent property to the people. This will injure no one, and benefit all—the alteration which is proposed being only that all persons possessed of houses or lands shall in future pay rent for them instead of receiving it. The government is to remain as it is; pensions to be allotted to the King, Princes and Nobles, Clergy and House of Commons, and the remaining balance of the whole rent-roll to be divided among the whole people,—to every man, woman, and child, being the profit of their natural estate, without tax, toll, or custom; which would be near four pounds a-head annually!’

The great barons, it is admitted, may object to this; but they must submit quietly: and all ranks and conditions are called upon to form affiliated societies to bring into effect this revolution of the Spencean or Scalping Philanthropists. There is, indeed, as Sir Pythagoras observes, *considerable energy*

in these proposals. Let not this be despised and overlooked for its extravagance.*

The reader will have observed, that king, lords, and commons, are tolerated in the librarian's scheme, whereas, according to the original system, 'the Spensonian Republic is one and indivisible,' a trifling concession to existing prejudices; or, more probably, to existing laws. The Ultra Whigs and Extra-Reformers disclaim the Spenceans, and with perfect sincerity. These levellers are not to be confounded with the factious crew who clamour they know not why, for they know not what, and huzza any blockhead with a brazen face and a bell-metal voice, who will talk nonsense to them by the hour. The Spenceans are far more respectable than these, for they have a distinct and intelligible system; they know what they aim at and honestly declare it. Neither is the Agrarian system so foolish, or so devoid of attraction, that it may safely be despised. It has found a miserable advocate in the quondam Secretary of the Corresponding Society; under such auspices the levellers have organized themselves into regular sections, they are increasing in numbers, and they are zealously spreading their opinions. But if the system were taken up by some stronger hand, (whether an enthusiast should embrace it, or some profligate journalist think it a profession to thrive by,) compared to all other weapons of discontent, it would be found as Thor's mallet to a child's pop-gun. If the English Revolution were once commenced it would go on to this point, before it reached its inevitable termination in an iron military tyranny. Let the Ultra Whigs make the breach, and the Spenceans will level the wall: what the shavers begin the scalpers will finish: but Samson is neither shorn nor blinded, and the Philistines have given him fair warning.

We have now examined the grounds upon which some weak men, some mistaken or insane ones, and other very wicked ones are endeavouring to excite rebellion. We have shewn that it was not in the power of the British Government to avoid the war in the first instance, or at any time to conclude it. It was a war undertaken not for ambition, not for the lust of conquest, not, as is lyingly asserted, for the interests of a particular family, but from a cause of just fear, as Bacon describes it, '*that justus metus qui cadit in constantem senatum in causâ publicâ*: not out of umbrages, light jealousies, apprehensions afar off, but out of clear foresight of imminent danger. And as long as reason is reason, a just fear will be a just cause of a preventive war.'

* The last edition of the Spencean hand-bill says,

•• Read!—'Christian Policy, the Salvation of the Empire.' Price 1s. 6d.—

Published by T. Evans, 8, Newcastle-street, Strand, and Sold by all Booksellers.

At the commencement it was popular beyond all former example, as being most unequivocally inevitable and just; and that popularity continued till its triumphant close. It is then impudently false, as well as egregiously absurd, to charge that war as a crime upon the Government, and arraign Government for the distress which is unavoidably felt upon withdrawing from circulation the war expenditure, and the other changes incident upon a transition from the state of war to the state of peace: that distress too, resulting in great part from the fluctuation of fashions, from the extent to which machinery has been carried abroad as well as at home, from the blind avidity of our manufacturers and merchants, who have overlooked this fact, and glutted the market when they had no competition,—from the state of the continent, impoverished by a grinding tyranny and laid waste by repeated campaigns,—and, lastly, from the state of the seasons, which is not more completely out of the controul of Government than most of the other causes which have been indicated.

We have shewn also that as the constitution of Parliament has not been the cause of the existing distress, so no change in that constitution could in the slightest possible degree alleviate that distress, or otherwise benefit the people. If every office, sinecure, and pension, which the boldest reformer has yet ventured to proscribe, were abolished, the whole saving would scarcely be felt as a feather in the scale: and, as directly tending to exclude talents from the Government, and confine places of great trust to the aristocracy, such an abolition would be most injurious to the commonwealth. They who seek to lessen the influence of the crown, keep out of sight the increased power which has been given to public opinion by the publication of the parliamentary debates, and the prodigious activity of the press.—The first of these circumstances alone has introduced a greater change into our government than has ever been brought about by statute; and on the whole, that change is so beneficial as to be worth more than the additional expense which it entails upon us during war. This momentous alteration gives, even in ordinary times, a preponderance to the popular branch of our constitution: but in these times, when the main force of the press is brought to bear like a battery against the Temple of our Laws; when the head of the government is systematically insulted for the purpose of bringing him into contempt and hatred; when the established religion is assailed with all the rancour of theological hatred by its old hereditary enemies, with the fierceness of triumphant zeal by the new army of fanatics, and with all the arts of insidious infidelity by the Minute Philosophers of the age; when all our existing institutions are openly and fiercely assaulted, and mechanics are breaking stocking-frames
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in some places, and assembling in others to deliberate upon mending the frame of the government,—what wise man, and what good one but must perceive that it is the power of the Democracy which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished?

Of all engines of mischief which were ever yet employed for the destruction of mankind, the press is the most formidable, when perverted in its uses, as it was by the Revolutionists in France, and is at this time by the Revolutionists in England. Look at the language which is held by these men concerning the late transactions, and see if falsehood and sedition were ever more audacious! ‘Perhaps,’ says the Examiner, ‘there may be a plot somewhere,—in some tap-room or other; like the plot of Despard, who was driven to frenzy by ill-treatment, and then conspired with a few bricklayers in a public-house, for which he was sent to the gallows, instead of the care of his friends!’ ‘We feel,’ says this flagitious incendiary, ‘for the bodily pains undergoing by Mr. Platt, and think his assassin (unless he was mad with starvation) a scoundrel; and some of the corruptionists, who in luxury and cold blood can provoke such excesses, *greater scoundrels*.’ As if of all ‘scoundrels’ the man who can in this manner attempt to palliate insurrection, treason and murder, were not himself the greatest. Mr. Cobbett goes farther than this: with an effrontery peculiar to himself, notorious as it is that the rioters were led from Spafields by the man who harangued them there, and that the tricolor flag which they followed, was carried to Spafields to be hoisted there for their banner—he says, ‘it is well known to every one in London, that the rioters had no connexion whatever with the meeting in Spafields:’ And though the existence of St. Paul’s Church is not more certain than that an attempt was made to murder Mr. Platt, whose recovery is at this moment doubtful, this convicted libeller has the impudence to express a doubt of the fact, for the purpose of making his ignorant readers in the country disbelieve it. ‘The rioters,’ he says, ‘consisting chiefly of starving sailors, though they had arms in their hands, did no violence to any body, except in the unlawful seizure of the arms, and in the wounding (*if that really was so*) of one man who attempted to stop them, and who laid hold of one of them!’ Another of this firebrand’s twopenny papers is before us, in which he says that the ministers, the noblesse, and the clergy of France wilfully made the revolution, in order to prevent the people from being fairly represented in a national council. ‘It was *they* who produced the confusion; it was *they* who caused the massacres and guillotinings; it was *they* who destroyed the kingly government; it was *they* who brought the king to the block!’ And in the same spirit which dictated this foul and infamous falsehood, he asks, ‘was there any thing too violent, any thing too severe, to be inflicted

on these men?' He says that 'Robespierre, who was exceeded in cruelty only by some of the Bourbons, was proved to have been in league with the open enemies of France.' He asks 'whether the Americans gained their independence by quietly sitting by the fire-side? Oh! no—these were all achieved by *action*, and amidst bustle and noise.' He says, 'the quiet fire-side gentry are the most callous and cruel, and therefore the most wicked part of the nation.' Towards the close of this epistle he says, 'I will venture my life that you do not stand in need of one more word to warm every drop of blood remaining in your bodies;'—and a few lines lower he tells the journeymen and labourers to whom this inflammatory paper is addressed, that he has neither room nor desire to appeal to their passions upon this occasion. With equal consistency this firebrand concludes a letter to the Birmingham printer whose house was attacked by the mob, by expressing 'a sincere wish that no further violences may ever be committed on him;' and prints in the title-page these words in large letters, that all who run may read: 'A Letter addressed to Mr. Jabet of Birmingham, shewing that he richly merits the indignation of all the labouring people in the kingdom, and of his townsmen the people of Birmingham in particular.'

No city in the kingdom is at this time experiencing such difficulty and distress as Birmingham; for this obvious reason, that no other place received so much direct employment from government during the war. This great annual expenditure was suddenly withdrawn, and there are now nearly a fifth part of the population receiving weekly relief; the masters being no longer able to employ the men, very many indeed having been ruined themselves. This is a deplorable state of things, but it has not been occasioned by any misconduct or impolicy; it is the plain unavoidable consequence of events over which no man or body of men could have any controul. In such a case what is to be done? Any man who is not either a madman or a villain, must see that there is but one course,—to mitigate the evil by giving as much temporary relief as possible, till new means of subsistence can be provided, by opening new channels of employment. To this accordingly the inhabitants have applied themselves with a zealous liberality of which no example is to be found in other countries, and which perhaps has never been equalled in this. Every parish, every religious congregation of whatever description, has its Benevolent Society. There are subscriptions for providing soup, for blankets, for clothing, for coats, for the relief of the sick, for women in child-bed, for the wants of infancy. There are above an hundred guardians of the poor, who go through the town, which is divided into districts for their superintendence, and see where relief is wanted, what relief, and that it be properly applied.

plied. It is scarcely too much to affirm, that beneficence was never more liberally, more generally, or more strenuously employed, than it is at this time in Birmingham, where all who have any thing to spare from their own necessities, are doing whatever can be done by human and Christian charity for the relief of those who are in need. And it is to the journeymen and poor of this town at this time that Mr. Cobbett addresses himself, seeking to irritate and inflame them, by the most seditious language, and the most calumnious falsehoods, and telling them that they are 'coaxed and threatened, with a *basin of carrion soup* in one hand, and a *halter* in the other!

Why is it that this convicted incendiary, and others of the same stamp, are permitted week after week to sow the seeds of rebellion, insulting the government, and defying the laws of the country? The press may combat the press in ordinary times and upon ordinary topics, a measure of finance, for instance, or the common course of politics, or a point in theology. But in seasons of great agitation, or on those momentous subjects in which the peace and security of society, nay the very existence of social order itself is involved, it is absurd to suppose that the healing will come from the same weapon as the wound. They who read political journals, read for the most part to have their opinions flattered and strengthened, not to correct or enlighten them; and the class of men for whom these pot-house epistles are written, read nothing else. The *Monthly Magazine* asserts that from 40 to 50,000 of the twopenny Registers are sold every week, and the editor thinks it his duty to assist the sale by recommending it to his 'liberal and enlightened readers.' The statement may probably be greatly exaggerated,—this being an old artifice;—but if only a tenth of that number be circulated among the populace, for it is to the populace that this ferocious journal is addressed, the extent of the mischief is not to be calculated. Its ignorant readers receive it with entire faith: it serves them for law and for gospel—for their Creed and their Ten Commandments. They talk by it, and swear by it;—they are ready to live by it; and it will be well if some of these credulous and unhappy men are not deluded to die by it; they would not be the first victims of the incendiary press. We have laws to prevent the exposure of unwholesome meat in our markets, and the mixture of deleterious drugs in beer.—We have laws also against poisoning the minds of the people, by exciting discontent and disaffection;—why are not these laws rendered effectual and enforced as well as the former? Had the insolence of the French journalists been checked at the commencement of the Revolution, those journalists would not have brought their king to the guillotine, and have perished themselves among the innumerable victims of their folly, their falsehood, their extravagance, and

their guilt. Men of this description, like other criminals, derive no lessons from experience. But it behoves the Government to do so, and curb sedition in time; lest it should be called upon to crush rebellion and to punish treason. The prayer in the Litany will not deliver them from these things, unless they use the means which God and man have entrusted to them for delivering us and themselves.

How often have we heard that the voice of the people is the voice of God, from demagogues who were labouring to deceive the people, and who despised the wretched instruments of whom they made use! But it is the Devil whose name is Legion. *Vox Populi, vox Dei!* When or where has it been so? Was it in England during the riots in 1780? Has it been in France during the last six and twenty years? Or was it in Spain when the people restored the Inquisition?—for it *was* the people who restored that accursed tribunal, spontaneously and tumultuously—not the government, which only ratified what the people had done; still less were they assisted by that ‘base engine of our corrupt statesmen, the standing army,’ by which is meant the soldiers who fought and conquered with Wellington, as some of the city resolutioners have asserted with equal regard to truth, and to the honour of their country—What will not these men traduce! *Vox Populi, Vox Dei!*—Was it so in the wilderness when the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron and said unto him, Up, make us Gods which shall go before us? Was it so at Athens when Socrates and Phocion were sacrificed to the factious multitude? Or was it so at Jerusalem when they cried, Crucify Him! crucify Him! The position is not more tenable than the Right Divine, not less mischievous, and not less absurd. God is in the populace as he is in the hurricane, and the volcano, and the earthquake!

What then are the prospects of the country under the awful dispensation with which it is visited? and what is the course which the government and the parliament are bound, or competent to pursue?

Of distresses, such as now pervade the mass of the community, small indeed is the part which parliaments or governments either create or cure. The causes of them, as we have abundantly shewn, either lie without the limits of human controul, or have been carried beyond our reach by the tide of time. We cannot command the seasons whose unkindness has aggravated the pressure bequeathed us by a long and exhausting war; we could not annul the consequences of that war even if we were unsteady enough to recant its policy, or recreant enough to repudiate its glories. But what little might have been in our power (may we venture to say it?) has unhappily, perhaps inadvertently, been thrown away. In passing from

a state

a state of war to a state of peace, the shock of the revulsion might not improbably have been lessened to all orders of society by somewhat graduating the transition. The die is now cast—the results, be they what they may, must be abided; and we speak therefore with the freedom of history, when we say that had the government been left a short time longer in the possession of the extraordinary resources confided to them during the war, some of the evils which (to the surprize of so many well meaning persons) have been found associated with peace, might possibly have received mitigation. To speak words of kind omen—of *hailing and farewell*—to the spirit of the departed Property-tax, is, we know, to incur the anathema of those who have been shouting over its grave. But it did good service in its time: and though he would be a mad politician indeed who should now think of reviving it, we suspect that there are not wanting some among the persons that laboured most eagerly for its extinction, who doubt whether the use of it, or of a portion of it, during the present year, might not have been attended with advantages to the country. It might not have been unwise to ascertain by a little experience, on what portion of our system the pressure of a new state of things would be most sensibly felt, and where relief might be most usefully administered:—and to have made this experiment with the means of such relief in our hands.

If stagnant manufactures, and languishing agriculture, and a population suddenly turned loose from the military or naval services of the country, produce a supply of hands for which there is no work, a partial and temporary remedy might perhaps have been found in undertakings of public utility and magnificence—in the improvement of roads, the completion of canals, the erection of our National Monuments for Waterloo and Trafalgar—undertakings which government might have supplied, if the means had been at their disposal. To attempt to raise money for such a purpose in the present state of the country would be, indeed, an adventurous policy. The clamour against the new burden would be echoed from the very mouths which it was intended to provide the means of filling.

The sudden reduction of establishments cannot well be denied to aggravate in a degree, and for a time, some of the evils, which it is ultimately to cure. It throws, as has been already observed, new hands into the overstocked market of labour. By a singular and whimsical injustice, it brings a new odium upon the government, exactly the opposite of that which they had incurred from the suspicion of a desire to prevent or avoid reduction. Parliament cuts down the naval estimates, and then the Mansion-house cries shame upon the Admiralty for the distresses of the discharged seamen!

These consequences of peace, however, it will be said, are unavoidable. True: but they *are* the consequences of peace,—they are produced by that transition from war to peace which has at once taken a customer for millions sterling out of the market of labour and consumption, and thrown into it thousands of competitors for agricultural and manufacturing employment. They *are* as clearly the consequences of that revulsion which is asserted to have had no operation in producing the present derangement in all sorts of prices and property—as the absolute inability of the Government to come to the aid of the suffering classes is the consequence of that defalcation of their means which was forced upon them by the House of Commons, and upon the House of Commons by the clamours of the country.

Whether Parliament can devise the means of alleviation, is what we would not willingly decide beforehand in the negative; though, we confess, our hopes are very faint of any immediate and sensible good from legislative interference. The revision of the Poor-Laws—a work now of crying necessity—may lead to such corrections and improvements in that system, as shall at once extend its efficacy and lighten its almost intolerable burden. But this is an operation for distant—comparatively distant—effect. To the actual pressure of the moment, what remedy could even a reformed House of Commons apply that would not ultimately resolve itself into taxation?

Of this we may be tolerably sure: that if, after the most anxious consideration of every plausible suggestion, Parliament should reluctantly come to the conclusion that there is nothing effectual to be done till the tide shall turn in our favour; the House of Commons will be held up to detestation, as insensible to the distresses of their constituents: while, on the other hand, indications are not wanting that all the batteries of political economy are ready to open against any plan of relief which may be found liable (as what plan for such a purpose must not be?) to objections of theoretical science, and that any assistance which should be proposed to be given to individuals on the part of the public, would be stigmatized as a project of corruption.

In the midst of all these difficulties, however, one duty there certainly is which Government and Parliament are both competent and called upon to discharge. They cannot stay the pestilence; but they can take care that, while it rages, the city is not plundered. They cannot (would to God they could!) charm away the embarrassments of the rich, and the privations of the poor; but they may, and they *MUST*, save both the poor and rich from the common curse and misery of a Revolution.

* * Mr. David Hume, nephew to the historian of that name, has written to us respecting the anecdote of his kinsman, extracted, in our last Number, from Mr. Silliman's Travels. That anecdote he has shown to be false, by unquestionable dates, and by a circumstance related in the Manuscript Memoirs of the late Dr. Carlisle, 'an eminent clergyman of the Scottish Church,' and friend of the historian. The circumstance, interesting in itself and decisive upon the subject, we transcribe, in the words of the Manuscript, from the letter before us: 'When David and he (the Hon. Mr. Boyle, brother of the late Earl of Glasgow) were both in London, at the period when David's mother died, Mr. Boyle hearing of it, soon after went into his apartment, for they lodged in the same house, where he found him in the deepest affliction, and in a flood of tears. After the usual topics of condolence, Mr. Boyle said to him, "My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to your having thrown off the principles of religion: for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief, that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was completely happy in the realms of the just." To which David replied, "though I throw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet, in other things, I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you imagine."

Mr. Silliman relates the anecdote on the authority of a very venerable and respectable man to whom he was introduced at Edinburgh, 'who was an early and intimate friend of Dr. Witherspoon,' and to whom 'those letters on the education of children which are printed in Witherspoon's Works were originally written.' This person, who may probably be easily recognized at Edinburgh, is stated to have been well acquainted with Hume. On his authority Mr. Silliman contradicts the received opinion of the composure with which the sceptical philosopher died. Mr. D. Hume expostulates with us for having lightly given credit to the anecdote which we extracted, as if we had acted from bigotry. We believed the anecdote, and in that belief quoted it,—not to detract from the character of Hume, but as showing in what manner the philosophy which he sent abroad restored the sting to death. The story concerning his own death we did not extract, knowing, whether true or false, how very little such stories are worth, how often they are feigned, and how easily delirium is interpreted according to the notions of the bystanders.

Mr. Hume requires, as he has a right to do, that we shall repair the wrong which we have done to his uncle's fame. The publicity which we gave to the anecdote, we cheerfully give to the refutation of it: this refutation will reach America; when Mr. Silliman will see that he has been misinformed, and will doubtless correct the statement which he has sent into the world.

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